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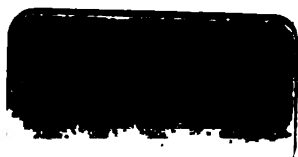


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THE
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JULY, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ON THE CONSIDERATION DUE TO THE MECHANICAL ARTS.

THE estimation, in which the practice of the mechanical arts has been held in different portions and periods of the world, is an interesting subject. It is easy to see from what a poor repute and through what gradual progresses the occupations of the artizan have risen to their present rank in society, becoming more and more regarded with the general advancement of mankind. A curious fact will now and then be brought to light by such a survey of other nations and past times. It must be admitted, however, that the facts in the case are neither so numerous as we should expect, nor always so clearly demonstrated. History has been too busy with the exploits of the destroyers of human life, to think much of those who have contributed to its security and embellishment by their ingenious and patient labor. That the origin of many inventions should be lost in extreme antiquity we should expect. It could not be otherwise. That improvements of comparatively modern date should have their story involved in contradictory accounts or buried in total obscurity is not surprising. That there should be numberless grand and beautiful works, still demanding the admiration of the world, while the memories of those, who wrought them, have perished as utterly as their hands, is a natural consequence of the great but unrecorded changes that have been mingling together and sweeping away the products of industry from the beginning of time. Thus the delicate vases and the gigantic masonry, that are called Etruscan for want of any other name, are monuments, not of forgotten individuals merely, but of a forgotten race. But it does seem strange, that society should so have neglected as a body those, whose toils have been devoted to its most obvious and immediate interests; that it should all along have preferred in honor the elegant to the serviceable; extolling as divine the efforts of the sculptor, and crowning the name of the painter with the immortality that is denied to his performances; while it has made little account of its most valuable workmen, and permitted their best devices and operations to pass by without a register. A new and marked interest has been

shown of late years in the useful arts, and a great increase of influence has been acquired, with an increase of intelligence, by those, who exercise them. It may be interesting, therefore, to cast a glance backward on the days when it was otherwise.

The arts were divided in ancient times, as they are at present, into two great classes. But they were not called by the same names they now are. They were known by the titles of the liberal and the servile,—that is, those that were worthy of freemen and those that were fit only for slaves. By the first of these were denoted those arts, and several others besides them, which are still called liberal, or fine, or polite,—such as music, sculpture, drawing. Under the last were included all mechanical pursuits. And the very name that was thus fastened upon such pursuits, since more honorably distinguished as the *useful* arts, contains a whole volume of history as to the sort of repute in which they were held. We may see occasion, in the progress of our remarks, to suspect that any division of the arts, whether designating them by one title or another, which is founded on the idea that some of them are peculiarly intellectual while the rest are merely manual, is subject to difficulties and leads to inevitable confusion as soon as we attempt to apply it. Deferring, however, for the present any considerations of this kind, we cannot but feel how degraded a place was assigned to the offices of manual skill, when mechanical and servile were convertible terms. That last word, disparaging as it seems, expressed a literal fact, as we find at once on recurring to the nations of classical antiquity. The useful arts in ancient Europe no sooner spread beyond the limits of private dwellings and became too unwieldy for the delicate hands of women, than they fell to the province of menials and slaves. In Attica, that famous district of Greece, of which Athens was the capital, they were conducted altogether by absolute bondmen. The only bodily labor, in which the free population thought it became them to engage was agriculture, and this they held in the highest honor. There was little, indeed, to encourage among them the opposite descriptions of industry, since they carried on so inconsiderable a trade with their neighbors. Those branches can never be extensively cultivated without the aid of commerce, and that was never flourishing among them, though their vessels were seen along the Thracian coasts, and sometimes visited the shores of the Black Sea. The case was still worse in Sparta, whose lawgiver discouraged all trade as utterly as did the lawgiver of the Hebrews; and for a similar reason,—that the people might remain a peculiar one and not be contaminated by foreigners. What has been said of Attica, was doubtless true of other parts of the country. The Greeks, though appointed to read lessons of liberty to the human race, were, to an unexampled degree, slave holders; and since their slaves were not called on to turn up the soil in which they had no rights, they were naturally employed upon handicrafts. It may seem fanciful, but I think I see even in the mythology of this ingenious people an illustration of the low esteem, in which they held the profession of the artificer. There is nothing to make Vulcan respectable. The mechanic Deity, though belonging to the company of the celestials,

lives in the caverns of the earth, waited on by muscular but ugly shapes, more deformed than himself. He is married to the very queen of beauty—is there not an allegory here?—but even this honor gives him no elevation; and when he presents himself on Olympus, Homer tells us—who seems to have the best right to know—that “unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.”

From Greece we pass to the other classical land, Italy. Here again, not only the mechanic arts, but all kinds of trade were accounted dishonorable. The Roman historians make early mention of the working classes; informing us that they were distributed even under the government of the Kings into distinct corporations or companies. They were looked on as of so low a calling, that some have denied their having ever been ranked in the number of citizens. Whether this were so, however, or not, it is certain that they consisted chiefly, when not of slaves, either of the dregs of the native population, who were considered incapable of contributing to the protection of the country in war or to its maintenance in peace, or else of foreigners, who, as long as Rome remained free, lived without any of the privileges of its freedom, being subject to a particular jurisdiction, forbidden to wear the national dress, and deprived of the right of holding legal property or making a will. Such was the rabble, that, in the proud days of the Roman republic, filled the walks, which were to be occupied by the Inigo Joneses and Sir Richard Arkwrights, the Fultons and Perkinses of after generations. Leaving the cares of husbandry and the dangerous honors of the public defence to others who were more favored, they remained in the condition of a sunken and proportionally factious and dangerous class. We cannot be much surprised, therefore, at the expressions of Cicero, though the most accomplished of Romans and one of the most candid of men;—“Of all the occupations whose object is gain, nothing is better than agriculture, nothing richer, nothing sweeter, nothing worthier of a freeman. But all artizans are engaged in a sordid employment, nor can any thing ingenuous come out of a workshop.”* We must forgive him this in consideration of his country and time. Though from so incomparable a genius we might almost have hoped for a spirit of prophetic intelligence, discerning at a distance a happier and a nobler era for these despised arts. We might almost have hoped to hear him acknowledging, that, in the nature of things, there is nothing more excellent in cultivating the ground and dealing with its living productions, than there is in bending stubborn masses of matter to the control of an all but creating mind, in dealing with the strong elements of nature and imitating the machinery of a world. But no man is more than a limited number of steps in advance of his times.

The Roman workmen came afterwards to obtain a little more consideration in the state. But we find the practice of the useful arts to have remained extremely depressed in Europe till the middle ages. Even so late as Charlemagne, who united all its richest crowns on his own head in the ninth century, they appear to have been exercised by the hands of mere serfs, at the order and with the

* De Off. 1. 42.

funds of rich proprietors. From this period, however, they began to assume new rank, and to take that free start from which they have advanced to their present social consequence. Persons, who shared in all the prerogatives of citizenship, gradually took part in them. The religious, in their monastic retreats, beguiled with them the intervals of their sacred offices, or mixed them, to the great advantage of their own health and of the interests of their order, with their usual sedentary task of copying manuscripts; which, as the only way of multiplying books then was to transcribe them, furnished these persons with abundant employment. In the tenth century a great progress had already taken place. This was owing to the growth of large towns, which became the seat of more refined and various industry, to the advancement of civil institutions, and above all to the extension of personal independence. It was in Italy that these improvements began, the same land that had seen them so long kept back, and from thence they spread over the rest of Europe. A singular anecdote may serve to show the difference in this respect between the Italy of ancient and of modern times. Some one tells us that a criminal, condemned to die at Vicenza, actually saved his life by appealing to a Roman law, which set forth that any one should be pardoned for his first offence, if he could prove himself to excel in any useful art. This law corresponds with that of the privilege of clergy in England, which pronounced a similar pardon to all who could prove themselves to have made the peculiarly clerical attainment of knowing how to read. About the tenth century, the foundations were laid of those corporations, or guilds, as they were called, which united together under special privileges the persons who wrought in the same calling, and which rose at last to a high degree of political importance. These corporations of the middle ages remind us of those just mentioned as established under the Roman kings. They might have had their origin remotely in them, but they differed entirely from those ancient orders in the characters and civil positions of the individuals of whom they were composed. They were no longer made up of bonds-people. They were the very children of freedom, and—as all good children should do—they defended and reflected back honor on the mother, who had reared them. In the disputes, that often arose in those unsettled days between arbitrary power and the general weal, between the exclusive pretensions of a few and the dearest rights of the community at large, they always stood on the side of the popular interest, and often with preponderating effect. They seemed worthy to be the predecessors of the intelligent and spirited mechanics, who were named sons of liberty in this very town, more than half a century ago, who, without guilds or privileges, knew both how to argue and to do battle for the common privileges of mankind.

What has been said thus far relates to the Western portions of the old continent. Let us now turn our attention for a moment to the East, which was the birth-place and cradle of all the arts. Here a very different scene unfolds itself, and one that we can contemplate with greater pleasure. But we must be merciful to our readers. We will not bewilder ourselves in the vast interior of Asia, where

every thing is either stationary, or else moved according to the rules of an unvarying and endless prescription,—where the powers of human invention stagnate in castes, and are made heartless by despotism. Neither will we give a look towards the banks of the Nile, in order to stir up the memory—if there is left any—of the builders of the pyramids, nor walk a step among the fragments of what looks so stupendously useless as the efforts of Egyptian skill. Not that so subtle a race were not versed in those arts also, that contribute to the refined comforts of life. We are sure that they were. But the record of those more valuable devices has perished. Only the monuments of their power remain, mutilated and unprofitable, but enduring,—remembrancers of death in the midst of their immortality. We will go at once to the further end of the Mediterranean sea. There, on those now desolate shores, dwelt from the earliest recorded times the most enterprising commercial and manufacturing people of antiquity. There stood Tyre and Sidon, Phœnician cities. They sent their vessels to Cadiz and beyond the pillars of Hercules to the very isles of Britain. Their caravans traveled eastward through the breadth of Persia, and it is supposed to the borders of China itself, loaded with the works of their ingenuity and the productions of their soil. We might suppose that a nation so situated would hold the useful arts in honorable regard. They did so. Nor was that regard confined to them, but diffused itself among the neighboring nations; so that their part of the world presents a perfect contrast to the one already described, in its estimation of artizans.

The Hebrew tribes, who bordered upon them, though with institutions wholly unfavorable to eminence in the practice of the arts, yet learned from their example, and probably brought with them out of Egypt, a high respect for well-taught workmen. In the books of Moses, one is mentioned not only by his name, but by his pedigree and particular tribe, who was distinguished for his manual skill. His craft is even ascribed to a divine influence. “The Spirit of God hath filled him with understanding to make any manner of cunning work.” Such unwonted admiration does indeed imply that the subjects of it were extremely rare, and this was undoubtedly the case. For when the second king of Judea, 500 years afterwards, undertook the erection of a magnificent temple, he was obliged to enter into agreement with a Phœnician prince, to furnish mechanics for the carrying on of the enterprise;—“for thou knowest,” he writes to Hiram, “that there is not among us any that have skill like the Sidonians.” One thing, however, is evident. It was not because the profession was undervalued that it succeeded no better. Artificers among the Hebrews were not, as among the Greeks and Romans, slaves and men of the lowest order, but persons of some rank, who became quite numerous as luxury and wealth increased. When Jerusalem surrendered to the king of Babylon, we are told that “he carried away all the princes, and all the mighty men of valor, and all the craftsmen and smiths; none remained save the poorest sort of the people of the land.” During the captivity, many of the Jews applied themselves to mechanical

pursuits, insomuch that this department of labor acquired with them a popularity never before known. Their most conspicuous teachers went so far as to prescribe that all parents should teach their children a handicraft, and they love to make mention of many of their illustrious men, who followed some trade. They maintained that this was a useful part of education, whatever might be the pursuits of after life; and that children would not use their minds to less advantage from having learned to do something with their fingers. It might be a recreation for them amidst other cares, or keep them from a dangerous idleness should they have nothing else to do, or prove a maintenance for them if they should be put to necessity. Some of their doctors are very earnest on this point. Rabbi Gamaliel says, "The profession of the law is a very desirable thing, but then it ought to be attended with a mechanical art; for a continual application to these two exercises keeps a man from doing evil and makes him forget it." Rabbi Judah goes further, and declares, in language that is perhaps more zealous than discreet, "Every man, who does not take care that his children should learn a trade, does the same thing as if he taught them how to become highwaymen." These representations seem to have had an effect on the general practice of their countrymen, down to modern times. The most celebrated of all their philosophers, Spinoza, whose reputation was so great as to attract the visits of foreign princes to his little dwelling at the Hague, supported himself to the last day of his life, after resigning all his patrimony to his sisters, by making lenses for different optical purposes. That this respect for mechanical employments obtained very early among them appears from the New Testament itself. Paul the Apostle, though liberally educated, instructed in the learning of his time by one of the most celebrated teachers, supported himself by his own hands. What the precise kind of work was, in which he wrought, is an unsettled question among the learned. They have supposed him to be a weaver, an umbrella-maker, a saddler, and a manufacturer of mechanical instruments. He was certainly a craftsman. For ourselves we are contented with the somewhat ambiguous description, which represents the great evangelizer of the nations as a tent-maker.

Such has been the sentiment and practice, and for so great a length of time too, of a whole nation of men. Nor have they been limited to that single race; but we learn from other sources that they have prevailed quite extensively among the people of the East. They mark themselves still upon the usages of the Persians and Turks. "Every one has some trade," says, concerning the last of these, the author of "Sketches, by a Traveler," whom we cannot resist the temptation of mentioning here as one of the most original and agreeable writers among us. "The Sultan himself, and all good Osmanlis learn some handicraft. His highness is a turner, and sells his wares at a fair profit to the Pachas, who find it better to give a thousand piastres for a tobacco stopper than to be superseded in a province." It is a singular fact that the Mussulmans are found to be in accordance on this point with the plain-coated settlers of our own Pennsylvania. In the "code of conditional laws,"

as it was called, drawn up by William Penn for the government of Pennsylvania and Delaware, there stands this statute : " All children within this Province of the age of twelve years shall be taught some useful trade or skill, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work to live, and the rich if they become poor may not want." A late Scottish historian, from whom we have derived this information, adds,—“ This regulation, so congenial to primitive Quaker sentiment and to republican spirit and simplicity, was admirably calculated not less to promote fellow feeling than to secure independence. It contributed to preserve a sense of the natural equality of mankind, by recalling to every man's remembrance his original destination to labor.”*

Having thus gone through with what we had to offer, in way of history, on the estimation which the useful arts have received in different times and by different nations, we would say a few words of the estimation which they deserve. The distinction between them and the arts called liberal has already been taken notice of as liable to objections. " In examining the productions of the arts," says a distinguished French work, " it was perceived that some were more the work of the mind than of the hand, while others on the contrary were more the work of the hand than of the mind. This is in part the origin of the preeminence, which has been accorded to some over the rest, and of the distribution of them which has been made into the liberal and the mechanical. That distinction, though well founded, has produced a bad effect in disparaging the occupations of very estimable and useful men, and in strengthening within us I know not what natural indolence, which tempts us too easily of itself to believe, that to give constant application to experiments, and single, sensible, material objects, is to derogate from the dignity of the human mind, and that to practice or even to study the mechanical arts is to descend to things, of which the examination is laborious, the contemplation ignoble, the exposition hard, the commerce mean, the number endless, and the value insignificant. This prejudice has tended to fill the cities with supercilious reasoners and useless contemplaters, and the country with ignorant tyrants on a small scale, idle and haughty. But not so thought Bacon, one of the first geniuses of England, and Colbert, one of the greatest ministers of France. Bacon regarded the history of the mechanical arts as the most important branch of true philosophy, and could not therefore have disdained the business of them. Colbert looked upon public industry and the establishing of manufactures as the surest riches of a state. Throw into one scale the real advantages of the sublimest sciences and the most honored employments, and upon the other side of the beam the mechanical arts, and you will find that their several values have not been justly appportioned. You will find that we have praised more those, who are trying to persuade us we are happy, than those, who are trying to make us so."

This writer admits that the distinction, of which he speaks, is well founded. But is not even this questionable? The truth is,

* *Grahame's History of the United States.*

that science and art, theory and practice, design and execution, head and hand, have a more intimate connexion with one another than any anatomical divisions seem to recognize. You cannot pass a knife between compounded and intermixed powers, without doing violence. You cannot say here one ends and there another begins, for both were made to meet and to act together. The mere dissector can point out no communication between the muscles of the arm and the convolutions of the brain, and yet they are in intimate alliance. And the union seems to us much the same between the intelligent and physical, the fine and the useful, in art. The difficulty, that we have now endeavored to state, is manifest when we come to particular examples. For instance, what is more strictly a fine, a liberal, an imaginative art than sculpture? Yet the statuary can trust no fingers but his own to the clay model, or to the last touches of the chisel upon the finished piece. What is more mechanical than building? And yet the genius of the architect has exalted a mere covering from the weather into a most splendid exhibition of human science. Take the instance of husbandry. Does it partake most of the scientific or the practical? The ancients declared that nothing was more liberal than that. We have already quoted to this effect the sentiment of the most eloquent among them. Yet what is more vitally useful also? What requires more of bodily toil or manual skill? Take the new department of chemistry, which has been almost created within fifty years. On which side of the line can you place it? It has its root in the profoundest investigation, and yet sends its branches among all the most common utilities of human life.

While the professed artizan is now raised to his proper rank, and takes his place with the highest if his intelligence and character entitle him to it,—it is a fair question whether there is not prevalent even among us a foolish disdain of bodily labor and dexterity, arising partly from indolence, partly from pride, and partly from mistaken views on the subject. If it exists—and who can doubt it that is at all an observer of the idle manner in which many of our young men are growing up, and of the pressing there is into every office, that will permit those who enter it to sit still?—if it exists,—and the extravagant value that is set on the most frivolous exercises of the mere intellect and imagination implies that it does,—it is indeed a foolish contempt of what deserves to be respected, and should receive the pointed reprehension of every lover of his country.

We are evidently designed by our structure for active habits rather than for those of solitary contemplation. In the limbs and physical powers of the feeblest and most untrained, there lie capacities of the most surprising character. Our patient strength bears down brute force. Our persevering speed outstrips brute swiftness. Our adroitness is more than a match for what seems the most overwhelming disadvantage. By education and effort the natural faculties attain an admirable perfectness and accomplish effects little less than miraculous. If deprived of one member, we can call another to fill its office. There is no end to the varieties of action, to which

our flexible, versatile powers may be applied. There is, moreover, a healthiness and pleasure attending their exercise, which abundantly prove the intentions of nature. Industry keeps the mind even, and makes the spirits clear, banishes imaginary distresses and makes us forget real discomforts and evils. A sensation of delight is connected with the exertion of ingenuity or strength, perhaps greater than the after satisfaction of surveying their finished performances; and this excitement is so far from being unfavorable to the intellectual processes, that it is rather one of the best preparations for engaging in them with effect. We are incapable of consuming the whole time to advantage in efforts of thought. Nature refuses her aid to such attempts. We were not made to be always meditating, dealing solitarily with our understandings and conversing with their wandering thoughts. Few could be trusted with the leisure that would permit such a thing. There may now and then be men, who are able to apply themselves almost exclusively to objects of abstract study, but even they are never the more happy for it, and they would accomplish more by a different course. The mind grows wayward and whimsical by acting continually on itself. It is liable to be heated into extravagancies, or depressed into a morbid condition, or disqualified for the ordinary practical judgements of the world. It is impaired in its best faculties by excessive and indiscriminate reading, by that intemperance of books, which may be carried so far as to be a real disease.

Consider, further, that the mind itself is mechanical, and aided by mechanical operations. It cannot work upon nothing nor among shadows. It must have materials. It must have tools. It must have methods. It must have the assistance of contrivances both from without and within. To be busying itself perpetually within its own void, would be as vain a labor as his, who should be looking for substantial ground in empty space, or casting a sounding-line into the fathomless sea. It is aided, we repeat, by mechanical operations. These are of two kinds,—those which it furnishes within itself, and those which it adopts from abroad. Look at them both. In the first case, the work of the understanding goes on by virtue of artificial means, contrived within itself. It does not move at random, but upon the frame work, which it has first constructed. All the methods of all the sciences are but examples of this. A familiar illustration of it is seen in the catchwords, which give the spring to new trains of reflexion. Every one, who has written in rhyme, knows how much that simple mechanism has guided the course of his thoughts as well as the expression of them. What are the figures and signs of the arithmetician, but so many implements which he employs to obtain results and discover relations, that would else remain forever hidden? In the second case, the intelligent principle within us, divine as it is, is not only dependent for its efficiency and saneness on the state of the frail structure, to which it is bound, but often finds its movements influenced by those of its earthy partner. Rousseau tells us, that it was only when he was in exercise that his thoughts took their freest flight and happiest arrangements. Perhaps no observing person ever

lived, who was not sensible of owing much, in the course of his meditations and inquiries, to the influence of some mechanical employment. It is a mistake, then, to suppose the time wasted, that is devoted in such a way. It is gained rather. It is made. We cannot conceive of a situation, where the labors of the intellect, be they ever so pressing and intense, will not be promoted by intermingled labor of the body. What excuse is there, then, for those, who, living but for their pleasures, labor with neither one nor the other? They, who live by their wits, as it is called, have been proverbially addicted to living scandalously. Secluded thinkers are apt to become dreamers. Unceasing readers grow too full for true mental vigor. The proudest achievements of the mind have been made, when it has exerted itself in connexion with material substances and the visible world. Away then with the apologies of the indolent and the superciliousness of the proud. The lowest craft, on which an honest hand can be laid, is more honorable than any trimly-dressed uselessness, that ever had the insolence to despise it.

F.

THE ITALIAN EXILE.

When the minstrel is sorrowful, sad is the lay—
 You may smile on his song, but his soul is away;
 For no theme can excite this cold fancy of mine,
 So far from the land of the Olive and Vine.

There passion breathes out from the lyre and the lute,
 And the voice of their melody never is mute;
 Love stamps on the forehead of Beauty its seal,
 On cheeks that can burn and on hearts that can feel.

Years vanish—their trace on my brow you behold,
 And my heart has to beauty grown careless and cold;
 Yet of all sweet impressions that linger there yet,
 The daughters of Florence it last will forget.

Ye Pilgrims of Beauty, from barbarous lands,
 Behold where the model of loveliness stands;
 Go, kneel by the marble, if marble it seem,
 And Love, with its torch, will illumine your dream.

Lost thoughts of your youth will that statue renew;
 You will muse on the home of the faithful and true,
 Where never can come disappointment or care,
 And the beings are pure as that image is fair.

Italy! Italy! never again
 May the minstrel revisit thy mountain and plain,
 Yet a vision of bliss on his slumber there breaks,
 But to dream of thy shores, though an exile, he wakes.

Thy present is beautiful; great was thy past;
 May the future restore thee to greatness at last!
 The home of my fathers! the land of the sun!
 Honored though distant, and dear though undone.

H.

THE LATE JOSEPH NATTERSTROM.

THE great wealth of the late Joseph Natterstrom, of New-York, was connected with several remarkable incidents, which, under the pen of a writer of ordinary imagination, might grow into a romantic tale.

The merchant of the United States frequently traces the origin of his prosperity to foreign climes. He holds a magic wand in his hand, which reaches to the extremity of the globe; and, if he waves it judiciously, he levies, from all quarters of the world, princely revenues. The restless sea and its richest contents, desolate islands, and the most circuitous rivers, the cultivated territory and the interminable wilderness, are as much the merchant's, as the rain and sunshine, the warm breezes and the fattening dews are the property of the husbandman. But the embryo fortune of Mr. Natterstrom was not of mercantile origin. It came from the heart of Arabia, and grew out of an incursion of the Wheehabites—a reforming and fanatic sect of Mahometans, who date from Abdul Wheehab, of the last century. This man, like Martin Luther, thought a reformation in morals and discipline had become necessary.

About the year 1790, Ebn Beg and Ibrahim Hamet were returning home from Mecca to Abou Jbee, a village not far from the Rumleah mountains. They had united religion and trade together, as is sometimes done here by the sons of Mercury. In performing their pilgrimage to Mecca with a caravan, they furthered both their temporal and eternal interests; for, on their return from Mecca, they encountered a party of those children of the desert, who believe they have a divine right to all the goods of this world, which they can conquer; and what they spare, they credit to their magnanimity and generosity; and herein they do not greatly differ from most other people. But the caravan of Beg and Hamet proved too powerful for the children of Hagar, who became the prey of the stranger. The spoils of that day enriched Beg and Hamet, for those Arabs had shortly before enriched themselves at the expense of another caravan.

With joyful hearts these two men approached home, having left the caravan at the intersection of the road that leads to Aleppo; rejoicing that their danger was over, that they had honorably obtained an accession of wealth, and that they had become entitled to the coveted name of Hadgee. But there soon came a blast from the desert, which converted the shady spot, with which they had encompassed themselves, into a sand-heap. When within a day's journey from home, they met a man whom they knew. It was Ali Beker. Said they, "Is there peace at Abou Jbee?" "God is great, there is peace at Abou Jbee," said Ali Beker, "the peace of the grave." He turned his head away, and said no more. Their hearts withered within them. Soon after they met another man; as he approached them, he looked at them earnestly for some time, and then said, "Do I behold the unhappy Beg and Hamet!" and he tore off his turban and flung it on the ground. They passed on, neither Beg nor

Hamet speaking to each other. At length they approached the confines of their village, and learned the whole. The Wheehabites had been there, and, being powerfully resisted and nearly overcome, they left nothing but a heap of ruins to tell the story. Beg and Hamet were now alone on the face of the earth. They made a circuit around Abou Jbee, took a last look, and passed on to Smyrna. There they remained some time, and studied the French and English languages.

From Smyrna they sailed to Marseilles; and there they assumed the European dress, and studiously conformed to the manners of that people—a seemingly impossible change, from a Turk to a Frenchman. From Marseilles they proceeded on foot to Paris, and, after remaining there a few months, they saw such strange mistakes made, that, fearing they might lose their heads, without a chance for explanation, they passed on to London, where they felt quite at home. There they remained during the winter of 1793. Chancing to meet Captain Dixon of the New-York Packet, who had been in the Smyrna trade, they became attached to him from an accidental expression which fell from his lips at the New-York Coffee House. Some one had asserted that there were not twenty merchants in the city of New-York, who would pass for genuine merchants on the Royal Exchange of London—such was the mercantile honor of Englishmen. An appeal was made to Capt. Dixon, who, waving a direct answer, said, “If you wish to find mercantile honor in perfection, surpassing the comprehension of a European, you must go to Turkey. A Turkish merchant’s word is better than a Christian merchant’s bond; the word is sacred; the bond may be disputed. I have seen many a Turk, in whose skin you might sew up half a dozen very decent Christians.” “Allah!” said Beg, in rapture, “an infidel has spoken the truth! I wish the Prophet could hear that!” This incident led to an acquaintance with Capt. Dixon, who gave them such an account of the New World, as excited their curiosity to see it. Accordingly they sailed soon after, with Capt. Dixon, for New-York.

Beg and Hamet now began to speak the English language pretty fluently; and, concealing that they were Turks, they passed through the principal cities and towns, unconscious of the fact, for very decent Christians. Among the clans of New-England they passed current for two Dutchmen of New-York or Pennsylvania; and at Baltimore they were supposed to be two Scotchmen, so prudently and discreetly did they demean themselves. They spent a year in the United States, the chief of the time at New-York; and during that time they found ample food for their minds. Hamet told Capt. Dixon, that he had brought him not only to a new world, but to a new race of men; a people not really civilized, yet far from savage; not very good, nor altogether bad; not generally intelligent, nor altogether ignorant; a calculating people, who reckoned up their rights as often as they did their money. In fine, said Hamet, I perceive this is a very young country, but a very old people.

As Beg and Hamet travelled through the states, they were surprised to find so much order and tranquillity among a people without

any apparent government; for, during nearly the whole year, there was no appearance of any government. In divers provinces, each of them bigger than the pachalic of Damascus, a few men would meet once a year, wind up the government like a clock, and leave it to run at random; for, after the public agents, like a dispersed caravan, had hastened home, all signs of government vanished. "How different," said Beg, "from all other countries! where the first object of government is, to make itself seen, heard and felt; whereas, among this strange people, you can neither see, hear, nor feel the government."

Beg was greatly diverted in attending a lawsuit at Boston. There were five reverend judges, he said, with twelve men to help them, aided by four counsellors of the law, who consumed a whole day, and part of a night, in settling a case of twenty-five dollars; and said Beg, laughing, the next morning, the jury, as they called the twelve men, came solemnly into court, and said they could not agree, and never should agree; whereas, said Beg, one of our cadis alone would have settled it in twenty minutes.

A few days previous to Beg and Hamet's return to Smyrna, as Beg was passing down Wall-street, he heard a man say, as he was leaving one of the offices, "I don't believe there is an honest man in New-York." "O, yes there is," said another, as he was passing, "there is Joe Natterstrom." At that moment, an unaccountable trance-like feeling came over Beg, and a voice, which seemed to him audible, said, "Beg, before you leave the country, see Natterstrom and prove his honesty." Beg had not proceeded far, before he saw two men in conversation on the side walk; and, as he passed them, he overheard one of them say, "Can I trust him with so much money? are you sure he is honest?" "Yes," said the other, "honest as Joe Natterstrom." This second incident, to a Mussulman, who believed in predestination, was as imperative as the voice of the Prophet. Beg responded aloud, "I will see Natterstrom, and prove his honesty." Presently after he heard two men disputing, in Broadway, with no little passion, and, as he approached them, one said, "I will refer it to Joe Natterstrom." "Agreed said the other." "So," said Beg, "this Natterstrom is also a man of judgement. I will certainly see Natterstrom and prove his honesty."

The next day, Beg inquired for Natterstrom, and soon learned that Natterstrom had become a proverb. "As honest as Joe Natterstrom," was in every body's mouth; but he could find no one, who could give him any account of Joe Natterstrom. All agreed that no man in New-York was better known than Joe Natterstrom, yet no one, of whom Beg inquired, could identify him, or tell where he resided. "Pray, Sir," said Beg, to a merchant on the Exchange, "can you point out to me Joseph Natterstrom?" "No," said he, "I cannot; but his name and reputation are perfectly familiar to me; ask almost any man, and he will tell you where he is to be seen." To the same question, another replied, "I have often heard of honest Joe Natterstrom; he must be known to almost every body; but for my part, I do not recollect ever to have seen him; ask that gentleman, across the way, in a drab coat; he knows every body." Beg,

then accosted the gentleman with the drab coat. "Pray, Sir, can you point me to Joseph Natterstrom?" "Honest Joe Natterstrom, do you mean?" "Yes, Sir," said Beg, "honest Joe Natterstrom." "O, yes, I know Natterstrom," said the gentleman in drab, "every body knows Natterstrom; there is no man in New-York better known than Natterstrom." "Sir," said Beg, "can you describe him to me?" "I would have affirmed, a minute ago," said the gentleman in drab, "that I well knew honest Joe Natterstrom, but I must confess I cannot describe him to you, and do not distinctly recollect that I ever saw him, but almost every body knows Natterstrom." Beg was astonished. "Here," said he, "is a man honest to a proverb, and no one knows him. Honest men must be very plenty in New-York."

Beg now thought Natterstrom must be known at some of the banks; and he inquired at the City Bank, if Joseph Natterstrom ever transacted business there? "Do you mean honest Joe Natterstrom?" said the cashier. "Yes," said Beg. "No," replied the cashier, "but we should be happy to accommodate Mr. Natterstrom if he wants a loan." The cashier of the Manhattan Bank said he had paid many a check drawn in favor of Joseph Natterstrom, but did not recollect ever to have seen Natterstrom; nor did he know at what bank he negotiated his business; but said, "Joseph Natterstrom can have any accommodation at this bank." In short, Natterstrom was known by reputation, at every bank in the city, and it seems, could have commanded their funds, but none of the officers knew him.

The next Sunday, Beg was certain he had obtained a clue to the person of Natterstrom. The clergyman, on whose preaching Beg attended, (for, though a Mussulman, Beg believed a full third of what he heard,) spoke of Natterstrom by name, as a man of such integrity, that his name had become synonymous with honesty. But, to Beg's surprise, the next day, the preacher told him he did not know the man, nor where he resided, though he supposed he was the most familiarly known man in New-York: for he often heard the children in the streets mention the name of honest Joe Natterstrom. Beg, now in despair of ever finding Natterstrom, began to suppose he was an imaginary being; and, as there was not an honest real man in New-York, the people had conjured up a phantom, and given it the name of Joe Natterstrom. Yet this was not the fact; for, a few days after, as Beg was walking through Pearl-street, he saw two men in conversation, and heard one of them say; "There goes Joe Natterstrom; let it be settled by honest Joe Natterstrom."

Beg now followed Natterstrom in order to obtain a knowledge of his person. "Allah!" said Beg, after he had obtained a distinct view, "he has the mark of the Prophet; he would not be ashamed to look the Sultan in the face!" The next day, Beg, with studied secrecy, hamet himself ignorant of it, disguised himself like an old man tottering on the brink of the grave. He painted his face more cadaverous than the natural look of death. Then, taking a bag of gold in his hand, he sought an opportunity about twilight, when Natterstrom was just leaving his compting room, and slowly open-

ing the door, he reached, with an apparent feeble arm and trembling hand, the bag to Natterstrom, and said only, "Occupy till Ebn Beg comes," disappearing in a moment, leaving Natterstrom in reasonable doubt, whether the occurrence was natural or supernatural. However, he immediately untied the bag, and, to his astonishment, counted five hundred English guineas.

Natterstrom stood sometime in a revery, many unutterable things probably passing in his mind. He then reached his ledger, and entered therein, "October 21st, 1794, Received of Mr Eben Beck five hundred guineas to be occupied for his benefit." Beg and Hamet, the next week, left the United States, and returned by the way of Liverpool to Smyrna, where Beg established himself as a merchant.

The next morning Natterstrom opened a new account and placed the money to the credit of Ebenezer Beck, considering himself merely as the agent of Beck. From that day Natterstrom kept Beck's concerns and his own entirely distinct; and from that day Natterstrom was esteemed the most fortunate man in the world, but Natterstrom pronounced himself the most unfortunate. The money of Beg all prospered. It was like a snow ball in a damp day rolling down the white mountains. It doubled and trebled itself like an assemblage of clouds driven by contrary winds; while Natterstrom's own property was dissipated like a mist in summer. He seldom saw his own money but once; the winds, the waves and rocks in the sea, all conspired against Natterstrom. The same tempest which wrecked Natterstrom's ship on the rock Rodondo, drove Beg's into a furnished port in the West Indies, where they weighed silver against flour. The commissions on Beg's adventure retrieved his late loss and gave him the command of a great sum as the agent of Beg.

Natterstrom was among the first to embark in trade to the Levant. The situation of the commercial world was most inviting to the commerce of the United States. All the world was a new milch cow to the merchant. While all Europe were fighting for this cow, and one nation was seizing her by the horns, another by the extremity, a third by her fore leg, and a fourth by her hind leg, the merchant of the United States was sitting down under her, milking, quietly as a milkmaid. Natterstrom freighted two ships, one on his own, the other on Beck's account, and sent them to Smyrna. Capt. Dixon commanded Beck's, and Capt. Hathaway, Natterstrom's ship. On their arrival in the roadstead of Smyrna, they hoisted the flag of the United States, which excited no little curiosity on shore, for very few of the Smyrniots had ever seen our national colors. It soon came to Beg's ears that two ships, from the new world, deeply laden, were at anchor in the offing. He was immediately on board the nearest, which proved to be Capt. Hathaway's; and, learning they were both from New-York, he was greatly delighted. Beg was invited into the cabin, and, at his request, was shown an invoice of the cargo. When he had perused it, he cast it on the table, and said, "I pity the owner; every article is a drug here, and would better suit the New-York market." "That is Natterstrom's ill luck," said Capt Hathaway; "if he had shipped gold, it would have trans-

mutated itself to brass; if he held in his hands the rain of heaven, it would descend in mildew. Whatever he touches, with his own hand, he poisons; but whatever he touches, with Beck's hand he converts to gold. I dare say, Beck's cargo will turn to good account." "Natterstrom," said Beg, "Natterstrom, what Natterstrom? I was once in New-York, and knew a Mr. Natterstrom; they called him, honest Joe Natterstrom." "The same, the same," said Capt. Hathaway; "who could have imagined that Joe Natterstrom was known to a merchant of Smyrna! He is the owner of this unhappy cargo, which is his whole property." "And whose is the other ship and cargo?" said Beg. "That," said Capt. Hathaway, "is more than any living man knows. Natterstrom himself is ignorant of the owner. He says he is the agent of one Ebenezer Beck, and, as no one doubts what Natterstrom says, the property is all taxed to Ebenezer Beck. This Beck owns a large real and personal estate, particularly a valuable wharf, in New-York; and, as nobody knows who the man Beck is, and, as the estate has thus strangely slipped away from the lawful owner, the public have called it Beckman's slip. Heaven grant that this same Beck do not ultimately prove the ruin of poor Natterstrom." "It may be so," said Beg; "a man may be wise for another, and a fool for himself. Let us now go on board Beck's ship, and examine his cargo." "That is needless," said Capt. Hathaway; "here is an invoice of Beck's cargo." Beg examined it, and exclaimed, "Admirable! It is worth half Smyrna. This Beck is a lucky fellow; he was born under the sun; his lamp will never go out. He must be a favorite of the prophet, and was nursed under a tree that sheds its fruit, when ripe, into his lap." Beg then went on board of the other ship, and, to his surprise and great joy, beheld his old friend Capt. Dixon. After an oriental salutation, Beg mentioned his interview with Capt. Hathaway, and lamented the unhappy voyage of Natterstrom. "And who," said Beg, "may be the fortunate owner of your cargo?" "That," said Capt. Dixon "is a mystery, deep as the hidden springs of your deserts. If honest Joe Natterstrom speaks truth, the fountain is still sealed. He is an ignorant agent of an unknown being. Natterstrom, though he is obliged to live and appear like a pacha, asserts that he is a poor man, only the agent of Beck, and dependent on his commissions. He affirms that all the property in his hands is one Eben Beck's; and when questioned who Beck may be, he says he don't know, he never saw him but once, then in the twilight, and that, several years since." "But," said Beg, "is there any doubt that Natterstrom would surrender this property to the man Beck, if he should come and demand it?" "That, indeed, remains to be proved," said Capt. Dixon, "and will forever remain a doubt, for there is no probability that Beck will ever appear. Many believe that Natterstrom, from some strange whim, or dubious motive, has fabricated the whole story of this Eben Beck." "It may, nevertheless, be all true," said Beg; "and Natterstrom may be the honest agent of Eben Beck. He is no friend to virtue, who doubts its existence. The case may be as Natterstrom affirms; therefore wrong, to prejudice. To attribute a bad motive to a good action is to sow

tares among wheat. Is it so very extraordinary that a man should be honest? Our Prophet could summon thousands of the faithful, whose least merit would be their integrity. To return a pledge, to keep sacred a deposit, to do equity where the law would excuse you, in the estimation of the Prophet are all natural; little better than instinct. I fear you wrong Natterstrom, in doubting his integrity. Mere honesty is only a silent virtue. Your Prophet and ours have, each of them, many humble followers, who, like the potato of your country, never raise their heads above the surface. Yet the potato is worth the whole tribe of flowers that sport in the breeze. The English, who trade to the Red sea, trust whole cargoes to our people, who carry them to the heart of Asia, and all the security they demand is a token, a crook of a Mussulman's finger. If Natterstrom has proclaimed himself the steward of another man, has he not pledged himself to a surrender when that man appears and reclaims his own?"

"I wish Eben Beck was in the Red sea," said Capt. Dixon, "for it is evident, whether a real being, or a phantom, he is the evil genius of honest Joe Natterstrom." "But now to business," said Beg. "Give me the refusal of your cargo, and, I will freight both vessels back with such products as you may order." This accomplished, both ships returned to New-York, deeply laden with the richest products of the East.

When it appeared that Beck's ship had performed a prosperous voyage, and that Natterstrom's was a desperate concern, he was disheartened; all his thoughts turned inwardly, to one dark idea. Strange things passed in his mind. He remembered the pale look of the person, the feeble arm and trembling hand, that reached to him the bag of gold. The apparent old age and the decrepitude of the man, now fixed his attention more strangely, than in the moment of reality. The man of 1794 seemed to re-appear to him in full life; and an impression, that he might be the passive agent of an unholy principal, overpowered the man. He began to hate his own name, without being reconciled to that of Beck. However, the course of events, and the facility of business, all tended to sink the name of Natterstrom into that of Beck; so that Natterstrom was frequently addressed as Ebenezer Beck, by foreign merchants, who really supposed they were merchandising with the man. Indeed, he began to be called in New-York, Ebenezer Beck; so that, at length, he willingly assumed the name. He, therefore, relinquished all business in the name of Natterstrom; took down his sign on his warehouse, and substituted, in place thereof, that of Ebenezer Beck. Thus, honest Joe Natterstrom sunk into Ebenezer Beck; and many of the present generation, who suppose they have seen Ebenezer Beck a thousand times, never heard of the name of Joseph Natterstrom. So hasty is time to bury the past; so closely does oblivion press on the footsteps of time.

Under the name of Ebenezer Beck, Natterstrom long flourished, one of the most eminent merchants of New York. Although he employed thousands of men, and came in contact with the whole mass of civil society, no man was ever heard to complain of him; he was the counterpart of the late Mr. Gray of Boston.

After many successful voyages to Smyrna, Beck exclaimed, one day, in the hearing of Capt. Dixon, "Lord, remember poor Joseph

Natterstrom, but, as for Ebenezer Beck, stay thy hand, for he has enough!" This being related to Beg, the last time Capt. Dixon was at Smyrna, "Enough!" said Beg, "he is the first man that ever cried enough!" "But," said Capt. Dixon, "if the wealth is not his own, but one Ebenezer Beck's, he exclaimed, enough, for another man, not for himself." "True," said Beg, "it is so; yet, it seems to confirm his integrity, if he did not apply the expression to himself."

Beg now thought it time to see Natterstrom; and, he prepared to visit the United States. Accordingly, he embarked a second time with Capt. Dixon, for New-York. On his arrival, he pondered a long time, how he should discover himself to Natterstrom. At length, he resolved to appear before him in the same disguise, in which he appeared at his compting-room, in 1794, thirty years before. He now prepared himself for a meeting; and, having ascertained that Natterstrom and his family were going to a country seat, at Flushing, he placed himself in the way, and sat down, near the middle of the road, near the Dutch church. With one hand, he supported himself with a staff; and the other was half extended, as if in dubious expectation of charity. When the horses of Natterstrom's carriage approached Beg, they suddenly stopped, and trembled, as if spell-bound. The coachman turned to Natterstrom, and said, "Here, sir, is a miserable object, so unhuman, that the horses tremble at his sight." "Eternal God!" said Natterstrom, "that is Eben Beck! The day of doubt is passed; and, if that is a human being, I am happy; otherwise, I have been thirty years under enchantment." In an instant, Natterstrom leaped from the carriage, and approached Beg. "Thou art Eben Beck," said Natterstrom. "Dost thou appear to me a miserable beggar, or a mysterious being, unallied to this world, and all its concerns? Speak, for I am Joseph Natterstrom, and have occupied till Eben Beck has come." "How hast thou occupied?" said Beg, austerely. "I have occupied," said Natterstrom, "until thy five hundred guineas, have become more than five hundred thousand. Arise, and take a seat in this, thy carriage, for it is thine; see thy name on the panel; and let me accompany thee to thy beautiful mansion at Becksville."

Beg ascended the carriage, seated himself, sat calmly, and said nothing. Natterstrom, though full, even to anguish, was silence-struck, at this strange occurrence; and thus all was quiet, until they arrived at Beck's country seat. Natterstrom now proposed a change of raiment, which Beg declined, observing, he was too old to change his habits; he had come a long distance to settle his affairs, and was desirous of returning home to his own country. "When canst thou settle with me?" said Beg. "To-day," said Natterstrom. "But how canst thou settle the concerns of thirty years, in one day!" "I have only," said Natterstrom, "to hand thee a bundle of papers, and the business is done." "Explain thyself, Mr. Natterstrom, for I am an ignorant man." "All thy property is in thy own name; thy real estate is registered, thy ships are registered, thy notes of hand, thy bonds and mortgages, are all payable to thyself; thy bank stock is all certified to Eben Beck; and all thy other personal property is in thy day book and ledger. Otherwise, how could Eben Beck receive his own, if Joseph Natterstrom had died, before Eben Beck came back?" "But, how canst thou distinguish between thy own, and my own? Joseph

Natterstrom has not become poor, while Eben Beck has become rich?" "Joseph Natterstrom has become poor, and has lived many years under the shadow of Eben Beck; and has rejoiced, in the sunshine of his prosperity; for to rejoice in the prosperity of another is to partake of it. But now, all is Eben Beck's; if Joseph Natterstrom retains any thing, he wrongs Eben Beck." "And art thou ready to resign all?" "All." "And what wilt thou have left?" "Myself." "True," said Beg, "Joseph Natterstrom will remain, and a man's best wealth ought to be himself."

The next day, Natterstrom resigned all, and Beg took all. In one day, all was settled. From great splendor and apparent opulence, Joseph Natterstrom was reduced to nothing. From that day, Beg never saw Natterstrom. He remained in New-York about six months, continued his disguise, lived meanly, and encouraged the opinion, that he was a mysterious miser. The experiment on Natterstrom having succeeded to Beg's satisfaction, he was now desirous of returning home to Smyrna; but, first, he executed his will, which, for brevity, was remarkable. Thus; "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet. I, Ebn Beg, of Smyrna, known in the city of New-York as Eben Beck, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make this my last will and testament. First, I devise to Joseph Natterstrom, my late agent, and to his heirs and assigns, all my real estate in the United States. Secondly, I give and bequeath to said Natterstrom, all my personal property, both in Europe and in the United States." This will, correctly executed, Beg deposited with Capt. Dixon, who, now, for the first time, was made acquainted with the long-sleeping secret. By the aid of Capt. Dixon, Beg now appeared to sicken, languish, and die. His funeral was performed, and his decease was publicly noticed, very little to his credit. The good natured Beg smiled at this, and soon after sailed for Smyrna.

Capt. Dixon now presented the will to Natterstrom; he read it; and for a moment, his well-balanced mind began to totter. He was now deeply impressed, that, for thirty years, he had been under a supernatural influence, but as it appeared to him to be that kind of influence, which one good spirit might have over another, he retained the name of Eben Beck, to the day of his death, as well from pleasant associations, as from public sanction; but his real name was Joseph Natterstrom, as is well known to many aged people now living in New-York.

LETTER ON THE CHANTING CHERUBS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

You may marvel at my boldness in selecting the subject I have, for I know about as much of sculpture as Lucius Mummius did of painting; and if you have any friends who are connoisseurs in such matters, I beg of you, on no account, to let them see this letter; but, being an admirer of beauty in all its forms, and wishing to encourage native production, whether it come in the shape of a statue or an improved toasting-fork, I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to the group of Chanting Cherubs, not only to feed my eyes with a beautiful sight, but to indulge an honest (I trust the word will not be quarreled with) pride, in viewing the work of a Bostonian. The celestial yet infantile beauty of these exquisite statues made a deep impression on me, and led me into a train of reflections, which I must needs put upon paper; for if a man be not often visited with ideas, he must make the most of them when they do come. That group is the point I start from in my remarks, and if I should wander to what appears an unreasonable distance, I can only say that my letter shall have as much connexion with its subject, as many a good sermon has with its text.

I have always been an admirer of sculpture. It seems to me a higher art than painting, one in which it is more difficult to produce a perfect specimen, and which, in its most successful results, fills the mind with thoughts of sublimer power and more subduing beauty. The contrast is so great between the inflexibility of the material, and the rounded outlines, the delicate blendings, the undulating grace of life and the airy flow of drapery, that nothing short of a magician's wand would seem to be capable of combining them both. How a "dull cold" block of marble is ever converted into a statue, that makes generations "drunk with beauty," is a mystery beyond even the imagination of the uninitiated. In the sister art, there appears to be a regular and perceptible gradation of excellence, from the boy, who draws figures on his slate, which it would not be literal idolatry to worship, since they are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven, earth or sea, up to the great historical painter; but a great sculptor "dwells apart like a star," in solitary and isolated glory. He floats above us like a cloud, which rests upon no mountain's breast, but is borne up by the lightness of its ethereal beauty. It is easy enough to conceive the unborn image stamped upon the heated brain of the artist, and even *projected*, so as to be visible to his outward senses, like Macbeth's air-drawn dagger; but to give shape and consistence to the haunting shadow, to make visible to the outward eye, what he sees so clearly with the inner, this is the rub. Let us step into the artist's study and seat ourselves by his side, as, with eyes sparkling and hands trembling with the vividness of his emotions, he takes up his hammer and chisel and begins to chip off the edges of the shapeless mass, that lies cold and hard before him. How little does he seem to us to be approaching the perfect result, and we imagine that the material has a resisting power that mocks his painful efforts. By degrees, we begin to discern a rude approach to the human form, a sort of twilight glimmering of the

bright dawn of beauty. Here a new source of anxiety arises. In our ignorance, we tremble lest some untoward accident should blast the artist's hopes; lest, in his impatience, he should spoil all by a rash sliver; or, by devoting too much labor to one portion, destroy the symmetry and proportion of the whole. At last we witness the triumph of art in the unspeakable beauty of the completed work, with its perfect proportions, with the light of life hovering over it like a veil, with a breast, that almost visibly heaves, and lips, that look as if they must speak. And with all this, how little do we know of the state of the artist's mind—the anxious vigils and the haunted slumbers, each o'er-mastered by the fiery rule of his tyrant idea; and then, his sad forebodings, his aching fears, his thrilling hopes, his disappointment as he compares what is with what ought to be, his efforts still baffled and still renewed—how little does the crowd, that sees only the result, dream of all this! And as little can they realize the deep and full tide of delight, with which he contemplates his intellectual offspring, dearer to him for the mingled joy and suffering, with which he had watched its growth.

I have said that Sculpture was a higher art than Painting; facts show it to be a more difficult one. Since the revival of the arts, how few works of great merit have been executed in that art, compared with the great number of paintings, which are allowed to be perfect in their kinds. There is hardly a great name from Michael Angelo to Canova. The reason of this is, not that the imagination of the sculptor teems less with beautiful forms, but because the poetic power is so seldom found combined with the manual dexterity and accuracy of eye which the execution requires. There is hardly a great work of sculpture in our country; (for busts and statues of individuals, however excellent in their kind, do not belong to the highest department of the art;) but there are in every city several specimens of painting of great merit. We are obliged to form our ideas of a statue from its cast, which is about the same as forming an idea of a living flower by a dried specimen in an herbarium, or of a handsome man by his shadow on the wall. But let any man walk into the Athenæum and seat himself before the cast of the Apollo and observe its divine beauty, the airy grace of its perfect limbs, the *uprising* lightness of the whole figure, the sunshine that seems twined around its brow, and the wonderful expression of the nostril and upper lip, and if he have an ounce of honest blood in his body, it will rush to his heart in a hurry of delight. If there be a man who can contemplate this cast unmoved, he deserves to hear nothing but anti-masonic orations and read nothing but Cabinet correspondence, for the rest of his life.

Sculpture seems to bear the same relation to Painting that moonlight does to sunshine, if I may be allowed so fantastic a comparison. Its beauty is more ethereal, more dream-like, and approaches nearer to the perfect communication of thought by speaking and writing. The cold and serene loveliness of a marble statue reminds one of a disembodied spirit, which, if it have lost the flush and glow of earthly beauty is cleansed of the pollutions of humanity and made "white as snow." A statue has the repose and the dignity of death without its ghastliness. It lifts one's thoughts to heaven and fills our minds with images of joy too high and peace too deep for earth, of palm leaves and golden harps,

of snowy robes and the lustre of angelic faces. Painting is a more perfect representation of common life, and for that reason further removed from the ideal. In painting there is scope for the exhibition of all the complicated passions which make up the web of humanity. There is the flush of joy, the paleness of despair, the leer of envy and the scowl of hatred. And in the same piece there may be more than one action, and a boundless variety may be given to the expression of passion. In a few square feet of canvass may be seen a mimic world, crowded with all the grave and gay shapes that act the motley masque of life. In this respect it bears a strong analogy to comedy, which "holds the mirror up" to the visible and actual world, and draws its materials from the boundless resources presented by the common heart and the common mind. Practical jokes, the blunders of clowns, the coarse Doric of the market-place, the tricks of knavish valets, are all legitimate subjects of comedy, while at the same time, it leaves room for the display of the beautiful and the noble, for love, honor and bravery. But it is not so with sculpture; its walk, like that of tragedy, is higher and more limited. Its aim is to spiritualize and refine, to erect upon the foundation of the actual, the ideal, which shall hide what it rests upon. It arrests the floating elements of beauty and gives them that perfect form which they never assume in this "working-day" world. Its legitimate office is the delineation of life in repose, when the smooth surface of the feelings is ruffled by no storm of emotion, and the face and figure are moulded into a placid and almost expressionless calm. It may be said that the Apollo is an exception to this remark, for it represents godlike beauty flushed with the light of mortal triumph, but it is not the least merit of this wonderful statue that it combines so successfully the expression of a human passion with the serenity of ideal beauty. Nothing short of the most transcendent genius could have accomplished this. But it will be said, "There is the Laocoon, a statue of the intensest action and in which the *form* is swallowed up and lost in the expression of heart-dissolving fear." But let it be borne in mind that the character of that group is one of suffering, of passion, and that of the most awful kind, for the physical efforts of the main figure are the mere convulsive spasms of o'ermastered humanity. This sublime work, too, is a proof of the daring, as well as the genius of its author, and it may be considered as the extreme limit of sculpture, beyond which one cannot go without violating the true principles of the art. Sculpture also, embodies what are called abstract ideas, but in these it is confined, for the most part, to those in which the leading idea is repose, such as Night, Sleep, Death, &c. and seldom attempts those with which the tumult and animation of life are associated. The superiority of Night to Morning, in the bas-reliefs exhibited in the same room with the Chanting Cherubs, must have been obvious to every man of taste.

Sculpture is a rigid exacter of unity. There may be modifications of the same passion or action, but there cannot be two distinct ones. There may be several figures in a group, but there must be a central and presiding idea. Fault has been found with the Laocoon, because the father seems to be absorbed with the thoughts of his own agony and peril and indifferent to that of his children, while they, on their part, appear to suffer most because they are deprived of his wonted

aid and protection. I reply, that it would have been impossible for the artist to have done otherwise, without violating the principles, not only of his art, but of nature. In the fearful moment the sculptor has chosen, the supernatural horror of his resistless fate has chilled to death every portion of humanity but its root, which still tenaciously clings to the soil of life. The father is swallowed up in the man. Laocoon hears nothing but the maddening hiss of the serpents and feels nothing but their cold and slimy folds. All the various passions, the yearning affections which inhabited his heart, are swept away. Nothing remains but the original and primal instinct of self-preservation, the first feeling that lives and the last that dies. Poor humanity is stripped of all its coverings and husks and stands bare and shivering, naked as it was born. But the children feel not the full bitterness of their fate, and know not that an insulted god has sent the serpents on their errand of death. They are overcome with a vague terror. Their faces and minds are turned to their father for explanation as well as aid. They cling closer to him and look up with more beseeching eyes as they feel the fatal knots drawn into a tighter and more suffocating grasp. It may be a presumptuous remark, but I will venture it nevertheless, that the group would have been unnatural, had the principal figure been the mother of the children and not the father. A mother never forgets her children while she lives; the last throb of her heart is for them and not for herself. To have engrafted upon the expression of the Laocoon, that of agonized maternal affection, it is not too much to say, would have been beyond the power of any artist.

In sculpture we always crave the ideal. The representation of the forms, the dress and the shapes of actual life in a substance of such spiritual beauty as marble, would be either shocking or laughable. A statue in a cravat and small-clothes would be as ludicrous an object as can well be imagined. A very promising young sculptor in Scotland has executed lately two statues, one of Tam o'Shanter and the other of his "drouthy crony," souter Johnny; but with the true tact of genius he has selected for his material, a fine-grained, indigenous, grayish-colored stone, which bears about the same relation to Parian marble, that Burns's hero does to Apollo. For the same reason, we do not tolerate the expression of any low, sordid or weak passion in marble. A statue, with the leer of envy or the distortion of malice upon its face, would strike us at once as unnatural and disgusting.

How little do all our speculations on the nature of the arts help us to explain the mysterious influence they exert over our minds! Why is it that, in beholding a beautiful statue or picture, we are constrained almost to hold our breath from the intensity and fullness of our emotions? Why do we feel our eyes wet with unbidden tears and our hearts beat thick and fast with the deep sense of beauty? It is but a block of marble cut into the shape of a human figure or a yard of canvass daubed over with colors. It is not alone to the universal and instinctive love of beauty that the artist appeals; the finest cords of the spirit vibrate to his touch. Beauty, breathing from the marble or burning upon the canvass, goes to the mind's core. It touches the springs of memory and lays bare its hoarded treasures, and unfolds the web of our lives with its half-forgotten figures of joy and sorrow—its sable and silver embroidery. All that we have suffered, all that we

have loved, all that we have lost, comes back to us, and the waste places of the heart again bloom. The mind is stirred up from its inmost depths and images chase each other through it, swift as the waves of a stormy night and bright as their foamy crests. Tell me, ye philosophers, who weigh thought, sensations and impulses in a balance, who lay out the inner world according to your own systems of intellectual surveying, the secret of all this? Are these emotions to be referred to the bodily organization, to sets of delicate nerves irritated by the presence of an exciting object? Can you explain it by vibrations, by *sensible species*, by the agitation of the animal spirits? Or is it something more than this, and must we go for an explanation, to the very centre of that inner world, whose crust ye have but penetrated? Is it the mind of the artist communing with our own, through the medium of the work of his hands, in a voiceless interchange of thought, such as we believe that spirits use? It is one of the mysteries of life, of which the infant knows as much as the gray-haired sage, and with regard to which, he is the wisest who is most ready to confess the depth of his ignorance.

But it is high time for me to say something upon that, which purports to be the subject of my letter, especially as it is a subject, upon which one may be even extravagant, with a very good conscience. As I suppose every one, who reads this letter, has seen and admired the Chanting Cherubs, a minute description of them is altogether unnecessary, and, if it were otherwise, it would make no difference, for no language (or at least none of mine) could convey any idea of them to one who had not seen them. The group consists of two infant figures, holding a scroll, towards which one of them is bending, apparently reading the words, while the other stands erect, with a calm and confident expression, as if nothing were wanting but the unclosing of his lips to give utterance to the tide of music and praise that is swelling within him. Considering that the artist was required to execute two cherubs, (where any great variety is out of the question) he has shown great skill in the different characters he has given to the figures. The attitude of the one is more firm and erect; his baby breast seems to swell with the consciousness of immortal energies, while that of the other, though inimitably graceful, has a slight expression of timidity. The hair of the former is thick and curling, his forehead broader and his cheek fuller, while the forehead of the other is higher, his face less round and his hair disposed in sunny and wavelike folds. There is also a difference of expression about the mouth, not easily described but distinctly perceptible. Most people, on entering the room, are most struck with the taller figure, but the other is generally their favorite before they leave it. He has a more intellectual face than his brother. There is an expression about his superb brow worth all the regular beauty of the other. By his position also, the light is thrown upon the upper part of his face, while the lower is thrown into shade, which is always the best view of a countenance. The direction of the head gives a life-like expression to his eyes, as the iris is nearly concealed by the lid, and the appearance is exactly that of a person reading when viewed from before. But it is an idle task to assign the palm of beauty to one or the other, very much like that of settling which of two stars has

the brighter glory. They are both beautiful as dreams, with their celestial purity unstained by the smoke of earth. They seem like good spirits sent down from heaven, wandering, hand in hand, through this vale of tears, and singing praises as they go. They bring before us the peace, the joy, the sunshine and the bloom of that undying world "where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling." The artist has succeeded entirely in blending the charm of infantile beauty with the power and brightness of an immortal nature. The spirit of a seraph is shining through those round limbs and animating those fairy features. As I am not an artist, I am unable to point out their beauties and defects, as a work of art, and on that account, I am probably not able to give their author half his due, as I cannot appreciate the nature of the difficulties to be overcome. I looked at them very hard to see if I could detect any fault, and I confess I was unable to; perhaps sharper eyes than mine have been more successful. The flesh has all the firmness, roundness and smoothness characteristic of a healthy infant, and the fidelity with which he has copied all the delicate undulations, the lights and shadows of the figure, shows him to have industry and accuracy of observation as well as genius, and to be deficient in no quality necessary to obtain the very highest place in his profession. Any one who has ever noticed the *creases* in the back part of the infant's leg (I am a plain-spoken man) will be amazed to see how true to nature those of the statues are. The artist seems never to have become tired of his work, nor to have hurried through it in a fever of impatience, and the minutest portions are carved with a finish and accuracy rivalling that of nature itself. Look, for instance, at the hair of the shorter figure; how exquisitely it is executed and how much like life. It seems as if the hand of a mother had just smoothed it down, and that the next breeze would ruffle its silky evenness. The group is full of minute beauties, which it would be tedious to enumerate, and which not more than one half the world will ever observe; but this is a misfortune, which Mr. Greenough must be content to share in common with all men of genius, whatever be their department. To him, the perfect success, which has crowned his first efforts, is not much, one way or another. He, who has been so long silently studying the works of the "dead kings" of beauty, and measuring himself with them, needs not the approbation of the world to teach him how much he was capable of. Genius seldom makes a wrong estimate of its own powers, and the applause of the world is but an echo of the voice that speaks within. The young and nameless artist, when he takes his chisel in hand, and, with throbbing heart, begins his first work, is as well aware of the eminence he shall attain, and knows as well the extent of his powers, as when his name is pronounced in the language of every civilized nation, and men make pilgrimages to bow before the beauty, which his potent spell has conjured into marble. But to us, his friends and countrymen, it is a great deal. It proves to us that our young townsman is of the stuff, out of which the true artist is made. We knew that he had genius some five or six years ago, but we did not know then what we now do, that he had the patience, the industry and the sense of responsibility arising from the possession of great powers, without which genius is no better than the flash of a

rocket or the wing of a flying-fish. We hope that our liberal and wealthy community will exercise a generous spirit of patronage, so that Mr. Greenough need not be obliged to choose between one of two evils,—a perpetual exile from his native land or the romantic fate of starvation. It is true that genius is its own great reward, and if a man could live upon applause, or clothe himself with praise, in their literal senses, he would do very well in the world; but even sculptors and poets require some of the substantial goods of life. There is a Utilitarian spirit abroad, which, if carried to the length, which some of its advocates advise, would make life as bare and as cold as the topmost rock of the Andes. We hope that, in this case, that kind of folly may be exerted, which we should call wisdom, and a creator of mere beauty go not unrewarded. The “heart of a nation” comes as well from poetry, sculpture and painting, from all that warms the blood, that makes the past and the future predominate over the present, and that lifts the thoughts above the smoke and dust of earth, as from the deductions of reason, the inventions of science, the discoveries of philosophy and the exercise of the practical arts. He, who would strip life of all that ornaments and embellishes, that smooths its rough edges, that exists only in the imagination and gratifies that airy essence called taste, and bring us down to the bare and hard surface of utility, shews himself to be a poor patriot, as well as a shallow philosopher, and does not imitate the wisdom of the Creator, who made the world beautiful as well as good, and dressed the wild-flower in robes such as kings never wore. A man, who has been reared in a prison or a cloister, will be neither so wise nor so good as one, who has drank from childhood the beauty of the universe; so a nation, whose citizens are wholly occupied with the body and its concerns, will be less great and truly glorious, than one, in which the people, not neglecting these things, yet feed with proper food the appetite for the unseen, the ideal and the beautiful, and give a roseate hue to the dusky shapes of reality. We hope that our rich men will think of these things and suffer a gifted countrymen to glean a few ears of that golden harvest, of which foreigners have often reaped the ripe luxuriance.

TYRO.

LINES WRITTEN IN SADNESS.

My days are in their morning prime,
 If life by length of years be told—
 If sorrows mark the flight of Time,
 I'm death-like old.

The numbness and the damps of age
 Have chilled me many years too soon;
 I faint, though yet my pilgrimage
 Is scarce begun.

The lightning from my veins is fled;
 The visions and the rapture high,
 All, all are gone, and in their stead
 Cold ashes lie.

My passions once, like lava-tides,
Swept forth—their meteor-course is run;
The blackness of their tears abides;
The heat is gone.

Glory, and Fame, and Honor's meed—
Such words had once a trumpet's power;
I hear them, but I do not heed—
Passed is their hour.

Stars, Flowers and Woman's face divine—
Ye once were lovely to my eyes;
I see the self-same glories shine,
But do not prize.

I feel the suffocating sense
Of utter, withering loneliness;
Shame, and a struggling impotence
To make it less.

There is a voice in every breeze,
That bids the common mind awake,
And arm its noblest energies,
For Honor's sake.

But I, vile sluggard that I am,
Start at the sound, but slumber on;
I can but barely blush for shame,
At what is gone.

The earth, the sky, the human mind—
They are not as they used to be;
A light is gone—or else, I'm blind
And cannot see.

Come, Death, thou friend of those that weep,
And steal my senses with a kiss;
Better thy calm and dreamless sleep
Than life like this.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAP. I.

My character, indeed, I would favor you with, but that I am cautious of praising myself, lest I should be told my trumpeter 's dead: and I cannot find in my heart at present to say anything to my own disadvantage. FRANKLIN.

I AM a Schoolmaster in the little village of Sharon. A son of New-England, I have been educated in all her feelings and prejudices. To her maternal care I owe the little that is good within me; and upon her bosom I hope to repose hereafter, when my worldly task is done, and my soul, like a rejoicing schoolboy, shall close its weary book, and burst forth from this earthly schoolhouse. My childhood was passed at my native village, in the usual amusements and occupations of that age; but, as I grew up, I became satiated with the monotony of my life. A restless spirit prompted me to visit foreign countries. I said with the Cosmopolite, "The world is a kind of book, in which he, who has seen his own country only, has read but one page." Guided by this feeling I became a traveler. I have trav-

ersed France on foot; smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn; floated through Holland in a *Trekschuit*; trimmed the midnight lamp in a German University; wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy; and danced to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquivir. When I had read thus far the volume of the world, I closed it with a sigh, and turned back to that long neglected page, in which are recorded the name and history of New-England. The beauty of its rural scenes rose up before me; and when I called to mind the moral feeling which pervades the land, and the healthy virtues of its national character and institutions, I felt proud that it was my Native Land.

Amid all the novelties of the old world, and the quick succession of images, that was continually calling my thoughts away, there were always fond regrets and longings after the land of my birth, lurking in the secret corners of my heart. When I stood by the sea-shore, and listened to the melancholy and familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step from the threshold of a foreign land, to the fireside of home; and when I saw the outbound sail, fading away over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart went with it, and I turned away fancy-sick with the blessings of home, and the endearments of domestic love.

At times I would sit at midnight in the solitude of my chamber, and give way to the recollections of distant friends. How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads, that unite our sympathies with the past,—to fill up as it were the blanks of existence with the images of those we love! How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land! How calmly across life's stormy sea blooms that little world of affection, like those Hesperian isles, where eternal summer reigns, and the olive blossoms all the year round, and honey distils from the hollow oak! Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure, and deep, and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. It is there the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Distance may enfeeble them; the storms of the world obstruct them; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow, and burn, and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home.

At length I returned to my native village, "the world's tired denizen;" and, unwilling to lead any longer a useless life, I took the village school. I chose this humble occupation because I am naturally indolent, and moreover love the guileless disposition and artless prattle of children. Who can look into the face of a young and innocent child, without reading, in the serene brow and unclouded eye, the story of a spotless heart? Who can listen to its guileless prattle, its unskilful song, or the merry peal of its laughter, without wishing that a spirit as pure and joyful dwelt in him? Alas, the face of childhood, and its clear sweet voice, rebuke us gently for all our errors and pollutions. The World—how its touch blights, and withers, and consumes us! How we are misled by shadows: how we grasp at unsubstantial things! Our passions become raging as the sea; our ambition, boundless as the wind. But the heart of a child has no desires beyond the circle of the paternal fireside. The paternal threshold is a

limit, beyond which its thoughts do not wander. The little world of its joys and sorrows goes on within the narrow sphere of home. It is there that gush gently forth those fountains of continual joy, that freshen the green years of childhood, and brighten continually upon the receding eye through the long vista of time and the breaks and intervals of worldly care. When deceived by the friend we trusted, we think of a love that never deceived us; when beset by the cares of the world, and sick of its vain ambition, its empty pomp, its hollow and heartless pleasures, we remember, with unavailing regret, that season of life, when the weary heart threw down the little burden of its cares at the footstool of maternal love.

Master of the village school, I am also the playmate of my scholars. I join in all their games and pastimes; help them build stone bridges, and dam the brook with mud and leaves; and enter into all their little plans for a holiday or a Saturday afternoon. No sooner do I abdicate my humble throne, and shut the schoolhouse door behind me, than all the terrors vanish from the master's eye, and all severity from his voice. Sometimes I gather my young pupils around me, and sitting in the shade of a tree, tell them tales drawn from history, and such adventures as will instruct as well as amuse. I always choose such stories as have a moral in them, and endeavor to impress upon the tender mind the maxim, that the good only are truly great, or happy.

In this manner I have passed many happy years of my life, in stillness and obscurity, but not without the reward of an approving conscience. Indeed, I look upon the profession I have embraced, in a far nobler and more elevated point of view than many do. I cannot help believing, that he who bends in a right direction the pliant disposition of childhood, and trains the ductile mind to a healthy and vigorous growth, does more real service to his country, than all that crowd of busy politicians, who are noisy in proportion as they are empty, and positive in proportion as they are ignorant. And beside this, I take an inexpressible delight in watching the gradual dawn of intellect in the youthful mind. "The pure cleane witte of a sweete yong child," says that prince of schoolmasters, Roger Ascham, "is like the newest wax, most liable to receive the fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep cleane any good thing that is put into it." What a wide field of affectionate interest lies open to me, as I thus watch over and direct the growth of the youthful mind! How beautiful it is to see the gradual opening and unfolding of intellect, as it puts forth its bud, and expands its blossom, with all the delicacy and freshness of a flower! We speak of the beauties of Spring—we delight in the fragrance of the early blossom, and the balm of the morning air; but there is a Spring of more surpassing beauty, whose fragrance comes from a flower, that shall bloom forever, and in whose atmosphere there is a balm, that heals the soul; it is the Spring of the youthful mind—the opening of the intellectual principle—the unfolding of the moral nature! It is true, I am not exempt from all the ills of life. Sometimes a mischievous urchin throws sand into the ink-bottle; stops the key-hole with dirt; or puts a crooked pin into my leather-bottomed chair. But as I make it a point never to let these petty vexations ruffle my

temper, I always contrive to keep down the rising storm within me, or let it pass off in a thunder-clap upon the breech of the offender. Thus, my cares are few, and my enjoyments many. I am happier in the country, where I am free and undisturbed, than in the city, where the crowd jostles and the noise distracts me. When the duties of the day are over, I saunter along the margin of the brook, that flows by my schoolhouse door, and lose myself with it in the shades of the woodland. There I indulge in solitary musing; and, "when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then I sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess myself in as much quietness as the silent silver stream, which I see glide so quietly by me."*

The rainy day and the long winter evening give me time for study and meditation. At such seasons I love to open the volume of the past, and to turn over, leaf by leaf, the history of my wandering life, upon whose page the characters are already beginning to fade, and the imagery to become indefinite and indistinct. Whenever in these moments of "busy idleness" I strike upon a vein of thought, which has for me the charm of novelty, or is rich in the material of reflection, I pursue it in my evening rambles or in the solitude of my fireside, and note it down at leisure in simple prose, or unpretending verse.

Some of these reminiscences, gentle reader, I here present to thee: "And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee, than the way to an ordinary traveler, sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champion, there inclosed; barren in one place, better soyle in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee."†

LETTERS FROM OHIO.

NO. 1.

I PROPOSE to give you a sketch of Cincinnati and its inhabitants. You must take it in my irregular, off-hand manner, for I never do things according to rule. My way is to take ideas as they come, and travel over the paper as fast as possible.

Did we judge and speak of cities as we do of persons, I should say Cincinnati was monstrously large of its age. Only forty years ago, the wolves were prowling here among the giant trees, and now we boast of thirty thousand souls. We have doubled numbers within seven years, and are at this moment increasing faster than ever. In twelve years we shall rival Boston, unless Boston quickens its pace. The fact is, three years make a generation, not in the course of nature, but of unparalleled emigration. Not a twelfth part of our population was born here. We are congregated together from every line of latitude and longitude under the whole heavens. I have seen every sort of people except Turks crowding our streets. Turks would not like Cincinnati, because we are always too much in a hurry to

* Walton's Angler.

† Burton's Anatomie of Melancholle.

suit their gravity. It is quite a rarity to see a man sauntering or standing still. We nod hastily when we meet each other, and pass on about our business. I have sought often for a lounging place, where loiterers assemble, but never could find one. You would suppose, to see our bustling, that we had been forewarned that we had not six hours to live, and were yet to begin the settlement of our worldly affairs. Even the drones who are driven out from the human hive of the East become active from sheer imitation. Indolence is grossly unfashionable. Those who have nothing to do, put on the air of business, to avoid being singular.

If you ask who among us are *kions*, I shall be obliged to answer, all or none. We have few trees towering much above the rest. We hold to the doctrine of equality most pertinaciously. The upright man is the gentleman, no matter what his calling. The weight of influence is on the side of the mechanics. As a body they have been foremost in building up the city, and better citizens could not be desired. But we have lawyers to the number of sixty, and doctors to the number of seventy, and clergymen, alas! I know not how many. But I defy you to mention a sect which has not a name here. The most noisy are the Ranting Methodists. You might easily mistake their worship for the yells of bedlam. One might suppose they believed that nothing less loud than screams can be heard so far as heaven. The preacher finds great relief in the general uproar, for his voice is completely drowned, and no matter what he says, so that he seems to shout. By the way, loud speaking is very much in vogue here. I have observed that the lawyers in court usually speak at the very top of their voice, and this seems to give great satisfaction to clients.

The laying out of our city resembles Philadelphia; of course it is very regular. Like Philadelphia, too, we are supplied with water from a reservoir above the city, for which we have the satisfaction of paying well. But, unlike Philadelphia, and every other Christian city, our streets are not lighted in the night. Every citizen, who ventures abroad, when the moon is absent, carries his own lantern, or runs the risk of breaking his neck. It is a curious sight in a dark evening, to see the lights hurrying in all directions, passing, repassing, and flitting to and fro, as if dancing at a masquerade of genii. But this precaution is absolutely necessary to the lovers of sound limbs, for there is not a square in the city, where new buildings are not going up, and obstructing the sidewalks with lumber. Why the city government have not thought fit to light the streets, I cannot say. The reason said to be assigned by an ebony gentleman, is, that thieves would be able to see their way into people's houses.

Of the social habitudes and dispositions of the place, I can hardly speak in terms strong enough to suit me. To say that the citizens are hospitable and warm-hearted, would be too little. The Philadelphians are all this, if you can but get at them. But then they are so prim and precise, so intrenched behind forms, so hemmed round and round by etiquette, that your gray hairs begin to appear, before you can become intimate. Not so here. Every thing is free and easy. You are received at once with a cordial welcome, and placed, if you deserve it, on a familiar, social footing. It is no offence to call a half an hour before twelve in the morning, or to appear with a black

stock or boots, at a party in the evening. Each individual is held to be the best judge of what is proper for his costume ; and this is no small matter. What other city can you name, in which the rights of private judgement in the momentous matters of dress are universally admitted ? But touching parties, there is one custom, which, though growing out of gallantry, is sadly to be deprecated. The gentlemen must never eat or drink, till all the ladies in all the rooms have been helped. The result is, that if you are talking with a lady, when the waiter comes round, after helping her you must play the mute, while she is eating,—for, maugre the horror of Lord Byron, the ladies will eat—and then, when your turn comes to eat, she must stand mute. All which is very awkward, especially as eating and drinking,—so great is the profusion of good things,—form the chief occupation of the evening. The other amusements are dancing, for the most part by the piano ; recitations, where gentlemen can be found sufficiently courageous ; and lastly, music, but of this there is very little.

Did I possess one tithe of Scott's talent for description, I would give you such a picture of the site and scenery of Cincinnati, as should make you envy my eyes their perpetual feast. Verily, nature performed her *chef d'œuvre*, when she scooped out this amphitheatre, and embosomed it within this circuit of hills. There they rise, covered with the most luxuriant verdure and foliage ; and there they will ever stand as faithful sentinels, to guard us from the blast in all directions. One might almost imagine the Ohio herself, felt the beauty of the paradise through which she flows ; for she curves majestically round the spot, as if reluctant to resume her march to the gulf. Imagine the fair village of Northampton in Massachusetts, grown up into a populous city, and placed directly on the banks of the Connecticut, and you will have a better idea of the situation of Cincinnati, than I can give you by mere words. But then you must remember that our celestial canopy wears a much deeper blue, and surrounding vegetation is incomparably more vigorous, than your climate can furnish. It is almost worth a journey over the Alleghanies, to see the enormous magnitude of the trees in this neighborhood. Even the grape vines, that clasp and interlace them, are of the size of a dozen cables. Every thing, in short, deepens the impression that nature wrought here upon a magnificent scale.

I alluded in the beginning to our unparalleled increase. Let me return to it again, for it is nothing short of marvelous. On any common calculation of chances, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, nothing like our condition at this moment could have been predicted. Probabilities were altogether against it. History and experience could furnish no data for such vaticination. Had the enterprising founder, John Cleves Symmes, in 1800, eleven years after he selected this for the site of a town, ventured, in the fervor of his zeal, to prophecy that, in 1831, a population half as large as Boston, would here find all the substantial comforts and accommodations, together with most of the elegancies and luxuries of a complete and finished city, he would have been answered with the sneer of incredulity, and his prophecy would have passed for the raving of an over-heated imagination. Nevertheless here the city stands, or rather moves, all of that and soon to be more. I say this is a marvel in political economy. And remember

it has passed through hard struggles. Perhaps no city ever witnessed a heavier depression than this has within ten years. It was the principal depot for our north-western forces during the last war. This gave it an unnatural start. With peace came reverses. It bore up for a time and then fell. Its very life-blood seemed to stagnate. Dearth of capital and destruction of credit pressed like an incubus upon it, and paralysed all its nerves and sinews. But, like the fabled Antæus, it has sprung up the more vigorous from its fall. Not a trace of that depression now remains. Credit is as good as in any city in the Union. Capital to be sure is not so plenty, if we may judge from the high interest it commands, namely, ten per cent. But still there is less fictitious capital than in most other places; and even the comparative dearth is more apparent than real. It is the effect of the multiplied channels of profitable investment, through which it is drained off as fast as it can accumulate.

The question is often asked whether this is not a forced, hot-bed growth, unsound because unnatural? I have already intimated my opinion. So far as the character and pursuits of the population can furnish a guaranty for future progress, that of Cincinnati seems to be insured. I speak not now of literary taste or polished manners, the effect of which is to embellish a city; but of those strong, vigorous traits of character, which are calculated to enlarge a city; and I have no hesitation in saying, that, for native resolution, sound practical sense, clear perceptions of expediency, prevailing frugality, and untiring activity, I know not where to look for a superior. There are good *a priori* reasons for this opinion, as well as the evidence of observation. It holds true as a general principle, that emigrants are enterprising men. Indolent, sluggish, shiftless people stay at home. It requires force of character to sunder all local ties and take up one's march for a distant abode. The very determination and decision, involved in the act of emigration, are good omens of future thrift. If emigrants can consent to leave all else, this proves that they bring an unconquerable will. And then comes in the maxim—*possunt quia posse videntur*—they can prevail, because they think they can. They are soldiers of fortune, who have thrown away the scabbard, and trusted all to their address and intrepidity, the strong arm and unflinching nerve. Tell me that a city is peopled by emigrants, whether from other nations or other states, and I will venture to say, without having seen them, that they are true and trusty men. They may want the polished graces of life; they may have rough points, and so rub hard against each other; they may bring with them prejudices and predilections, making it difficult for them to amalgamate and coalesce; but one thing they will be sure to bring, and that is hardy enterprise, the mainspring and best pledge of success. This is what the Cincinnatians, as a body, possess in a pre-eminent degree.

A word now on the subject of equality, at which I before hinted. I doubt if there be another state in the twenty-four, where the whole fabric and appendages of society are so thoroughly republican, as in Ohio. We became a state in 1802, just when the tenets of Jefferson were in full tide. Hence our constitution was made decidedly radical, and not a feature has been changed. All our officers, from a constable to a chief justice, are elected and not appointed; and every man

of competent age, without regard to property, has a right to vote. Here, then, practically no less than theoretically, all power is in the hands of the people, and never did miser guard his treasure with greater vigilance. Wealth exerts a comparatively trifling influence. In fact, there are as yet, no overgrown fortunes. The richest among us began with nothing. Of course we hear little of affluent connexions and family alliances. To use a homely but significant phrase, every man stands upon his own bottom. "Unpropped by ancestry, the force of his own merit makes his way." In the professions, diplomas and titles are treated with a most unreverential levity. The question is not, where or how a man was educated, but what he is. The emigrant, young or old, is put upon his probation. If he proves himself worthy of employment, he will have it. If not, no parchment, or certificate, or letter of commendation, can hold him up. Many of our citizens have no relative this side of the Atlantic; still more have none this side of the mountains. Standing thus alone and unallied, our motto in action is, "each for himself, and heaven for us all." Necessity teaches us to be self-confident and self-dependent; and probably no people abound more in moral courage, which sometimes degenerates into modest assurance. This keeps the individual from being merged in the mass, and furnishes ample occasion for developing the strongest traits of character.

I have thus attempted to give you an idea of the Queen of western cities, and of the busy multitude who have here selected their home. I have said nothing of our literary institutions, because they are yet in embryo or in infancy. I have not praised our public works and buildings, because we have none that entitle us to distinction. Acting on the principle that charity begins at home, our citizens have attended to their own private affairs first. But every thing now promises that long before we shall have numbered half the years of the eastern cities, we shall be able to boast of as praiseworthy monuments of public spirit.

W.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSTARD-POT,

A TRAGICAL TALE.

Upsterte the Yanke pedlar man,
Now by my pay, quoth hee—
Righte well I wot, that mustarde-potte
Hath fearfull mysterie.

The Rime of the Ancient Shoemaker.

"It had snowed hard all night with a north-east wind, so that the morning was chilly, and a gloom hung upon the face of every thing visible, as the colonel and his company got out of the stage at Newburyport"—said my uncle, beginning the tale with a long whiff from his meerschaum pipe.

"Now what has all this to do with the business?" asked cousin Barnaby, interrupting him at the threshold of his undertaking—"what matters it whether the wind was northeast or anywhere else? unless the colonel was making almanacs."

"'Tis none of my business," said my uncle, "that is the way all good stories begin. Such particulars are held of no small importance as the world goes, and a story would not be worth a sixpence without them. Moreover, the circumstance is a fact, just as I have related."

Now this being a matter of fact, there was nothing more to be said; so my uncle went on. "Gloom hung upon the face of every thing visible—'twas the middle of winter,—terribly dark cloudy morning—snow very wet and melting under the feet—air soaking damp, threatening to turn the snow which was falling to rain,—in short, it was a right dismal time and worth remembering."

"The colonel got out of the stage with a sigh; he was in no very good humor. 'What a destiny is that of man!' muttered he to himself—'half an hour must I stay in this cursed place!' But mark here, that the colonel did not curse the town for any thing that he knew about it, but being in a hurry to get onward he grumbled at every thing that retarded his journey."

"That is always my way," interrupted the 'squire; "whenever a thing troubles me, I take my revenge like a hero in a tragedy, and curse away till I find myself comfortable."

"A very philosophical practice," said the doctor, "for ill temper being, as it were, a plethora of bad feelings and unpleasant ideas, a depletion in any shape must discharge the redundancy of bile, and thereby relieve the system. I maintain, therefore, the practice to be philosophical."

"More philosophical than Christian," said the deacon, smoothing down his face with his left hand.

My uncle shook his head and went on. "The colonel, as I said, got out of the stage, lamenting his hard fate in being stopped half an hour at Newburyport. One after one they quitted the vehicle and entered the Wolfe Hotel, in State-street. Ten minutes saw them all snugly seated at breakfast."

"'Steak! Madam. Help you to the toast. Bit of the fowl. Some of the cold beef—hey sir?—bacon—a boiled egg. Waiter, some coffee.' The colonel fell to in brave style."

Here aunt Dolly popped in a word, making a short pause in the snip-snap of her knitting needle. "It was very odd"—she thought—"in the colonel to dabble in bread and butter after he had been taking on so sentimentally."

"That is neither here nor there," returned my uncle; "the colonel's grief did not spoil his appetite."

"'Steak, sir, a fine steak—let me help you to the mustard'—said the colonel addressing the stranger."

"'Mustard!' said the stranger, laying down his knife and fork with a look of consternation."

"'Mustard!' reiterated the colonel, raising two of his fingers to the left side of his nose, with a look of prodigious surprise. Was it possible there could be any mystery in the mention of a condiment so quotidian?"

"'Mustard!' said Leonora with a most inquisitive stare."

"'Mustard!' repeated three or four of the company with more or less amazement—for the matter had alarmed the whole table."

"'Mustard!' returned the stranger again in a tremulous voice. He

rose up from the table. His perturbation increased—he lifted up both hands—and took off his green spectacles. The mention of mustard had brought tears into his eyes!

“‘I ask pardon,’ said the colonel, ‘if my inadvertent allusion to the matter should have awakened any painful remembrances.’

“‘Painful indeed!’ returned he.

“‘When the heart is writhing in anguish, far be it from me to sharpen its torture by the wantonness of an unbridled tongue—the secrets of a man’s bosom’—

“‘Good Heaven! have you discovered all?’ interrupted the stranger, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat pocket in violent agitation. A deadly paleness overspread his face—all the company were thunder-struck.

“‘Then there is a secret!’ whispered Leonora, breathless with expectation—‘My dear colonel, what can it be?’

“‘The colonel scratched his head and looked immensely nonplussed. —‘Mustard!’ said he again in a voice but half audible.

“‘I am dying to find it out,’ said Leonora impatiently.

“There was a dead pause in the room while the mysterious stranger stood with one hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, apparently grasping some article with desperate tenacity. He stood breathless and immovable.

“Not a soul could utter a syllable. Leonora would fain have cross-questioned the terrible stranger and plucked out the heart of his mystery, but a spell was upon her tongue. Thrice did she open her lips and essay to interrogate the man of mustard, and thrice were the unformed accents throttled before utterance. The silence that reigned in the room was appalling. The colonel began to twist about his watch-chain and fumble for his pocket handkerchief.

“It was a terribly awkward situation, and they might have remained there till now, but heaven, pitying the foolish ninnies, sent them a deliverer in the shape of a ragamuffin stable-boy, who bolted into the room and cried out that the stage was ready.

“Such an announcement set them all to the right about, and for the most part they were glad, even with the loss of their breakfast, to get so cheaply out of the quandary. The stranger sunk into a chair and covered his face with his hands. The colonel felt a degree of relief to get free from the embarrassment of the scene—but what was at the bottom of all this mystery? He would have given the world to know; as for Leonora—she would have given two.

“It was hard to part from the possessor of so unfathomable a secret. But what could be done? The stranger must stay—they must go onward. While they were rolling over the turnpike to Boston their hearts turned back with a retrospective yearning upon Newburyport, the stranger and his incomprehensible mustard.

“Need it be said that the colonel and Leonora hurried back from Boston on the wings of impatience, and that the first question they asked on arriving at Newburyport was about the mysterious stranger? Alas! for the perversity of fate, the object of so much earnest solicitude had disappeared. But the whole town was full of talk about him and his mustard-pot, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket. It

was then that our travelers were enabled to learn what was known of his previous history, and how he was first seen in the town of a Saturday afternoon, and how, with his green spectacles and wo-begone phiz, and his name of Aminadab, he was supposed to be some eminent country parson.

"But what had now become of him nobody knew. Sometime before his disappearance he fell into such luns, according to the story, as to make people believe him a little cracked. He would sit for hours together upon the town pump, "like Patience on a monument," sighing over his mustard-pot. He used also to prow about in the evening and hold forth at conventicles, and this we may conclude, from the known taste of the good people there, was pretty often. The last time he had been seen was the night of the great fire in that place, in which terrible conflagration it was supposed he perished. Nay, an old gentleman of undoubted veracity positively affirms that he saw him in the midst of the flames on the top of the phenix, with his mustard-pot in one hand and beating time with the other as if singing a psalm-tune.

* * *

"Rap! Rap! Rap!

"Do I dream? or am I awake?" asked the lady of herself, as she lifted her head from the sofa.

"It was a summer afternoon, and the streets of Boston rather still, if we may except the squalling of children, the bawling of knife-grinders, the vociferation of stentorian truckmen, the halloing of drunken sailors, the rattling of coaches, the thundering of carts, the neighing of horses and the clattering and tantarra of some seventy thousand quadrupeds and bipeds, skilled and experienced in the art of making a noise.

"Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap!

"I was dreaming of the enchanted island and the garden of Armida, and the fairy of the lake and her golden palace, and"—

"Here is a pedlar at the door, with tin ware," said the housemaid, thrusting her head into the room.

"Send him about his business," said the lady. "Alas! am I doomed to bear the weight of these afflictions through the whole of a wretched existence? Oh fate! Oh destiny! shall I never,—"

"But we want a new saucepan terribly," said the maid, returning to the attack.

"Very well, take him into the kitchen."

"The maid went off for the saucepan, and the mistress returned to her sentimentalism. 'Anxiety and solicitude, the fear of expectation and the pangs of unanswered hope—are these alone to be my lot? Alas!' But her lamentations were again cut short—not by the housemaid, but — our old friend the colonel, who at that moment entered the room, looking much as when we parted from him, save a tremendous pair of whiskers, big enough to frighten a troop of cavalry.

"Leonora!" said he with a mixture of tenderness and emotion, as he seated himself by her.

"Colonel!" returned she, imitating him as nearly as possible both in tone and manner. He took her hand in his with a gentle pressure; she returned the salutation; they looked at each other, but said nothing. A pause of some minutes ensued, 'I have been so late,' said

he at length, looking at his watch—'I have been so late;—the General Court get on slowly.' At this instant a voice in the adjoining room struck their ear.

"'Heavens!' exclaimed Leonora.

"'It cannot be,' said the colonel.

"They rushed together into the kitchen—

"' 'Tis he! 'Tis he, the mysterious stranger! 'tis Aminadab!'

"'It has indeed fallen to my lot'—said the stranger, wiping his eyes, and assuming an appearance of composure—'it has indeed fallen to my lot to drink the bitterest dregs of the cup of affliction! What mortal of the common herd shall prate of his paltry woes when I describe the mountain of sorrows that have weighed me to the dust—sorrows unheard of in their nature, unexampled in their duration, unimaginable in their intensity! for what common griefs can be compared to mine? What human being will not forget his petty troubles in the thought of one, who, the most passionate of lovers, must carry his mistress in a mustard-pot, and do penance for his errors in the metamorphosis of a tin-ware pedlar.'

"The hearts of his hearers were filled with grief, even the cookmaid was mollified; and with a sigh he continued—

"'All the world can bear witness to the passion with which I loved the adorable Seraphina! Ye heavens, where my vows of fidelity are registered, how shall I describe her inimitable accomplishments! How admirably she wrote extracts in an album, and what a divine talent she had at cutting little pigs and elephants out of paper! Methinks I see her now in a splendid calico figured with flaming cabbage leaves—Alas! alas! shall my eyes never again behold the charming angel!'

"Here Aminadab's grief became too powerful for utterance. He wiped his eyes one after the other with a little checked blue and white handkerchief, then taking out a huge Scotch mull from his breeches pocket, helped himself to an enormous pinch of snuff and went on to raise the waters.

"'Seraphina! incomparable—adorable—lost Seraphina! how softly stole away the hours in thy presence! How serenely was the sky of my hopes lit up by thy rosy smile? Alas! alas! once more—how irreclaimably those hours of happiness have flitted! How black and appalling has that sky thickened with the clouds of despair!'"—Here cousin Barnaby interrupted my uncle, and said he was tired to death with the story—"Aminadab," said he, "is a dead bore, a long winded proser, and holds forth like a Methodist parson."

"Go on with it," said aunt Dorothy—'tis a capital story and I like it almost as well as Doctor Screechowl's temperance sermon."

"'Little did I dream,' continued Aminadab, 'of the awful disaster that hung over me, though a dire omen befel me on the morning before the catastrophe; my pantaloons were on my legs the wrong side before!!'

"'What a charming tête-a-tête I anticipated as we sat down to dinner,—for you must know we were married in the morning, and had the whole day before us—'Thus shall we live and love,' said I,—'we will pluck the roses of youth in their freshness—while the sun of calm happiness shall gild our declining days!'

" 'I had uttered these words just as my charming Seraphina had helped herself to beef; she took up the mustard-pot, and after very civilly shovelling out half the contents into her plate, offered me the remainder, which I very civilly declined. 'Hey day!' she exclaimed, 'What! no mustard?'

" 'Not a bit,' I replied.

" 'No mustard!' said she again, in an accent of the utmost horror—'What not eat mustard with beef! Incredible!'

" 'I never eat it at all,' said I.

" 'Never eat mustard!' returned she; 'Oh barbarian! Hottentot and Kangaroo! Never will I live with a man who does not eat mustard with his beef!' She raved like one distraught—what could I do?—Any thing else I *could* have done, but mustard was my aversion. In short she took to bed instantly and pined away to death's door.

" 'What prayers, what entreaties did I offer that she would postpone dying a few years! But no, she was resolved on expiring the first opportunity. With her last breath she entreated me to preserve her heart as a relic: I complied, and we took it out after her death. It was about the size of a small cranberry-bean.'

Here the doctor interposed and said he did not believe the story. "A heart of that size," objected he—"would be an anatomical anomaly, such a one never existed in the physiological creation."

But several of the company affirming the contrary, and declaring that they had known many fine ladies of great reputation with hearts even smaller than this, and even with no hearts at all, the doctor's opinion went for nothing.

Aminadab proceeded; 'I secured this precious relic of all that was ever dear to me, and in commemoration of the cause of my misfortune have kept it ever since inclosed in a little silver mustard-pot. Here it is.'

"So saying he drew it forth from his bosom, and truth renders it necessary to say that it looked very much like pewter. 'Dear object,' he exclaimed, 'of so many tender cares and painful solitudes!—But hark,' he continued,—the tears starting again into his eyes and his whole frame trembling with great agitation—'The hour is come! I hear it move! I hear it move! It lives! It lives!'—and this was indeed true, for a hollow and unearthly sound was heard within.

" 'Open it! open it! in the name of destiny,' cried the colonel.

" 'Open it—for mercy's sake!' cried Leonora—'Open it!' echoed the cook-maid.

"With trembling hand Aminadab took off the cover—something popped out with a loud buzz; a hollow tone uttered these cabalistical words—

" 'I'M OFF'!!

"The spectre vanished out at the window."

FROM THE MSS. OF A TRAVELER IN THE EAST.

NO. I.

A DEATH AND BURIAL.

I WAS called last evening to see young Captain Nicolo, one of my old acquaintances and campaigning companions. He was wounded in an affair with the Turks several days ago, not mortally, however, as we thought, and had been brought here for recovery; but the moment I entered his room last night, I saw that the hand of death was upon him; he was lying on a hard mattress on the floor; and, as he heard my footstep, he quickly turned his head—and eagerly stretching out his hand to me as I advanced, he grasped mine within both of his with a convulsive effort as though he would cling upon me for life, and gazing wildly and with staring eyes in my face, he cried—"I am dying,—but oh! I cannot die—will not die—save me, oh! do save me!" There was such a startling eagerness in his manner, and such horror in his eyes, that I was thrown off my guard—he saw the expression of my face, and, letting go my hand, he sunk back, and, looking up, muttered to himself, "Then I must indeed die." The poor fellow had been called brave, and was so in the hurry and excitement of war, and he tried to call his courage and his pride to aid him in his dreadful extremity, and when his tormenting pains left him, he mustered his feelings so as to seem calm; but there was no calm in his soul; he was dying,—resolutely, indeed, but not resignedly. I tried to console him, and mentioned the vanity and little worth of life. "Aye," cried he, "you call it vanity, you, who are in the full enjoyment of it; but were you about to be hurled as I am into darkness, beyond which you can see no light—you would shrink back as I do. Oh," continued he, eagerly, "I wish I could believe in a God, and a future state; but no matter; I have done my duty to the best of my knowledge. I will take the extreme unction, and my chance will be as good as the rest." The priest now came in, muttering his prayers and making crosses and benedictions; the consecrated candles were lighted and the silver incense-pot began to swing backward and forward, when I left him to his offices and went to my quarters. I had been sitting there almost two hours when I heard dreadful screams of women in the house of Nicolo. I went over and found him in his last agony, his clammy hands grasping the coverlid; his head was thrown back; his eyes staring fixedly, his mouth open as if gasping for breath, which, however, came quick and convulsively, and rattled hollowly in his throat; it was a dreadful scene, in which the dying man acted but part, for the long suppressed agony of grief had now burst forth—the mother lay upon the floor, tearing her hair, beating her breast, and wailing most piteously; the other female relatives were alike affected; some were running screaming about the house, while others sat and moaned out aloud and accompanied their cries with violent gestures. This scene continued with little relaxation until the sufferer gasped his last gasp, and then the screaming, the moaning, and tearing of hair was renewed more violently than ever. Other women now came in from the neighborhood,—and I soon observed there was some system in this scene—for the new comers seemed to make ready as for an en-

counter ; before they set up their shout, they loosened their hair, shook it about their shoulders, and deranged their garments, and then set up their wailing in chorus with the others. I saw farther that in a half an hour these wailing neighbors seemed to *spell* each other, for, when exhausted nature silenced the real grief of the mother or relatives, or when one of the new comers was obliged to stop to breathe, another would strike in in her place, and keep up the clamor. I retired when the old women began to arrange the corpse, and, sitting down at the door of my tent, which looked into the windows of Nicolo, I gazed upon the scene, which seemed more striking from without. The windows were all open ; lights were flying about ; female figures, with their hair streaming down their shoulders, were flitting around, some throwing up their arms, others sitting still with their heads lowered between their knees, others bending over, and arranging the corpse, and all weeping, wailing, and screaming aloud. I tried to shut out the sound as well as sight, and, lying down, wrapped up my head in my cloak and tried to sleep ; but the noise was too near and too great. I went out, and strolled about till near morning, I wandered to the ruins of the ancient port. I mounted to the old temple of Venus on the hill, and, leaning against the long column, gazed for a while on the beautiful gulf of Salamis, and tried to forget Nicolo in thinking of Themistocles ; but it would not do. Facts are too stubborn for fancy. The death of Nicolo was more to me than that of ten thousand Greeks who died twice ten centuries ago, or that of an hundred thousand men who should have died to day, but at a thousand leagues from me. When I returned, I found all was still, except the voices of two women, who were hired mourners, and who had commenced their functions now that the violent emotions of the relatives had worn them out. These two women looked, as I saw them through the open windows, like two " hags of hell ;" one was sitting at the head of the corpse, which was laid out in the middle of the room, rocking herself backward and forward over it, and chanting, forth in cracked tones—though in regular cadence—what I soon found to be a sort of an address to the dead body. The other was flitting about the room with a taper in her hand, and joining in chorus to the chant of her sister hag. Their song or chant was in commemoration of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, and ran about thus ;

Wo is us that he is dead—the beautiful boy ! the brave boy ! the sweet boy !
 Nicolo ! Nicolo ! why did you die ? thou wast too young—too beautiful—too brave to die. Thou wast the light of thy mother's eyes—the staff in her hand—the oil that fed her lamp of life.

Oh ! he is dead—the brave boy ! The light is gone out ! The staff is broken ! The oil is exhausted !

Thy mother sits in darkness, Nicolo ! Why did you leave her ? Why did not another die for you ? for none was so brave, none so beautiful.

The soldiers loved thee. The Turks feared thee. The maids looked down when Nicolo approached them.

Oh ! wo is us that the brave has fallen !

How many enemies thou hast slain ! how brave wast thou in battle ! how swift in the march !

But thou art dead, brave boy ! thou shalt never rise again !

Oh ! wo to us ! wo to thy aged mother !

This morning the burial took place with all the ceremonies of the Greek church. The procession started off from the house, headed by about thirty priests in their full robes, each bearing a long wax taper in his hand and singing, in clear, musical tones, the service of the dead ; then came the incense-bearers, swinging their silver incense-pots, and throwing up clouds of smoke ; then came the Host, before which all prostrated themselves on their knees ; then followed the bishop in his gorgeous robes, walking under a splendid canopy, held up by four priests, and after him was borne the corpse on an open bier, dressed in his gayest robes, with flowers on his breast and in his hands. Around it walked the pale and haggard relatives, and the more pale and haggard looking hired mourners, with black robes and disheveled hair. It was a showy and a noisy scene—for the riches and pomp of the church were displayed. The song of the priests and the wailing of the mourners ceased not, and as they passed along rapidly, every man raised his cap, and, bowing, made the sign of the cross, and every woman and child in the streets knelt down, and all muttered blessings. All felt an interest in the scene, all but poor Nicolo. He lay pale and still on his bier, and was borne along like a victim bound for the sacrifice, and the flowers on his breast and the flowers in his hands seemed to be but in bitter mockery of his fate. Arrived at the grave, the procession halted around it, and proceeded to the last church rites with pomp and parade, accompanied by such violent and noisy expressions of grief on the part of the spectators, as strongly contrasted in my mind with the simple solemnity and deep silence around *our* graves, when their new tenants are lowered in ; a silence broken by nought but some ill suppressed sob, or the hollow grating of the ropes on the descending coffin.

Poor Nicolo was now laid in his narrow bed without covering or coffin ; the holy water was sprinkled, and the last prayer said, and priests and relatives were hurrying away, when I took a last look into the grave at the poor fellow as he lay dressed as for a bridal. He had not the wan and hollow look of those who die by disease ; and, but for the marble whiteness of his face and neck, made whiter by the clustering of his long dark locks, and the deep shadow of the narrow grave, I could have thought he slept, so beautiful did he look ; but, as I gazed, a shovel full of earth was thrown upon him ; his head started and shook ; another and another shovel full were thrown in on his breast ; the dark earth looked strangely black on his white kilt, and as it fell on his whiter neck and face, it seemed to smite him too rudely, and I turned away, more affected than when I had seen him in his agony.

We are strangely wedded to fashion in all things ; and, to our ideas, nothing could be more shocking than a delicate young person thus rudely interred, the earth shoveled directly upon his form and face ; yet, to the Greek, it signifieth nothing, though he might be as much shocked if he could say no masses for his friend's soul, nor go from year to year on his birth day to his grave to weed it, and hang flowers upon it, and pray for blessings upon his soul. There is something extremely touching in these visits to the resting place of departed friends, and I have thought, when I have seen a long-bereaved widow, stooping over her husband's grave, that every weed she plucked, and every

pebble she flung away, must have more soothed the soul of the departed, than though she had an ever downcast look, and had sacrificed hundreds of yards of black crape to his memory.

Methinks I should not wish my lover long to mourn for me, or lose one day of rational enjoyment or one evening of social mirth; but I would have her plant a rose-bush at my grave's head; and I could wish that twice or thrice a year I might hear her approaching footsteps; that she might weed my grave, and drop one tear upon it; and once pronounce my name with a sigh and a blessing and go away and be happy.

THE PROGRESS OF EXAGGERATION.

THE rapidity with which a story, like a snow ball, gains in its progress has been frequently illustrated. The tendency to exaggeration was never more manifest than at the present day. A trifling skirmish of outposts, by the time it has undergone a translation through one or two newspapers, gets to be a bloody engagement; and a riot is sometimes magnified into a revolution. The characters of men are subject to the same process; and the most ordinary partizan, raised to an office by political intrigue, by the time his name has gone the rounds of the newspapers, gets to be a man of talent and worth,—equally to his own astonishment and that of the public. We have seldom seen this tendency to add a little to the current report, at each repetition, acted upon with less scruple, than in the following extracts, which we give to our readers as we find them.

NO. I.

It is well known, that the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose-bugs. The abundance of this insect, the present season, promises a rich repast to the tenants of the poultry yard. *Massachusetts Farmer, for June 15th.*

NO. II.

We see it remarked in the *Massachusetts Farmer* that, as the common domestic fowl is remarkably fond of rose-bugs, a rich repast will be enjoyed by this portion of the feathered race, the present season, the insect alluded to being quite abundant. It has occurred to us, that it might be a matter of economy, worth attending to, by those who keep fowls for the market, to collect these insects, as an article of food, as they must be considerably cheaper than Indian meal; and, it is said, in consequence of the horny nature of their wings, no addition of gravel is required for the purposes of digestion. *New-England Husbandman.*

NO. III.

Important to Agriculturists. We observe it stated in substance, in the *Massachusetts Farmer*, of June 15th, that the attention of one class of our husbandmen has lately been called to a subject, which is likely to turn out of the very first importance, both to the farmers and to the inhabitants of our cities. It is well known, that good fowls are a very

important article of supply, in the domestic economy ; but that, in consequence of the dearness of Indian corn, their price has of late been so much enhanced, as to place them beyond the reach of a considerable portion of our citizens, who are consequently reduced to an unsatisfactory diet of beef and mutton-chops. It appears, that, in consequence of the great abundance of rose-bugs, the present season, and the known fondness of the domestic fowl for this insect, our farmers have set about collecting them, as an article of food for their poultry ; and, as we understand, the fowls never came into market so plump and fat. An incidental advantage of considerable importance is, that, in consequence of the horny nature of the wings of the rose-bug, the fowls require no gravel. This interesting fact will not escape the attention of those, who are curious in their gravel-walks, and who wish to preserve them from the *dilapidation*, produced by their being promiscuously frequented by domestic poultry. *American Economist*.

NO. IV.

Something New. The Massachusetts Farmer of the 15th of June informs us, that a considerable reduction has taken place in the price of southern corn, in consequence of the abundance of rose-bugs, which our farmers, in all directions, are collecting for their poultry. Dough is now served out in the farm yard, as we understand, only on Sunday mornings ; the remainder of the week, the fowls are kept to the bug ; and are found to thrive remarkably well. Letters from some of the principal houses on Long wharf have gone on to the South, countermanding their orders for shipments of corn, the demand for which is already nominal. We also learn from the same paper, that as the hard wings of the rose-bug are found to take the place of gravel, the destruction of gravel-walks by the poultry has entirely ceased, and the sale of the hammerings of granite, at the State Prison, which have been extensively used in repairing gravel-walks, has been almost wholly arrested. Whether any disturbances are likely to take place at the prison, in consequence of the convicts being thus, in part, thrown out of employ, we are uninformed. Should this be the case, we trust that the sagacity of some of our distinguished citizens will be exerted, to devise some way, in which the safety of the prison can be reconciled to the reduction of the demand for *hammerings*, consequent upon the abundance of rose-bugs.

Since writing the above remarks, we learn that boys are out in every direction collecting the bug. *Mass. Agriculturist*.

NO. V.

The Entomological System. Our friends have doubtless heard of the Tullian system, (not Marcus but Jethro,) and the soiling system in agriculture ; but we believe the *entomological system* is likely to prove of more importance than either. We perceive a brief sketch of it, in the Massachusetts Farmer, for June 15, where it is described, as practised by a distinguished agriculturist of Massachusetts. It has long been a fact, well known to practical farmers, that the common domestic fowl, (*gallus gallinacius*) is remarkably fond of rose-bugs. Many of our readers have doubtless witnessed the mode, in which even the young chicken seizes a bug in his beak, rubs him one or twice on the ground, and then swallows him, and catches at another. In conse-

quence of the abundance of rose-bugs the present year, it has occurred to some of our enterprising husbandmen, to make a business of collecting the bug, as food for their poultry. The idle boys, of which unfortunately too many are found in every community, have been, in general, employed for this purpose, and paid a cent a pint for as many as they could collect. A pint, it was found, was adequate food for two fowls, for a day, without requiring any gravel, in consequence of the horny nature of the wings. Our readers will perceive the vast importance of this discovery to the trade in southern corn. We hear that the demand for it has nearly ceased. In consequence of this new diet, it has also been found, that the poultry have ceased their depredations on the gravel-walks and the hammerings of the granite have ceased to be called for at the State Prison. Some doubts existing as to the precise cause of the marked abstinence of the poultry from the gravel-walks, an intelligent and scientific agriculturist constructed two coops, each twenty feet long, four wide, and two high, and placed them on each side of his front-door, on two gravel-walks, forming the approach to his house. Four dozen fowls were enclosed in each, and fed in one coop, with bugs, in their natural state, and in the other with bugs, whose wings had been removed. At the end of a week, the coops were removed; the walk beneath the former was untouched; while beneath the latter, every particle of gravel had disappeared.

These few facts seem to show, that the *entomological system* is likely to produce the most astonishing effects on the industry of the community. We wait for further developments with anxiety. *United States Thresher.*

NO. VI.

Something Singular. We notice in the *Massachusetts Farmer* for June 15th, a brief reference to some very curious and important facts. Our readers are generally acquainted with the change, which has lately taken place in the feeding of poultry; the introduction of the *entomological diet*, as it has been happily called; the consequent reduction in the price of corn; the almost entire suspension of the demand for granite hammerings; and the employment given to a large number of poor children, in collecting rose-bugs at a cent a pint. Very curious details, on this subject, are contained in the *Massachusetts Farmer*, for June 15. The subject is one of importance; but we have not time, at present, to go deeply into details. We understand, that an intelligent and enterprising husbandman has undertaken to furnish good fowls in the market, at nine pence a pair. The eggs are to be hatched in furnaces, gently heated with Lehigh coal, and the chickens immediately supplied with the new food. All the eggs in the vicinity have been purchased for this establishment, and a custard-pudding is no where to be seen, not even at our best tables. This is a privation, to which, we trust, our citizens will cheerfully submit, as they will shortly be much more than recompensed, by the reduced price of poultry. Nor is it to be forgotten, that, in consequence of the collection of the rose-bugs, as food for the chickens, the rose-bushes will escape their ravages, and that we shall immediately be able to buy our distilled rose-water and conserve of roses, at a much reduced price.

We feel it, however, our duty, as faithful journalists, to advert to an unforeseen check, which has been encountered, by the enterprising hus-

bandman alluded to. About five pecks of rose-bugs were emptied into his farm-yard on Monday morning, where five or six dozen of chickens are kept. The bugs were mostly alive, and, having been kept long without food, were themselves naturally hungry. The yard presented no verdure, on which they could fix themselves; and the consequence was, that, while the chickens were employed in picking them up, a portion of the bugs from the large heaps, into which they were thrown in the yard, fastened on the chickens, and, when our paper went to press, it was thought the latter had the worst of it.

P. S. We understand that one chicken, naturally feeble, has given out, and retreated to one corner of the yard, covered with the insects. *The Ploughman's Friend.*

NO. VII.

Unpleasant. We always experience a sentiment of regret, at being called, as conductors of a public press, to record the obstacles, which occasionally present themselves, in the execution of the most sagacious and promising plans. Our readers are, in general, apprized that a new system of husbandry was bidding fair, (and, we will not permit ourselves to doubt, still bids fair) to be introduced among us, superseding the demand for southern corn and enabling the farmer to afford our own corn at a cheap rate, furnishing us the minor poultry, in greater abundance, and at a much reduced price, securing our gravel-walks, affording employment to poor children, and placing rose-water within the reach of the most limited resources. The numerous establishments already commenced for raising poultry, on this system, are well known, and have been hailed by the good wishes of the community. We are concerned however, to record an adverse circumstance of an unpleasant character, which has occurred in the first and largest of these establishments; and which, for the moment, has considerably checked the public enthusiasm, and raised the price of southern corn. It is generally known, that Mr. Chickenwell had turned his extensive enclosures into a *fowlery*, and constructed a range of furnaces for hatching the eggs, by artificial heat. He had already brought forward six hundred dozen of chickens, in this way, and the indigent population of the neighboring towns was principally employed in collecting the bugs. The demand for the chickens promised to be so great, that the enterprising undertaker felt able to pay the handsome price of a cent a peck for the bugs. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of the relief afforded to our country towns in this way, in the support of their poor. So many hands have been taken off by this new occupation, that the price of oakum, at our neighboring almshouses, has been sensibly enhanced, and it is feared the shipping interest may suffer, in the article of *calking*. We learn from the Massachusetts Farmer of June 15, that on the 5th inst. a large waggon load of the rose-bugs was driven into the *fowlery*, and emptied on the ground; where they, of course, would have furnished food to the stock for several weeks. The supply having been short, for a few days previous, the fowls, (as our readers will readily believe,) went to work upon the tempting heap, with no little alacrity, and were soon satiated. Meantime, however, the rose-bugs themselves, as might perhaps have been anticipated from the large number collected, and the proportionate length of time they had been in the wagon, were operated upon by the stimulus of appetite: and, in the absence of any

other more appropriate food, began to attach themselves, by means of their antennæ and legs, (of which they have three pairs, furnished with barbs, by which the insect is enabled to adhere with considerable tenacity to foreign substances) to the bodies of the fowls. At first, and while the poultry was busily occupied in enjoying the profuse banquet spread before them, the fowls appeared to pay no attention to the insects with which they were covered. A vigorous shake of their wings and ruffling of their feathers were sufficient to disengage the rose-bugs. In proportion, however, as the fowls became inactive, by repletion, it was observed, that their annoyance, from the insects, increased ; although from the absolute singularity of such an occurrence, neither the fowls themselves, nor the persons, who happened to be spectators, seemed to regard it, as a consequence. Meantime, large quantities of the insects, still remaining without food, were constantly emerging from the heap, and fastening on the chickens, who began to manifest signs of fatigue. They retired toward the sides of the yard, rolled themselves frequently in the dust, and fluttered their wings, and assumed a ruffled appearance. Some anxiety now began to be entertained in Mr. Chickenwell's establishment as to the result. But it was generally and not irrationally concluded, by the members of his family, that, when the usual time for feeding the poultry should arrive, and they should again feel the stimulus of hunger, they would renew their attack upon the rose-bugs, with a vigor that would be decisive in its effects. It happened, however, unfortunately, but naturally enough, that the chickens were thrown into a fever, by the irritation and exhaustion, occasioned by the rose-bugs, and gave no signs of returning appetite. The usual period of feeding was watched by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer, with considerable solicitude ; and when it was found, that the fowls remained listless, and cowering in the corners of the yard, and evinced no sensation of hunger, the alarm became great, and began to spread itself through the neighborhood. The event proved that it was but too well founded ; the fowls refused to eat ; new swarms of rose-bugs continued to break *loose* from the heap, and proceeded to break *fast* on their feathered adversary, whose power of resistance grew fainter and fainter. Before long, the smaller and less vigorous chickens were destroyed ; and it was sufficiently evident that those, which had been the stoutest and most active, would soon share their fate. We cannot too much applaud the energetic and discreet course, pursued by Mr. Chickenwell's overseer. Servants were immediately despatched over the extensive farm, and throughout the neighborhood, to assemble all the full grown cocks and hens, that could be obtained. These were collected in the vicinity of the poultry-yard, placed under the direction of an experienced game cock, and introduced at once into the enclosure. They instantly hopped forward towards the heap, *picking their way*, with great eagerness. It happened, unfortunately, that the yard was strewed with such of the insects, as had been crushed by the chickens, in the commencement of the day ; these were hastily devoured by the new comers, whose appetite was thereby considerably blunted. A large portion of the heap still remained in its original state, a living, crawling mass of rose-bugs, about two feet high, eight long, and four wide ; and the cock-of-the-walk, in advancing toward it, with the sagacity of an experienced combatant, slackened his pace, by

way of reconnoitring the strange appearance before him. The other cocks and hens rallied, somewhat cautiously, behind him, as a drove of swine is said to do, when attacked by the wolves. The famished insects, meantime, several of which had been four days without food, began to creep forward, *en masse*, toward this new enemy ; the cocks and hens, on their part, trod cautiously and lifting up their legs, but steadily forward ; till at length, their leader having given the signal by crowing and flapping his wings, they all rose in the air, about a foot, flew over the midst of the heap, and settled down upon it. And then began a trampling, scratching, picking, fluttering, flapping, crowing, and cackling, such as probably were never witnessed before. Thousands of the bugs were thrown up into the air ; tens of thousands trodden under foot ; pulled to pieces ; unwinged, defemorated, disantennated, and destroyed. But the ravages of the cocks and hens served but to make a sort of hole in the living heap, into which as the valiant crows and cacklers sunk, new swarms of their hungry enemy closed over them, till at length the tallest cocks were almost buried in the crawling mass, and a few combs only reared themselves so as to be visible. These, at length, began, one by one, to sink down and disappear, till nothing was left, but the solitary crest of the cock-of-the-walk, occasionally pushed up, through the superincumbent load of the insects, and uttering a wild and faint crow :

Advanced, forced back, now high, now low,
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast, in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

The moment had now arrived, when it was to be definitely settled, whether the undisputed mastery of the poultry-yard, should be surrendered up to the rose-bugs. The brood of chickens was entirely destroyed ; and the cocks and hens, surfeited, exhausted, buried under a ravenous heap of unsatiated insects, must soon follow their fate. What was of still greater moment, the reputation of the entomological diet was at stake. It was a crisis of equal importance and terror ; and we must do Mr. Chickenwell the credit to say, that he met it with firmness.

Near the poultry-yard, where this appalling scene was acted, he had raised and kept a large flock of Bremen Geese, (*anser bremensis*) a stout, voracious, powerful animal, ravenous after insects. Mr. Chickenwell, with a promptness and valor, which did him infinite credit, resolved to charge into the poultry-yard himself, in the rear of his Bremen geese. Arming himself with a long pole, at the end of which a white rag was attached, he mustered the flock before him ; addressed them with several animated clucks ; waved his rag ; caused the gates to be thrown open, and fluttered in. At this moment five or six of the cockerels, by a last convulsive effort, flapped themselves up from the heap, with long thick swarms of the bugs hanging to them ; uttered a sound half scream and half crow ; beat the air heavily a moment, and fell down again. The geese were dismayed and panic struck. Mr. Chickenwell, (though, to tell the truth, a little staggered himself,) clucked forward, but in vain. Not a goose would *go up to the scratch*,

against such a portentous adversary. The head gander himself was bewildered at the sight ;

Non tulit hanc speciem furiatæ mente coræbus hanc ;

and set up a frightful quaaque, in which the whole flock joined. At the same moment, they wheeled round, spread their broad wings, rose upon the toes of their webbed feet, and drove Mr. Chickenwell before them, out of the yard. The alarm now became general. A turkey-cock, who, with wide-spread tail, erected comb, and distended wattles, was gobbling and strutting down, to enquire into the disturbance, shut up his tail feathers, and joined the flight. A pair of peacocks slanted screeching up to the roof of the house ; a tame mocking bird, in a cage, ran hastily through his gamut of imitation, and was hush ; and a loquacious parrot crooked his bill round, into a sort of note of interrogation, as much as to say,—“ Is any thing expected of Poll ? ” The panic spread to the free tribes of air ; the quail, in the deep forest, heard the clang, and gathered her fledglings under her wings ; a flock of wild ducks, that was hurrying along to the south, contracted its serried phalanx into closer order ;

Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail,
The famished eagle screams and passes by.

The fate of the system seemed sealed. The news spread to the metropolis ; corn and granite-gravel rose ; oakum fell ; holders of poultry showed an aversion to part with their property at any price ; and a general and feverish state of excitement was visible on 'change. Such was the position of things, when we went to press. We shall not fail to keep our readers apprised of the events, which may disclose themselves, in the progress of this novel and highly interesting movement of affairs. *The Atlantic Ploughboy.*

NO. VIII.

From the Massachusetts Farmer of June 22. We omitted in our last paper, to apprise our readers, that rose-bugs must be boiled before they are given to poultry. Some accidents, we understand, have occurred for want of this precaution.

TO THE POLES.

BRAVE sons of Sarmatia, to battle advance !
Confide in your swords, and despise craven France !
Shame wither the wretch that would parley or yield,
Or die on his bed, could he fall in the field !

The Cossack our dwellings may pillage and burn,
But his numbers we scorn, as his master we spurn ;—
Fight now—let him see his Borysthenes never !
Die now—or live bondsmen henceforth and forever !

Lo ! roused by the summons of trumpet and drum,
From kingdom and province, from exile we come
And welcome to us would our burial be
In a trench, could our country be rescued and free.

Leave the hall and the bower—leave palace and cot—
 Let the bride be forsaken—affection forgot—
 All, all but the last and the holiest flame,
 That burns for our country in sorrow and shame.

From the slumber of years, fallen Poland, awake,
 The Russian to smite while his fetters you break ;
 No truce with the hordes of the czar let there be,
 Till we shall be slaughtered, or Poland be free.

When freedom contends, there is hope for the brave ;
 If he fall, there is Poland to weep o'er his grave ;
 Then with Heaven above us, and green graves below,
 On, Poland, to victory ! Death to the foe ! H.

AMERICANS IN ITALY.

NAPLES, —, 18—.

A RIDE up the side of Mount Vesuvius is delightful in a pleasant spring morning. It is enough to say of the morning air of Italy, that it is as fresh, pure and exhilarating, as the breezes which used to blow over our native hills or meadows, when we visited them at an early hour in our boyhood. It revived in me all the feelings of youth as I proceeded ; but the antique walls around me, and the quaint dresses and foreign dialect of the peasants I met, on their way to the Naples market, mingled in my mind some strange reflections at every step. Leaving the noisy streets of Torre del Greco, we were soon silently winding our way, at the slow pace of a mule's walk, up the stony paths, by which the annual crops are carried down the mountain, and hundreds of travelers, of different nations and characters, are transported to one of the principal points included in the tour of Italy and of Europe.

My old Neapolitan companion, who had left the city thus early, only for the pleasure of accompanying me, unfortunately knew nothing more of ancient days, than the other uneducated Italians of the inferior classes, whom I have commonly met with, appear to possess ; so that for any information concerning the ruined cities around the bay of Naples, or the great events and names associated with that region in history, I might much better have consulted one of my old schoolmates at ———. However, he entered into some reflections on the modern state of Italy, which showed his observation to be acute, and his character in some respects of a higher grade than I had before regarded it. One reflection, which I have been induced to make, after my remarks on the course and habits of his mind, is this—that I must in a degree forget books, and study men. He has adopted views, from his personal observations on society, although ignorant of every letter in the alphabet, which I never found in a mere man of reading ; and which some of my learned friends, I am sure, if they had obtained them, would regard as being among the most valuable of their acquisitions. And then his style of conversation ! Without a classical allusion, without any trace of Greek or Roman influence, be-

yond the correspondence between the Italian and ancient languages! I was not prepared to think that a moment in Italy could be tolerable in such company.

"Here we will dismount and rest ourselves a little," said he, as we reached the hermitage; and the seat we chose, on the verge of the broad court-yard, offered a resting place very welcome to me, who had not been accustomed to the short, jolting motion of my mule. Here, thought I, many a traveler has admired this expansive and delightful scene. Our eyes ranged without interruption over leagues of land and water.

"Americano!" exclaimed my companion, "I have brought you here safely. When you go home, tell your parents, brothers and sisters that you have one friend in Italy as true as any of them. Here is the city; yonder is the way we came; there we turned off to ascend the mountain; and here we are, safe and happy. Look around you! Are you melancholy? Why don't you sing and dance like me? Such a sight as this makes me as active and cheerful as a boy; See yonder—there on the plain and at the base of Vesuvio, are scattered a thousand—yes, ten thousand habitations. You can see them all at a glance; but you do not know the people who live in them, and you never will. I know them, I have talked with them as I now do with you. I have been in many of their houses, reposed in some, eaten in others, and might be now, at this minute, welcome in all. Many of them I like, some of them I love, or I did love when I was a youth, and when many of those, who are now in their graves, were among my companions; but whenever you go back to your country, I must go with you. Old as I am, I feel as if I could not live, or willingly even die here."

"But," said I, "would you cross the Atlantic at the age of sixty, and adopt a country where every thing would be unknown to you?"

"My friend! my son!" exclaimed the old man, "when I think what the state of the country is, how every year we are exposed to war, what war is, and what I have seen of its doings amongst those very habitations, I feel ready to go any where, if I might but find a land of peace. Are not the people of America, where you say they have no wars, perfectly happy and perfectly good?" [Oh, party spirit, intemperance, immorality! if I could now give utterance to the feelings which such a simple question excited in my mind against you!] "The sight you now behold is peaceful and tranquil to you; I know it is. You cast your eyes over these regions, and see the morning light on the fields and villages, the ships in the bay, and the islands on the coast; but I know who once lived in many of those cottages and palaces, what enjoyments they used to hope for, and what sorrows they have ere this undergone. The wars have passed, it is true; and though they may not soon return, the traces they have left are not to be effaced. There! let a soldier tread there," he said, springing upon his feet, and stamping upon the ground; "the place is accursed for ever after. You can make nothing grow upon it. Plant a vine there, the earth will not give it nourishment; the rain will not come down upon it; the dew will not touch it. It may stretch out its boughs, and spread its leaves wide open, but it cannot get a drop of water; and when you come again, you will find it withered. Troops have

been all over this country ; and every spot where they have encamped, and every house they ever entered, I would rather have seen struck by lightning. Soldiers have been in Naples, in Resina, at Civita Castellana, at Baia, Ischia and Capri, by St. Antonio ! and what is the result ?

"When War comes, he enters a palace, and says, Where is your most noble and lofty-spirited son, Sir Duke ? Harness his horse, give him his arms, and take your last farewell of him. I will spare you those who are corrupt and profligate. Such as may disgrace their ancestry I am willing to leave you. But this youth ! Ah, I will save you the expense of his funeral. War enters a cottage and says, Peasant ! who plants your little field ; who reaps your little harvest ; who hoards up for you the remnant which is spared by the laws ; who fills your humble house with plenty and with hope ? There is he who does all this, replies this old gray-head. Young man ! come with me, says War. You are the seed I sow ; you are the harvest I reap ; you are one of the ears such as I glean out of the crop. Old man, who made this warm garment to cover you ; who spread this soft bed under your aged limbs ; who furnishes this table with your daily food, and cheers your humble habitation with her music and her smiles ? There she is ; there is my daughter, replies the old man. Leave your employments, says War, such as your father I kill with starvation and sorrow ; such children as these I take for my portion. In return I have brought you such rewards as I give ; a broken heart and an early grave.

"Americano !" added my companion, "now go down from the mountain, ask at each of those cottages whether I speak the truth ; and they will answer, Yes ! Ask them again and again, and they will say, Yes, yes. Ask them all, and they will say, Yes, yes, yes !"

From this moment America assumed a new aspect in my eyes. My country, free from the scourge of war ; from the incurable moral plagues of standing armies ; from the chilling influence which the apprehensions and exposure to war excites ; would that she could be delivered from those intestine dissensions, and self-created sources of immorality and ruin, by which she is so deeply injured and debased ! Would it not be better, if we were to spend some portion of the breath, which we waste in reproaching the poor peasantry of Europe, and especially of Naples, in confessing some of our faults and offences ? They are committed against clearer light, and in the midst of far greater advantages. If, with all the opportunities the people have so long enjoyed, we are no better than we are, what should we have been, if, like the Italians, we had had our population decimated, every few years or months, by war, and for centuries, without intermission, had suffered under the complication of political evils, which have trammelled and sunk the mind, and ruined the hearts of the people, by setting one class in society at sword's points with the other in questions of vital interest ? Minds and feelings like those, exhibited by this old man, have been repeatedly displayed in my limited travels, under all the disabilities from which he suffered ; and, in comparison with individuals I could remember at home, there was the more to admire and approve in them. The invaluable early advantages, for which each of us is accountable, who has been educated in America,

have been often brought to my mind. I have peeped into some of the few little schools which here and there are met with, and formed in my mind an idea of the immense waste made of precious time in the years of infancy, childhood and youth, in a land where education is not properly appreciated.

Among a group of lively peasants, which I took an opportunity to mingle with for a few minutes, on that sublime eminence where the hermitage is situated, was a little boy about six years of age, whose sprightliness greatly interested me. Poor thing! though you know it not, moral and intellectual barriers are raised around you, which a giant could not break through. You I recognize as one individual of the great community we call mankind; of which some are so distinguished, others, merely through the influence of less favorable circumstances, are kept in a state of humility and debasement. You are one of the fairest and sweetest members of that great family to which we all belong: how hard that you should not have had assigned to you a brighter and more desirable apartment in our vast mansion, where you might enjoy more of the beams transmitted through the sky light. Though one portion may be gloomy as a vault like Kamtschatka, and China may seem isolated like a barbarous citadel, and Africa still remain unexplored, we claim it all as one building, constructed for one object, the habitation of the same race. Every part will one day appear, as it is, in some way necessary for the proper proportions and solidity of the whole; and thou, though an humble infant, art still a necessary individual of the vast band, whose number would be incomplete, whose variety of talents and capacities would be less immeasurable and glorious without you.

Ah, had you been placed in some more favored apartment, Jenner's talismanic pencil would have inscribed on your marble skin that cabalistic cypher, which puts one form of disease and death to flight. Lancaster would have commissioned a host of your gay companions of the nursery, gently to raise the veil of darkness from your mind, and generously yielded you intellectual light for the price you pay for rain drops and this morning air. The arts would readily have added to their complicated machinery one wheel more, a hammer or a card-tooth, to dress you in the livery of their votaries; and while the cotton-looms were spontaneously weaving an extra yard of calico for so sweet a child, the press would have been imprinting the sheets of your little library, and collecting rays of knowledge, like a concentrating lens, from the sciences, in all their courses and constellations, into one bright little focus to delight your eyes.

Were you in our country, my sweetest, at your lovely age, every tender and delicate plant would have been called by its name in your hearing, and every question you fain would ask, about the flowers and stones and birds around you, the clouds and stars above, would have been delightfully answered before you had studied how to frame them. Even at your early age, the charming vista of knowledge would have been opened to you. You would ere this have begun to discover the attractions of that course, and already have entered on that career, which the greatest of our species have pursued for years and years with great and increasing delight. Kind friends would ere this have thrown about you the silken bands of maternal and friendly instruc-

tion, under the protection if not the express authority of refined laws, and led you gently along in leading strings, by the path which is trodden by gay groups of your age, who would welcome you into their company. How it grieves me, dear boy! to think that you must be left behind! How fain would I lend you a helping hand! How fain would be many of those benevolent and devoted friends to useful knowledge, those volunteers against *General Ignorance* and the numerous armies of darkness, to receive you into their files, and train you after the manual of practical intelligence and virtue. Oh that I might apprentice you to learning and goodness, and have you trained up to the art and mystery of public usefulness! And am I to leave you to suffer, another victim to that old system, by which the way to knowledge is heaped up and obstructed with obstacles, too great for the exertions even of a mature mind?

And these reflections, I find, have led me to think of my own country also, where, although great improvements have been made in early instruction, they have not been either brought to perfection, or extended in the necessary degree. D.

JUNIUS AND HIS LETTERS.*

WITHOUT regularly reviewing this entertaining book, we propose to state, in our own order and as summarily as possible, the main arguments which it furnishes in favor of the author's theory. His object, it is well known, is to identify Junius and Lord Chatham. Whether his success corresponds with his confidence, or with his ingenuity, may be seen in the sequel.

He relies, in the first place, upon the political situation of Lord Chatham at the time when the letters appeared, as explanatory of the motives of Junius. He had entered the administration in 1757, and abandoned his first place in it in 1761. He retained the privy seal, however, for several subsequent years; and did not finally retire, until within a few months previous to the coming out of the letters. These, it is now supposed, were the elaborate result of his first leisure; the medium, by which he still supported his party, while he defended his own principles, and avenged himself both of his personal and political enemies. Under the circumstances of "age and incapacity," which even Junius attributes to Lord Chatham, it was the only resource left to him. All this is thought to be confirmed by the general spirit of the letters, and still more by the particular hostilities which they indicate.

Of the most inveterate of these, the Duke of Grafton is the object. The very first letter attacks him. The twelfth gives a history of his intercourse with Chatham. "From Newmarket, White's and the opposition, he gave you to the world with an air of popularity, which

* An Essay on Junius and his Letters; embracing a Sketch of the Life and Character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Memoirs of certain other distinguished individuals; with Reflections historical, personal, and political, relative to the Affairs of Great-Britain and America, from 1763 to 1785. By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D.

young men usually set out with and seldom preserve. * * He was the earliest object of your political wonder and attachment, yet you deserted him upon the first hopes that offered, &c. * * Lord Chatham formed his last administration upon principles which you certainly concurred in, or you could never have been placed at the head of the treasury. By deserting those principles, and by acting in direct contradiction to them, in which he found you were secretly supported in the closet, you soon forced him to leave you to yourself, and to withdraw his *name* from an administration which had been formed upon the credit of it." So, as a distinct head of reproach, Philo-Junius asks, in the nineteenth letter—"Was not Lord Chatham the first who raised him to the rank and post of a minister, and the first whom he abandoned?" It is with such minuteness and such vindictive, pointed interest, that this subject especially, as well as the whole character and conduct of the Duke, are perpetually brought forward. The feelings of Lord Chatham, on the other hand, are recorded in his speeches. In one, delivered March 2, 1770, he ridiculed the idea of the Duke's having been prime minister, (while governed secretly by Lord Bute,) and laughed at his presumption for thinking so. He was so severe, it seems, that the Duke of Grafton thought proper to interrupt and insult him. Lord Chatham calmly continued—"I rise neither to deny, to retract, nor to explain away the words I have spoken;" and he goes on to reprehend the conduct of the noble Duke in deserting himself, and in deviating from every thing which had been agreed upon between them. Those who are interested in this coincidence need not be reminded of the extremely severe letter of Junius, dated within a fortnight of the day just named.

The Duke of Bedford was another of the victims of Junius. A bitter hostility is supposed to have arisen between him and Lord Chatham, from the former having negotiated certain West-Indian Islands to the French, at the peace of 1762, the hard and proud earnings of Chatham's own recent administration. Junius speaks thus of the affair. "Belle-Isle, Goree, Guadaloupe, &c. are glorious monuments of your Grace's talents for negotiation. My Lord, we are too well acquainted with your pecuniary character, to think it possible that so many public sacrifices should have been made without some private compensation," &c. It may be observed, that one of Lord Chatham's most pointed remarks, in the speech cited above, was to the effect that "the country had been sold at the late peace."

As to Lord Mansfield, he was a high tory, as Chatham was a high whig; and the two men were personally as well as politically rivals, wherever and whenever they met. This inveterate animosity, which dated as early as 1762, was and is so notorious, that an anecdote has been commonly told of the Chief Justice trembling and turning pale, on one occasion, if not more, when his terrible adversary "rose up and turned his menacing eyes upon him." Lord Holland wrote thus to a noble friend of the same affair. "More news! Pitt entertained us again yesterday, and I never wished more for your Lordship, for the pleasure it would have given you. I sat next to Murray [Mansfield] *who suffered for an hour.*" There are other correspondences between the apparent enmities of Junius and the known ones of Chatham, and the same is said of their friendships. Junius is very indignant at the treat-

ment General Amherst meets with from the new ministry—an officer first brought forward by his Lordship, and warmly and personally patronised by him. Lord Temple, the brother-in-law of Chatham, is not once mentioned in the letters. Of Lord Camden, his old and best friend, Junius speaks occasionally, at least, in terms of exalted praise. The same argument applies to Lord Holland and many other characters, great and small.

A second argument is founded on the supposed identity of the general political opinions of the two parties. Two other subjects of great interest were Reform and the case of Wilkes. As to the latter, Lord Chatham personally and zealously advocated his cause, but made quite a distinction between his cause and himself. "For my own part," reads one of his speeches, "I consider him merely and indifferently as an English subject, possessed of certain rights, which the laws have given him, and which the laws alone can take from him. I am neither moved by his private vices nor by his public merits. In his person, though he were the worst of men, I contend for the safety and the security of the best. * * * I am not now pleading the case of an individual, but of every freeholder in England." Nine months before this speech, Junius uses the following language. "For my own part, I am proud to affirm, &c. but let Mr. Wilkes's character be what it may, this is at least certain. That, circumstanced as he is with regard to the public, even his vices plead for him. * * This is not the cause of a faction, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain." In another place, Junius expresses his admiration of "Lord Chatham's project" of increasing the number of knights of the shires. The former speaks thus of the boroughs—"When all your instruments of amputation are prepared, * * when you propose to cut away the rotten parts, can you tell us what parts are perfectly sound? Are there any certain limits to inform you where you must stop—where mortification ends?" Lord Chatham says, speaking of the same rotten parts—"In my judgement, my lords, corrupt as they are, they must be considered as the natural infirmity of the constitution. * * The limb is mortified, but the amputation might be death." Of the Americans, Junius never speaks unfavorably; "They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert"—is one of his expressions. Chatham's opinions are well known; he said on one occasion—"They had purchased their liberty at a dear rate, since they had quitted their native country, and gone in search of freedom in a desert."

As might be expected, a substantive argument is founded upon these very parallelisms of diction and metaphor; and this is enlarged upon at the length of some sixty pages. In some cases the letters were antecedent to the speeches, in others subsequent. The passages just cited, with reference to another consideration, are by no means the most favorable illustration of this.

In addition to these main supports of the theory of Dr. Waterhouse, a variety of circumstances are ingeniously introduced, which rather agree with than prove it. The domestic situation of Lord Chatham is one which need not be enlarged upon. His intimate acquaintance with the king, and with all the great characters of the day, together with the means of general political knowledge which his office gave

him, is another. Again, Junius *appeared* to have been a man of rank, of thorough education, of wealth, and of advanced age. He held the city of London in high honor, the native and favorite city of Chatham. He had a singular knowledge of military affairs, a profession in which Chatham took an early and active interest. It is worthy of notice, perhaps, that in all his appeals to the whig leaders, Junius never calls upon Chatham; and that Chatham, on the other hand, is not known to have once mentioned the name of Junius, even when discussing the prosecution of Woodfall for publishing *his* letter to the King. Finally, an extraordinary resemblance—not of diction merely, but of temperament and peculiar talent—is thought to exist in the *style* of the two parties.

Such is the theory of Dr. Waterhouse. We have by no means done him complete and minute justice, but we have done him such as our limits allow us: and it only remains now, in pursuit of our plan, to make a passing remark or two, illustrative of the other side of the question.

In the first place, it may be said of the preceding and of all other arguments in favor of Lord Chatham's pretensions, that they are far from conclusive; they do but constitute, at the best, a respectable array of circumstances, some of which apply equally well, and have been applied in reference to other persons, and others of which are of no great consequence, whatever be their application. All that is said of motives, for example, not to say of political opinions, is quite as favorable to Sackville and to Tooke. The same is true, we believe, as to age and education. Sackville had excellent political opportunities, also; *he* was a man of wealth; and *he* had been himself a soldier. A large mass of coincidences of style have been collected in *his* favor: as, by the way, the very same ones cited by Dr. Waterhouse, were originally collected by Taylor, in support of the pretensions of Sir Philip Francis, who was the reporter of Lord Chatham's speeches. But the argument would prove but little as to either, even if it did not prove the same thing of both. A good deal more may be gathered from style generally—including the evidence it gives of talent, temperament, reading, research, literary taste and habits, and personal and professional peculiarities—and here, as in other points, the pretensions of Tooke appear to us sufficiently prominent, at least, to embarrass an argument for any other person upon the same score.

But it is not our present purpose, to advocate a theory of our own. It is enough, that *this* theory, if it be plausible, is not the only one which is so. It is more than enough, that there are numerous objections to it, both great and small. Some of these, but not all of them, nor perhaps the weightiest, Dr. Waterhouse has examined. Considering the character of Lord Chatham, he makes too little, we think, of the subterfuges to which Junius was compelled to have recourse. Some passages of the letters, too, would imply more than subterfuge or suppression,—absolute, deliberate and direct falsehood—and that where the mere “delicacy of acknowledging an acquaintance,” would be the sole excuse for it. We allude to the declarations of Junius respecting Lord George Grenville, that he had not the honor of being “personally known to him.” Perhaps Sackville, or Tooke, or Francis, might have said this with truth, and possibly without; but Lord Chatham was the

last man to have done either. Dr. Waterhouse thinks he might have quibbled upon the word *personally*, especially as "Junius is remarkable for planning." Of this some proof is given,—all which, in our mind, militates against Chatham, as much as it favors one or two others.

And so, far more than all, does the virulent abuse of the King in 1767, (for Dr. Waterhouse seems to have forgotten that Junius was also Poplicola, Domitian, &c.) especially as, his Lordship being then confined with severe illness, the King was sending "almost every day to inquire after his health, in soothing terms of esteem, respect and consolation." Again, witness his cordial letter of October 14, 1765. "Most gracious public marks of his majesty's approbation of my services followed my resignation; they are unmerited and unsolicited, and I shall ever be proud to have received them from the best of sovereigns," &c. But this objection need not be insisted on, for,

2. The sickness itself, just mentioned, would have disabled a much more rancorous newspaper writer than Lord Chatham. At the very time when the first letters were written, we find him at Hampstead, unable to reach London, "very sick," "confined to his bed," "racked with incurable gout," "on a bed of apparent death"!

3. These improbabilities are not much mitigated by the fact, which we also take from the good authority before us, that, unless Chatham *was* Junius, "he has left behind him," after a long public life of excitement and contentions, "no other productions of his pen than *a few very tame, if not lean letters* to his son and nephew." This same thing, we opine, was to have been expected of Lord Chatham, as the very reverse of it was of Junius. This objection is of far more force against him than even against Sackville or Francis.

4. Our last argument is founded on the course of Junius himself towards Chatham. A certain part of it is ingeniously reviewed by Dr. Waterhouse; but we are not satisfied with even this, (considering the character of Chatham,) and especially with the *praise* of Junius. Still less are we satisfied with his merciless and inveterate taunts, and his elaborate reproaches. These, we think, were carried to a much greater extent, than was necessary for the mere purpose of concealment. He calls him a "lunatic"—"a corrupt and worthless peer"—"the patron of sedition"—"a man purely and perfectly bad"—"within reach of the object to which all the artifices, the intrigues, the hypocrisy, and the impudence of his past life were directed." The letter, from which this last passage is taken, is dated April 28, 1767, in the very midst of racking sickness, from "the bed of apparent death." Is it likely, then, that such a man—at such a juncture—who had written nothing in his best days, but a few very tame, lean, letters—should issue a bulletin like this—for the condemnation to eternal infamy of himself, and we should add of his best and old friend, Lord Camden? And was it motive enough for this, were it possible, that he should thus obviate—through the medium of Poplicola, be it observed—the suspicion which in January of the ensuing year might otherwise rest upon him as Junius. We think not. Nor do we think it more probable—to mention but another instance in point—that in December, 1767, when a panegyric upon Chatham appeared in the Public Advertiser over the

signature of Macaroni, Chatham himself would have taken the trouble to elucidate it, over the signature of Downright, and to counteract its effect by charging himself with the authorship of the National Debt.* It will certainly require a new argument on the part of Dr. Waterhouse to substantiate this part of his theory.

T.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS DE GONGORA

Andeme yo caliente
Y riase la gente.

Let me go warm and merry still,
And let the world laugh, an' it will!

LET others muse on earthly things,
The fall of thrones—the fate of kings—
And those whose fame the world doth fill:
Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears,
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleet and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands,
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the black-bird tells,
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

For Hero's sake the Grecian lover
The stormy Hellespont swam over:—
I cross without the fear of ill,
The wooden bridge that slow bestrides
The Madrigal's enchanting sides,
Or barefoot wade through Yeves tides,—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

But since the fates so cruel prove,
That Pyramus should die of love,
And love should gentle Thisbe kill;
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,
The sword I plunge into her heart
The tooth that bites the crust apart,
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

L.

A BLACKLEGS AND A BLUESTOCKING.

MR. THOMAS SABLE, who, in the third person, like the Duke de Sully, now writes his own memoirs, was the descendant of an ancient family. One of his progenitors came over an early settler to Virginia, under the same kind of choice that now leads so many Englishmen to Botany Bay. The wife of this bold Argonaut was one of those illustrious women, who were sent out by the government as mothers of the colony, and she was purchased by Mr. Sable for fifty pounds of tobacco. It is certain that the old proverb, concerning a fool and his money, could not in this case be applied, though some idle jester made a version of it in relation to a rogue and his tobacco.

The father of the subject of this history, like Véry, devoted his life to the useful arts. He was, like Louis XVI. an expert locksmith, and he could not only fasten but open a door. He was so much a spirit, that, if he could but find a key hole, he was able to enter any room, and, as he had generally his implements in his pocket, he would sometimes cross a threshold without the proprietor's leave. This, on a certain occasion, subjected him to suffering; as he was in consequence mulcted in one of his ears, which was nailed, (like a flag to a mast) upon a certain post in Rhode-Island, where it long stood, a mark for the archery of idle boys. The ceremony was seen by young Thomas, who was then supported at a grammar school, by his uncle, Judge Black of Cumberland. He compared his venerable sire to a Catholic confessor listening to a penitent, and giving him his whole ear. But there was a sternness of visage in the old gentleman, that would have become Marius or Regulus. He was one of nature's stoics, and it was as hard to move him, as to draw "iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

Furor ministrat arma.

It was a glorious day for dead cats, and a season of gain for all petty grocers, that dealt in stale eggs, for it was never known before that those of this description were bought up at a premium. It was even asserted that the lad himself, to do honor to his father's *ovation*, abducted from his mother some two dozen eggs, new-laid, and exchanged them for others that were neither sound nor sweet; even as the African magician exchanged new lamps for old ones.

Now Judge Black had been called, like Brutus, to sit in judgment upon his own sons. There were seven of them, all proper young men, whom he first sentenced and then disinherited. There was against them both proof positive and circumstantial evidence, while not one of them could gain any thing by referring to his previous character. The crime was, like the plot of Venice Preserved, a something in the nature of a Conspiracy—a gentlemanly offence. It was said, however, that had this charge failed, there was prepared an indictment, for the abduction of sundry sheep from a flock in Smithfield; it was moreover hinted that the judge himself, (as he dearly loved mutton) was *criminis particeps*, or a partaker of the advantage, if not a party to the expedition.

This upright and learned man had found by the *sortes virgilianæ*, that his nephew Thomas was designed by fate for some elevated

station, the particulars whereof were not revealed by this species of divination, which has the ambiguity of all sybilline responses.

The impressions that form future character are generally made at school, and the study of the classics did much to inspire young Thomas with principles in religion and morals, widely different from those now permitted by the customs and laws. It was early remarked of him by a malicious school-fellow, that his religion hung loosely upon him, and that his honesty was by no means a *tight fit*. But every thing is relative, and the standard even of morals changes. It is frequently said of great men that they are in advance of the age; though Mr. Sable certainly lived some thirty centuries in the rearward of his. What a figure would he not have made at the Olympic games? for even in these later times there was no game of skill, chance, or activity, in which he was not accomplished. He made his very argument a game, and never advanced one, weak or strong, that he did not fortify with a wager. He ever took an especial delight in the combats of the bird of Æsculapius; his first impression of the elevated nature of cock-fighting he acquired from the ancients, and he often repeated the anecdote of the great commander, who, before engaging the invading enemy, drew up his scanty forces around two gallant fowls, which were fighting with desperation. "Behold," said he, "these noble birds; they have no country to gain or to defend; they have no thirst for glory, no love of freedom; then let us, my friends, with all these incentives, fight but half so well."

There was nothing of antiquity that the student more revered than the institutions of Lycurgus, and it was his pride to adapt his conduct to the principles of the great Spartan lawgiver. In modern times, however, it has been said that his institutions had the tendency to make men rogues, and women the fit associates of rogues. Be this as it may, the community of goods was early agreeable to the taste of Mr. Sable, and if an adroit appropriation of the chattels of others was ever honorable in Lacedemon, great pity it is that he had not been born a citizen of Sparta. Grave men educate their sons at schools, where, at an early age, they study books recommended as the highest and best productions of human intellect; yet to act upon the principles of these, would inevitably lead to the gallows. In these days of reform, the pious Æneas would have been hung, and the best of the Heathen gods convicted of felony. Yet the poets tricked out, in rainbow colors, what we call vices, and their lives were in unison with their writings. Titus, too, "the delight of mankind," who, when he had performed no worthy action, said hypocritically, "I have lost a day;" why what a wretch he was!

The great error and injustice of mankind is, that they impose upon a peasant a straiter rule of morality than upon a prince; whereas the prince should be the model. Society has indeed the right to make its own rules, but many there be, who will hold them of no authority, unless uniform. Bad men become worse because they are tolerated.

"He would not be a wolf, but that he sees
The Romans are all sheep."

It cannot be supposed that a mind, constituted like that of Mr. Sable, could not furnish aliment for the heroic passion. A con-

geniality of character was soon discerned between him and Miss Penelope Indigo, a lady whose proportions of body were in unison with her masculine structure of mind. As neither of them was less than a fathom in height, when the happy pair was strolling in the fields, and Mr. Sable affectedly handing Miss Indigo over the ditch, it seemed as if Pompey's Pillar was walking a minuet with Cleopatra's Needle. She celebrated him in a sonnet, as a cedar of Lebanon, and to her, his *nom de caresse* was not "my antelope," but "my giraffe."

She was, however, a lady of rare accomplishments, and had acquired of arts, sciences and languages, whatever a country boarding school could bestow. In fact, she may be said to have been the founder of a new style of painting, which had no resemblance whatever to the manner of Rembrandt, Claude, or Titian. Her most successful pieces were mourning groups, or family pictures, of some half a dozen figures, assembled around a tomb, and whose incurable grief might easily be read in their faces; while over them would be seen three or four cherubs, all head and wings, whose countenances expressed the very extremity of sorrow.

This lady's reading was of the miscellaneous cast so prevalent at the present day; but chiefly the romantic. She admired Bulwer and adored his Paul Clifford. It will of course be believed that she had great favor for a great poet's Life of Byron.

"A sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man," it was her early ambition to enslave, for such it was, that her favorite books and companions had taught her to admire.

At this interesting period in the life of Mr. Sable, it may be well to state that he was always attentive to his personal appearance; and dress is no inconsiderable part of a man. It is assuredly as much to him, as is the frame to a picture, or the setting to a gem. Mr. Sable had the ambition to be dressed a little in advance of the mode. He had moreover a taste for decoration, and always wore more buttons to his coat and more seals to his watch than were ventured upon by other men. Miss Indigo, by a similarity of taste, was equally attached to flounces, ribbons, and rings.

As the brave have a prescriptive title to the fair, Mr. Sable was soon a thriving wooer, for he had knocked down one of his rivals, the coachman, and it was quite sufficient to threaten the other, the tailor. But who can escape calumny? The lily and the rose perhaps may be spared, but none of woman born. It is not strange, then, that Miss Penelope was obliged to call upon her strength of mind for support under the slanders of an evil world; some said one thing, some another; but certainly, of all who spread the "damnable iteration" not one represented the lady as either Diana or Lucretia.

Notwithstanding a similarity of tastes this union was not completely happy—perhaps no one is in this world—but it was not even completely quiet. Mr. Sable could not bear a long discussion and his wife could as little abide contradiction.

But their domestic felicity, such as it was, was of brief duration; the happy pair became martyrs to the hard principles of circumstantial evidence. Letters enclosing bank notes had been missed on the coachman's route, and the exhausted circulation restored to the pockets of Mr. Sable. The three parties were called upon to defend

themselves in the face of the county, and as none of them could do so, all were shut up in a quadrangular edifice of stone, to which every track points inward.

Reader ! gentle or simple, if this sketch hath amused you, it is both pity and shame ; the case is too common and too serious for mirth. Yet, as it is a feeble artist that must label his own picture, and a humble statesman that must sound his own trumpet, even so is it a poor tale that doth not explain its own moral. Nevertheless, and for fear of the worst, we must subjoin a moral reflection.

A great man may come to a bad end, if he learn morality from no better book than the best of the classics ; and a lady may be equally unfortunate, if she have no pursuit but literature.

LORD BYRON'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

The world will think, that what we loosely write,
Though now arraigned, was read with some delight ;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text more plain,
And teaches more, in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage. DRYDEN.

THE proud independence of Lord Byron's mind ; the unpopular and unfashionable inclination it took, both with regard to politics and religion, at an early age ; and his impatience of control, and disregard of public opinion, drew down upon him, in the earlier part of his career, the utmost efforts of the pulpit and the press, to blast his influence and his reputation. He was at first pronounced destitute of talents. His firmness enabled him to write down this charge. He was next assailed on the score of his opinions. He was liberal in politics, and the warm friend of freedom ; and he detested and opposed tyranny in all its forms. To think and feel thus, was then unfashionable in England. The higher powers were opposed to the progress of such sentiments ; and their satellites, both of the church and of the periodical press, as well as of fashionable society, waged an exterminating warfare against them. Every new poem of his, as it appeared, was therefore assailed, abused, misrepresented, and tortured, for the double purpose of injuring the author, and of preventing its being read. He was represented as little better, or perhaps actually worse, than the vilest demon. The church became alarmed ; the cry of " danger " was sent forth, and the doubly distilled venom of the selfish or the bigoted priest was poured without mercy upon his head.

Such was the case in England. In this country, there was then nothing like literary independence. There is too little now. Our reviews and other periodicals were mere echoes of those of London, the official organs of power. We read such new books, and such only, as were puffed by English reviewers, or as were read by the London fashionables. Our criticisms of English books, whether uttered in conversation or in print, were mere repetitions of the oracular *dicta* of our transatlantic masters. Lord Byron, therefore, even in this free

country, was denounced for those liberal opinions, and that love of us, our country, and our institutions, which had rendered his name hateful to the ruling powers of his own. I now refer to our literary aristocracy, to the arbiters of taste and fashion, and to their echo, the periodical press. Among the *mass* of the people, indeed, the poems of Byron were read and admired; the sublimity of his great genius was estimated and acknowledged; and the swelling bosom responded to lofty sentiments, clothed in the splendid attire of true poetry.

After the death of Byron, the same spirit pursued him into his grave. The first volume of his life appeared, written with the greatest impartiality, showing his faults and his virtues as they really were. For this, his biographer was wantonly assailed. It could not be endured, that among so many faults, and so much which justly deserved the severest censure, any good thing should be found; or, at least, that it should be published. It was expected that the writer of his life, instead of doing him impartial justice, would hang him up in chains, as an everlasting spectacle to the world and to posterity. The second volume of his life has recently appeared; this also has been wantonly attacked. The writer has been censured for his fidelity; for making the reader intimately and truly acquainted with the subject of his memoirs; for not suppressing the greatest portion of the incidents of his life, and making him appear just as these critics would have him appear, however false and imperfect the picture might be. Here, also, we have too much followed the English examples. The notices which I have seen, in our periodicals, have been decidedly of a derogatory character. The worst passages and incidents have been selected, and presented in a detached state, calculated to give the most unfavorable and even utterly false impressions; and those of a favorable nature have been most studiously passed over and kept out of sight. Such quotations and details, as the biographer has been censured for allowing to appear in his pages, have been republished in a shape, calculated to insure their being universally read,—and their meaning is, moreover, often perverted to a sense never intended by the author. This has been done to other great poets, as well as to Byron. Dryden complained of the same injustice, and of the same mischievous use made of his writings, by the same class of critics. See our motto. And he continues,

If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine.
Suppose him free, and that I forge the offence;
He showed the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with vengeance fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.

The language which Byron has put into the mouths of the vicious characters in his dramas and poems has been maliciously quoted as expressing his own sentiments and feelings. Every body knows, or ought to know, that works of this kind, to be interesting, and to afford a sufficient field for the poet, must depict bad characters as well as good; and to these bad characters, appropriate opinions, feelings, language, and actions must be assigned. This Shakspeare and Milton, and all other great poets, have done, without censure, or without their being identified with such characters by critics or readers. Why

is not Lord Byron entitled to the same justice. Besides, these immaculate critics ought to consider, that by imputing such sentiments and opinions to a man of great talents, they give weight and influence to them, which they would not otherwise possess, and which the innocent author never intended. They ought also to know, that publicly censuring a book as licentious, voluptuous, or unfit to be read, whether true or false, is the surest way to create a general desire to read it.

Lord Byron himself says, in a letter, dated Pisa, March 4, 1822, speaking of his *Werner*,—"I have no such opinions as the characters in that drama. Yet they are not a whit more bold than those of Milton's Satan. Like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not a moment after the pen is off from the paper."

In a letter, dated February 22d, 1822, he says ;—"There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in '*Cain*,' that I recollect ;—*I hold no such opinions*. But, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to Pisa ;—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion, than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms !" The unjust and unchristian manner, in which he considered himself to have been treated by the British priesthood, as well as the tyranny which he saw exercised daily over the people by the Catholic clergy in the Pope's dominions, had given him a bad opinion of churchmen as a body. He says, in another letter, "I am a better Christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so."

Of '*Don Juan*,' against which so much has been said and written, he says, in a letter, dated Genoa, December 25, 1825,—"Don Juan will be known, by-and-by, for what it is intended, a *satire* on *abuses* of the present states of society, and not an eulogy on vice " It is indeed replete with wit and talent, and is seasoned with the keenest satire. To censure or defend it is not within the scope of my present design ; I will only observe, that the works of nearly all the most celebrated British poets and dramatists, and of the standard novel-writers, such as Smollet, Fielding, &c. are far more loose and licentious than Don Juan ; and yet these authors are found in almost every respectable library. Shakspeare goes much beyond Byron in this respect ; and yet, what clergyman is there, on whose shelves the plays of Shakspeare are not allowed a place ? On the other hand, for passages of the more pure and lofty kind, calculated to inspire and exalt the soul, '*Childe Harold*' will compare with any poem of these writers.

The faults of Lord Byron, for which imprecations have been so abundantly showered on his head, would scarcely have excited observation in London, in an ordinary person, less endowed with talent. And even among eminent British statesmen, who are eulogized by the good as well as the bad, the opinions and lives of many of them varied little from those of Byron. But these great men were the depositories of *power* ; they were on the popular side in politics ; they conciliated the clergy ; and they were upheld by the friendship of princes ; they were therefore in possession of a cloak, which covered

all their faults ; of a dioptric glass, which changed all their vices into apparent virtues.

In a journal kept by Lord Byron, he observes, that "the Duchesse de Broglie, in reply to a remark of mine on the errors of clever people, said, 'That they were not worse than those of others ; only being more in view, were more noted ; especially, in all that could reduce them to the rest, or raise the rest to them.' In fact, I suppose, (continues Lord Byron,) that if the follies of fools were all set down, like those of the wise, the wise, who seem at present only a better sort of fools, would appear almost intelligent."

With these preliminary remarks, it is my design to show, by various extracts from Lord Byron's confidential letters, with other collateral evidence of indisputable authority, what were his religious opinions.

These opinions have been grossly misrepresented, and their obliquities highly exaggerated. He has been denounced as an Atheist, a general scoffer at all religion ;—as destitute of all moral principle—of every good and noble feeling—of every disinterested virtue. These representations are far from being true, as will presently be made to appear.

Those who have been favored with the early discipline, instructions, and example of pious parents, and have thus acquired a belief of Christianity, and a decent conformity to its requirements, as a kind of second nature, are not easily rendered sensible of the opposite influences derived from an education like that under which Byron was reared. The early death of his father deprived him of the benefits of paternal authority and control. The violent temper of his mother, and her total unfitness for educating and managing a boy, and especially such a one as young Byron, were peculiarly unfortunate for him. With a proud, independent, mismanaged mind and disposition, he was sent to a large public school, far from parental control, to mingle with boys much older than himself. Their example and conversation gave a disastrous turn to his thoughts and his ambition. A mere child as he was, to hear a scoff at religion from older boys, or to find that the truth of Christianity admitted of dispute, was to awaken a new train of thought in his own mind ; the result of which, assisted by extraneous influence, was partial infidelity, or darkness, doubt, and uncertainty, with regard to a divine revelation, and a future state.

Among his papers was found a poem, called "The Prayer of Nature," probably suggested by Pope's Universal Prayer. It is dated, Dec. 29, 1806 ; his age being then somewhat less than nineteen. His doubts and hopes are expressed in the following verses.

To thee, my God, to thee I call !—
 Whatever weal or woe betide,
 By thy command I rise or fall ;
 In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust restored,
 My soul shall float on airy wing,
 How shall thy glorious name, adored,
 Inspire her feeble voice to sing !

But if this fleeting spirit share
 With clay the grave's eternal bed ;
 While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
 Though doom'd no more to quit the dead.

To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past;
And *hope*, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

At a more mature age, the same *doubts* continued. He *fully believed* in the existence of a God; he did not positively *disbelieve* a divine revelation, or the immortality of the soul; but he *doubted* both. In 1813, he says, "It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and of *our world*, when placed in comparison with the *mighty whole*, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be overrated." This thought has, no doubt, forced itself upon the minds of the greatest and best men, when contemplating the mighty wonders opened to view by philosophical astronomy. The most pious and zealous clergymen have left behind them records of gloomy periods of darkness and doubt. The late Dr. Payson has painted, in sombre hues, the distressing misgivings which sometimes haunted his mind. Indeed, to think deeply and independently on almost any subject, which is not mathematically certain, is, in some degree, *to doubt*. It is he that *never thinks*, who *never doubts*. If we once undertake to weigh the evidence on any question, we are no longer the arbiters of our belief. Lord Byron himself says, "indisputably, the firm believers of the gospel have a great advantage over others. But a man's creed does not depend upon himself. Who can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other?—and, least of all, that which he least can comprehend?"

Lord Byron, while in Greece, a very short time before his death, attended several private lectures, given by Dr. Kennedy, in proof of the truth of Christianity. Dr. Kennedy afterwards published some account of his conversations with Lord Byron at this time. Mr. Moore says, that "Lord Byron expressly disclaimed [to Dr. Kennedy] being one of those infidels, 'who deny the scriptures and *wish* to remain in unbelief.' On the contrary, he professed himself 'desirous to believe, as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unfixed.' He was unable, however, he added, 'to understand the scriptures. Those who conscientiously believed them, he could always respect, and was always disposed to trust in them more than in others,'" &c.

He writes from Pisa to Sir Walter Scott, May 4, 1822; "I have just lost my natural daughter, Allegra, by fever. The only consolation, save time, is the reflection, that she is either *at rest* or *happy*; for her few years (only five) prevented her from incurring any sin, except what we inherit from Adam.

" 'Whom the gods love, die young.' "

On a marble tablet, (beneath her name, age, &c.) he caused to be inscribed,

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me." [2d Samuel, xii. 23.]

From Ravenna, October 9, 1821, he thus writes to Murray;—"Send a common Bible, of good legible print (bound in Russia.) I *have* one; but as it was the last gift of my sister (whom I shall probably never see again) I can only use it carefully, and less frequently, be-

cause I like to keep it in good order. Don't forget this, for I am a great reader and admirer of these books, and had read them through and through before I was eight years old; that is to say, the *Old Testament*; for the New struck me as a task, but the other as a pleasure. I speak as a *boy*, from the recollected impression of that period at Aberdeen, in 1796."

October 9, 1821. He had translated, from the Armenian, an Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, which he found in manuscript at the convent of San Lazaro, at or near Venice. This was sent to his publisher, Murray, in London, who had neglected to print it. After a reprimand for this neglect, he adds, "I am a better Christian than those parsons of yours, though not paid for being so." This Epistle of St. Paul is supposed to be spurious, though ancient. Moore has inserted the translation in an appendix to his memoirs, end of vol. ii.

From his own experience of the unhappy effect of religious doubt and unbelief on his own mind, he was anxious to preserve his natural child, Allegra, from that danger. She having been born in a Catholic country, of a Catholic mother, he placed her in a Catholic seminary for education. He probably considered, also, that those educated in this faith, particularly females, were less liable to have their religious belief disturbed, than those of other sects. Its imposing forms and ceremonies, addressed more to the senses and the imagination than to the understanding, he no doubt supposed favorable to a steady and effectual influence on the sex. In a letter dated, Pisa, March 4, 1822, he says;—"I *am no enemy to religion*, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my daughter a strict Catholic in a convent." He had previously said, in a letter of April 3, 1821;—"It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic; which I look upon as the *best* religion, as it is assuredly the *oldest* of the various branches of Christianity." Having found that a firm religious faith was not, in his own mind, to be obtained from reasoning and investigation, he no doubt thought that system the best, which removed the mind farthest from the danger of being shipwrecked on those treacherous rocks so fatal to his own peace.

The remainder of these extracts and remarks must be resumed for another paper.

PERCY.

MONTHLY RECORD.

JULY, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

EXCEPT the dissolution of the old cabinet, and the attempted composition of a new one, no important event connected with our national politics,—using that term in a more liberal sense than is common in this country,—has transpired, since the dissolution of the twenty-first Congress. Every reader is familiar with the circumstances, under which that Congress assembled. A new administration had been in office but a few months. The executive officer had been elected by a very large majority of the people. He had, during an animated contest, which occupied the whole term of his predecessor, repeatedly professed the most liberal views. He had received the support of different parties, on account of his friendship or hostility to certain political doctrines, in regard to each of which the principles of those parties were entirely adverse to each other. He was claimed by each; and it may be said that he received support from all; for his friends were collected from the disbanded forces of all the previously existing political associations of the country. The Congressional elections which had already taken place, and the certain result of many which were to come, ensured the President a majority of the members sufficient to quiet any fears which he might entertain, of opposition to his measures. It was in the power of the President to have formed an Administration capable of withstanding almost any conceivable combination of politicians. At the period of his inauguration, there was no such thing as an opposition party. His policy, if he had formed any, either foreign or domestic, was undivulged; and, except an indistinct allusion in his brief inaugural address, he had given,—so far as we remember,—no public indication of the course he intended to pursue.

It is certain that many persons, as they doubted the policy, feared the result, of electing an individual whose views were so discreetly kept from the public, and whose claims to civil distinction were more commonly asserted than recognised. But the better portion of this class were not men to follow an example of which they had just witnessed the success, and it did not comport with their views of propriety, or their characters as public men, to commence an indiscriminate opposition to an individual, merely because he was elected to office contrary to their wishes.

During the summer of 1829, the domestic policy of the new administration was rapidly unfolded. It certainly excited surprise from its novelty; and not much admiration from any thinking people, unless it were those, the correctness of whose previous predilections was established by the advantage which they derived from its personal character. It is unnecessary to advert more particularly to measures, which the adherents of the Administration, singularly enough, denominated “re-formations,” and which their opponents with quite as much unanimity, thought proscriptive, and in many cases cruel.

At the opening of the session of Congress, in December, the President's message was looked for with much anxiety. It is a remarkable fact in the history of our politics, that no person was disappointed; it was exactly such a document as all parties had anticipated. We shall not undertake to assert where the charge of fatuity most properly belongs, but it is certain that the friends of the President saw, or affected to see in it, the fruition of all their hopes; and the members of the party, which was gradually forming an opposition, thought they discovered in its sentiments an assurance of all which

they had feared. No reasonable man will now review the proceedings of the session which ensued, without admitting, that, however much its deliberations may have been distinguished for their ability, its measures were eminently sectarian in their character, and the majority of the members most illiberally faithful to the dictates of the dominant party, and noted for adherence to their political head, through all his vagaries and inconsistencies. It cannot be necessary to file any bill of particulars, to substantiate this assertion. No person conversant with the subject can have forgotten the debates upon the contested Elections, during the first session, the passage of the Indian bill, which was denominated the "leading measure of the Administration," the application of the President's veto to certain bills and his subsequent approbation of the same or similar provisions, and many other questionable acts.

The publication of Mr. Calhoun's pamphlet, towards the close of the Congress, disclosing a remarkable, and, to the greater portion of the people, an unexpected schism among the chief functionaries, opened a new field for political speculation. First, as to the cause, which no one can pretend to determine, without becoming obnoxious to the charge of partiality or hostility to one or the other party; for the practice of the day puts neutrality out of the question. And secondly, as to the effect, which it is likely to have upon the prospects of the distinguished parties, or whether it has any connection with the honor or interest of the country. The breach between General Jackson and Mr. Calhoun, would be irreconcilable; whether it will be so with the President and Vice President, mutually dependant as they were at their joint elevation upon the friends of each other, remains to be seen; and if, at the approaching election, one should succeed at the expense of the other, we are not aware that the result would be hailed with much satisfaction by a large portion of the people. We have been accustomed, however, to view the rupture as "past all surgery;" and to speculate only upon the causes which might induce one or the other to retire from the contest. Many of the more strenuous friends of the President, affect to believe that the Vice President is without strength, and that he has already been sacrificed to the just displeasure of his superior in authority. We think they flatter themselves too highly. The

friends of the President and those of the Vice President, in Congress, separated immediately after the publication which has been mentioned, and such was the change during the last two weeks of the session, that an administration which had commenced operations but fifteen months previously with a certain and devoted majority, would, upon any party question, undoubtedly have been left in a minority.

To this quarrel, (flattering incidents in our national history!) succeeded the dissolution of the cabinet; the resignation of two ministers and the dismissal of the others. This event, unexpected at that time, excited no little speculation and surprise. It has been viewed as the result of various causes more or less direct or remote, and some of them not very creditable to the country. It is generally supposed, however, to be a necessary consequence of the quarrel to which we have alluded, and to be entirely a party manœuvre. Upon this point we shall venture no opinion.

There is nothing in the foreign policy of the administration which can be examined with very great satisfaction, either as sustaining the elevated character of American diplomacy, or as evincing the presence of liberal and national views. The gentlemen, who have been summoned to aid the President as cabinet ministers, are possessed of more political character and experience than their predecessors. As officers of the government they are unpledged to any policy, their intentions are uncertain, and their views but little known.

The prominent political parties in the United States, are canvassing with no little asperity. They are the National Republican party, whose candidate is Henry Clay; the Jackson party, which so far as we are now informed, will support the present chief magistrate; and the Antimasonic party, which will nominate a candidate in the autumn.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The *Legislature* convened on Wednesday, June 1, at Concord. Samuel Cartland was elected President of the Senate, and Franklin Pierce, Speaker of the House of Representatives. On Friday the votes for Governor were counted, and the result officially made known. It appeared that the whole number legally returned was 42,295; necessary for a choice 21,148; Samuel Dinsmoor had 23,503, Ichabod Bartlett 18,601, scattering 119. Governor Dins-

moor took the oath of office on Friday afternoon, and immediately communicated a message embracing the prominent topics of legislation.

The *New-Hampshire Medical Society* held its annual meeting at Concord, May 31, at which time the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz : Doctors Daniel Adams, President ; Thomas P. Hill, Vice President ; Moses Long, Secretary ; Nathan Sanborn, Treasurer ; Elijah Colby, Librarian. A dissertation was read before the Society by Dr. Jacob Kittredge, on the use of Ol. Succini in burns and scalds. An account was given by Professor Mussey, of the state of medical science and practice in several institutions he had recently visited in France and Great-Britain, with an exhibition of Civiale's very ingenious surgical instruments, by which the stone in the bladder may be ground to powder, and removed without cutting. Professor Mussey also gave a lecture in the evening on tight lacings. An account was given of the prevailing epidemic (Scarlatina Anginosa) by several members, with their methods of treatment, and the various success attending their practice. A resolve was passed making it the duty of every member to endeavor to dissuade young gentlemen from entering on the study of medicine, unless their preparatory studies have been sufficient to entitle them to admission as students at Dartmouth College. To the official account of these proceedings, the secretary, Dr. Long, adds the following — " N. B. I presume the ladies will have no occasion of alarm that the medical faculty will be arrayed against *fashion*, generally. They will intermeddle with none except those which will endanger the *lives* and *health* of the *present*, as well as *future* generations. The notions of *waspy waisted beauty* ought to be corrected ; plates of *hand-saws*, oak slabs, &c. girded about the chest with cords, ought to be entirely laid aside. M. L."

The *New-Hampshire Auxiliary Colonization Society* held its annual meeting at Concord, 6th June, at which time the following officers were chosen : Hon. George Sullivan, Exeter, President ; Rev. N. Lord, Jonathan Smith, Esq. Rev. John H. Church, Wm. A. Kent, Caleb Keith, Esq's, Vice Presidents ; Rev. John Smith, Exeter, Secretary ; George Kent, Concord, Treasurer ; Hon. Samuel Bell, delegate to the Parent Society at Washington. From the Treasurer's Report it appeared that

\$271 had been received the past year, of which \$250 have been forwarded to the Parent Society. The following Resolution was passed :—" Resolved, That the Clergymen of every religious denomination in this State be requested to take up a collection in behalf of the Colonization Society on the 4th July next, or on some Sabbath near that time."

The *New-Hampshire Historical Society* held its annual meeting at the Library Room, in the capitol, on the 8th June. The following gentlemen were chosen the officers of the Society for the ensuing year, viz : Hon. Salma Hale, Keene, President ; Charles H. Atherton, Amherst, Matthew Harvey, Hopkinton, Vice Presidents ; John Farmer, Concord, Corresponding Secretary ; Moses Eastman, Concord, Recording Secretary ; George Kent, Concord, Treasurer ; John Farmer, Richard Bartlett, Jacob B. Moore, committee of publication. A third volume of the Society's Collections is in the course of publication. Hon. C. H. Atherton delivered an address before the society, on the connexion of the laws of descent and distribution with the character and free institutions of the country.

The *General Convention of Congregational and Presbyterian Ministers* was held in Concord, during the first week in June, and unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolution :—" As the use of ardent spirit for persons in health is not only needless, but hurtful ; as it tends to form intemperate appetites and habits, and while it is continued, the evils of intemperance can never be done away ; as it causes a great portion of the pauperism, crimes and wretchedness of the community, increases the number, frequency and violence of diseases, deprives many of reason, and brings down multitudes to an untimely grave ; as it tends to produce in the children of those who use it a predisposition to intemperance, insanity and various diseases ; and to cause a universal deterioration of body and mind ; as it tends to prevent the efficacy of the gospel, and all the means which God has provided for the moral and spiritual illumination and purification of men, and thus to ruin them for both worlds—Therefore, Resolved, That in our opinion, the traffic in ardent spirit, as an article of luxury or diet, is inconsistent with the spirit and requirements of the Christian religion, and ought to be abandoned throughout the Christian world."

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Legislature assembled agreeably to the Constitution on the last Wednesday in May. Leverett Saltonstall of Salem was elected President of the Senate. On taking the chair, after the usual complimentary exordium, Mr. Saltonstall said—

"The legislature being now assembled, probably for the last time at this season of the year, allow me to advert to the interesting recollection, that the present is the Two HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY of our May Election,—the free citizens of this Colony, Province or Commonwealth, having with little interruption, from its earliest settlement to the present day, peaceably organized its civil government annually on this last Wednesday in May.

"Two hundred years ago this day, 'the Great and General Court' first assembled in this place, for the election of the Magistrates of the Colony, pursuant to the provisions of the *good old charter*, as it was so long called. It provided 'that yearly once in the year, forever hereafter, namely, the last Wednesday of Easter Term, yearly, the Governor, Deputy-Governor and Assistants of the Company, and all other officers of the said company, shall be in the General Court or Assembly to be held for that day or time, newly chosen for the year ensuing, by such greater part of the said Company for the time being; then and there present, as is aforesaid, &c.'

"The second Charter of 1692 provided, 'that there shall and may be convened, held and kept upon every last Wednesday in the month of May every year forever, a Great and General Court or Assembly.'

"The constitution of the Commonwealth, of 1780, has continued the same day as the civil anniversary of the Commonwealth. It provides 'that the Legislative body shall assemble every year on the last Wednesday of May, and shall be styled the General Court of Massachusetts.' Under the old charter, the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, a small band, met on the last Wednesday of May, 1631, for the choice of their officers. This was the first Election in the colony of Massachusetts, and gave the name to this day which has been handed down to us. They had evidently changed a charter intended for the incorporation of a private company in England, into a constitution of civil government in America. They then laid the foundation of this Republic, and they established it on the same basis on which it now stands; the principle, that the People are the source of all political power. They chose their own rulers—they formed a Representative government. From that time, during the whole period of two centuries, Massachusetts has been, essentially, a free Republic—and has continued in the enjoyment of civil liberty, as pure and rational as has ever been enjoyed by men. Massachusetts has for two centuries, claimed and exercised, with scarcely an interruption, the right of self-government, for which the nations of the old world are now beginning to struggle, and which they can acquire only by great sufferings and sacrifices. Our Fathers here, on the last Wednesday of May, 1630, and by their early legislation, set the example of founding civil institutions on the great principles of human freedom and human happiness.

"It would be interesting to glance at the history of Massachusetts and its growth under these institutions, from the beginning—to notice the vast benefits they have conferred on

our own State, and their happy influence upon our whole country—to remark upon the wisdom of the early legislation of the first colonists, still remaining essentially the same; still the great security of our private rights. It would be interesting to notice the great change in our Commonwealth and country, since the freemen of this Colony assembled here, beginning a settlement amidst difficulties, which would have overwhelmed any, but men of the utmost patience, fortitude, and religious resolution. But I will not detain you by enlarging. The people of the Commonwealth having no doubt adopted the amendment to the Constitution recommended by the Legislature, the Government will hereafter be organized at a different season of the year.

The House of Representatives re-elected William B. Calhoun, of Springfield, Speaker.

The whole number of votes legally returned this year for Governor was 48,895; of which Levi Lincoln had 31,875; Marcus Morton 12,694; and there were 4,326 scattering votes, chiefly for Henry Shaw and Heman Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was, of course, re-elected by a large majority. The votes returned for Lieutenant-Governor were in about the same relative proportions for Thomas L. Winthrop, (who was re-elected) Nathan Willis, and others.

The prominent topics in the annual speech of the Governor to both branches of the legislature were, the expenses of the state government; the expediency of such an alteration of the constitution as will reduce the number of members of the House of Representatives; the appointment of commissioners to settle the valuation of property in the state; the claim of Massachusetts on the United States; and the North-eastern Boundary question, in which Massachusetts is equally interested with the state of Maine. The governor denied the right of the Arbitrator to make such a decision as he had, and consequently doubts the validity of that decision.

Most of the important subjects of legislation were referred to the next legislature. Much time was spent in both branches, in debating a proposed alteration to the constitution, relating to the number of members and the mode of electing them to the House of Representatives—an alteration which finally passed both branches, and will be referred to the next legislature for its approbation.

Prison Discipline Society. The sixth annual meeting of this Society was held in the Park-Street Church, on Tuesday June 7. It appears by the Treasurer's report, that the receipts, including \$268.50 balance of last year, amount

to \$4,499.44. The Society have paid towards the support of Chaplains at Wethersfield, Auburn and Charlestown State Prisons, \$1168.63; for stereotype plates, reports, \$1259.50, leaving a balance of \$477.49. The collection at the meeting amounted to \$78.

The *American Education Society* held its fifteenth anniversary in Boston, May 23, in Park-Street Church. The officers chosen were the same as last year, excepting the Rev. John Cushman, elected to fill the vacancy in the Board of Directors occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. John Brown. The second Thursday in November next was recommended to the young men under the patronage of the Society, and their instructors, guardians and benefactors, to be observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer. From the annual report the following statements and facts are gathered. Since the last annual meeting there have been assisted from the funds, 157 young men in 10 theological seminaries, 274 in 21 colleges, 166 in 59 academies, and 7 under private instruction, making a total of 604 young men assisted in 90 institutions of learning. Of these, there have been aided in New-England, 411 students at 47 places of education. In other parts of the United States, 193 students at 43 places of education. Of these 369 have their native residence in New-England, 205 in other parts of the United States, and the residences of 30 have not been reported. 174 have been received during the year who have not been before assisted, one half of whom are in academies, preparing to enter college. Fifty beneficiaries in 6 theological seminaries will this year enter the ministry. Most of them are already licensed. Three young men of promise have died during the year. Patronage has been withdrawn from 9 young men, of whom all but two were in the first stage of education. The result of the efforts made by the young men to support themselves is as follows: 90 students in theological seminaries have earned \$2,263; 197 in colleges \$6,562; 97 in the first stage, \$2,630; making a total of 384 students who have earned \$11,460. The expenditures of the year amount to \$41,544.89, which added to the debt of the society, viz. \$3,347.91, makes the whole charge upon the society for the year, \$44,892.80. The following table exhibits at one view, the operations of branch societies, and of the western agency, including funds appropriated by the branch societies, and remitted by the parent society to supply their deficiencies during the

year, together with the number of young men assisted by each branch society respectively.

Branch Societies.	No assisted.		Appropriated.		By Branches.		By Parent Soc.		Remitted to Par. Soc.	
Maine,	38	1796	613	69	1184	31				
New-Hampshire,	34	1961	985	07	1693	83				
North-Western,	41	2156	441	00	1713	00				
Connecticut,	75	4294	1413	97	\$806	03				
Providence,	135	7500	7500	00						
Western Agency, in-	8	352	288	00			34	00		
cluding Indiana and	33	1817							2500	
Illinois Branches,			1817							
8 Branches and	361		19,350		73		7537		2500	
1 Agency.										

The whole number assisted by the Society since its organization in 1815, is twelve hundred and four. Of these, four hundred have been, or are soon to be licensed to preach the gospel. About six hundred others are now pursuing study. Thirty-four have died while under patronage, and as many more have failed for want of health. A number have been found unsuitable candidates for patronage and have been dropped, and from more than fifty, no information has been received so late as to enable the Directors to classify them with accuracy.

The *American Tract Society* met in Park-Street Church on the evening of May 25th, Hon. William Reed of Marblehead in the chair. After the usual addresses, a contribution was made, amounting to \$152, and a gold watch key—a larger collection than the society has made on any former occasion. The annual report states that the leading object of the Society during the year has been to carry into execution the system of monthly distribution. For this purpose nearly all the auxiliaries have been visited or addressed by letter. Many of them have seconded the efforts of the committee, to aid the destitute, and about 300 have sustained the monthly distribution. There have been sold at the general depository, 9,388,720 pages; distributed gratuitously 562,800. Besides the donations in tracts, the committee made several donations in money

—to St. Petersburg Tract Society, to print and circulate tracts in Russia, \$100; to the Paris Tract Society, \$500; to the American Tract Society, N. Y. 644. The whole amount of donations in Tracts and money is \$1,619 20. The expenses of the year have been \$10,858 37—a balance of \$1,014 63 is due the Treasurer. Nearly all the large towns in New-England have engaged in the work, since the last anniversary of the Society. In the city of Boston, 160 persons visited between 7 and 8000 families every month for the last seven months.

The *Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers* opened its annual meeting as usual, on Wednesday, May 25. After transacting the ordinary business, re-electing the Treasurer and Scribe, &c. the committee, to whom was referred last year, the subject of devising some more acceptable mode of choosing preachers to the Conference, reported, that the annual sermon be discontinued, and that there be a sermon and collection by the Pastoral Association; also a sermon and collection by the Berry-Street Conference; and that the contributions of both be deposited in the Treasury of the Convention for the benefit of the destitute widows and orphans of Congregational ministers. It was understood, that this report was offered only by the majority of the committee. The Rev. Messrs. Pierce and Lowell, who were of the minority, upon its being presented, expressed their decided dissent; and in the discussion that followed, presented with energy and feeling, the reasons on which their dissent was founded. The report was also opposed by the Rev. Messrs. Bancroft, Ripley, Hildreth, Allen of Bolton, Parkman, and Loring; and was maintained by Messrs. Wisner and Beecher of Boston, and Mr. Holmes of New-Bedford. After a long discussion, which was continued the following morning, the question was postponed to a future year. After the business of the Convention, religious services were attended in Brattle-Street Church; and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester. The contribution taken for the relief of the widows was \$230, eleven of which were appropriated.

The *American Unitarian Association* held its sixth anniversary on Tuesday evening, May 24, at the Congregational Church in Federal-Street, Boston. The venerable Dr. Bancroft of Worcester was re-elected President; Hon.

Joseph Story, Joseph Lyman, and Samuel S. Wilde of Massachusetts. Stephen Longfellow of Maine, Charles H. Atherton of New-Hampshire, William Cranch of the District of Columbia, Henry Wheaton of New-York, James Taylor of Pennsylvania, Henry Payson of Maryland, Martin L. Harbut of South-Carolina, and Timothy Flint of Ohio, Vice Presidents; Rev. James Walker, Samuel Barrett, and Ezra S. Gannett, Directors; Rev. Henry Ware, jun. Foreign Secretary; Rev. Alexander Young, Domestic Secretary; Henry Rice, Esq. Treasurer. One of the reports of the executive committee was read by Mr. Gannett, the domestic secretary; another report, prepared by Mr. Ware, the foreign secretary, was omitted for want of time; both of them are to be published with the official record of the proceedings. After the transaction of the ordinary business of the public meeting, the Society and a numerous assemblage of spectators were addressed by the Rev. Professor Follen of Cambridge, S. M. Burnside of Worcester, Rev. Messrs. May of Brooklyn, Con. Nichols of Portland, and Thomas of Concord, N. H.

The *Evangelical Missionary Society* celebrated its anniversary in the Congregational Church in Federal-Street, Boston, on Sunday evening, May 22; the Sermon by the Rev. J. Brazer of Salem. A collection was made for the benefit of its funds, amounting to \$160. The annual meeting for business was held on the Wednesday following, and the following officers for the current year were chosen; the Hon. Peter O. Thacher, President; Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, Vice President; Benjamin Guild, Esq. Treasurer; Rev. George Ripley, Secretary; Rev. Thaddeus M. Harris, John Pierce, Charles Lowell, James Kendall, Joseph Tuckerman, Francis Parkman, Samuel Ripley, John Brazer, and Stephen Higginson, Ichabod Tucker, Peter Mackintosh, Jr. and Benjamin Seaver, Esq's. Trustees.

The *Massachusetts Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North-America* held its annual meeting in Boston, May 26th, and elected, as officers for the year, the Hon. Jonathan Phillips of Boston, President; Rev. Dr. Porter, Vice President; Alden Bradford, Esq. Secretary; Hon. Asahel Stearns, Treasurer; Hon. John Davis, Rev. Henry Ware, Rev. T. M. Harris, Richard Sullivan, Rev. Francis Parkman, executive committee.

The *Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society* held its annual meeting on Monday, May 23, and elected, as its officers, the Hon. Israel Thordike, President; Rev. John Pierce, Vice President; Rev. Francis Parkman, Secretary; George Ticknor, Esq. Treasurer; Rev. Abiel Holmes, Rev. Henry Ware, and Josiah Quincy, Peter C. Brooks, Jonathan Phillips, Gorham Parsons, and William H. Eliot, Esq's. Counsellors.

The *Massachusetts Medical Society* held its annual meeting on the 1st of June, at the Society's Rooms at the Athenæum. The annual reports of the several officers, and of select committees, were read and accepted, and the affairs of the society appeared to be in a flourishing state. Among other important business, a memorial was prepared, and ordered by the society to be presented to the legislature, setting forth some reasons why the prayer of certain members to be set off and constituted a separate association, ought not to be granted. The annual discourse was to have been given by Dr. Green of Worcester, but he did not appear.

At a meeting of the Counsellors Dr. Thurber, of Mendon, was chosen to deliver the next annual address, and the following officers were chosen for the year: Doctors James Jackson, President; Amos Holbrook, Vice President; John Dixwell, Corresponding Secretary; Geo. Hayward, Recording Secretary; Walter Channing, Treasurer; Enoch Hale, jr. Librarian.

The *American Temperance Society* held its annual meeting at the Park-Street Church in Boston, on the evening of May 25. Hon. Samuel Hubbard of Boston, President, in the chair. It appeared from the annual report that according to the best information they had obtained, the committee concluded that there have been formed on the plan of abstinence from the use of ardent spirit, more than 3000 temperance societies—13 of them state societies—that more than 1000 distilleries have been stopped—that more than 3000 merchants have given up the traffic, and more than 300,000 belong to temperance societies. If as many more abstain that do not belong to temperance societies, it would make 600,000—and if as many more of children and persons in their employment now abstain, it would make 1,200,000 brought under the influence of the temperance reformation. Ardent spirit has been excluded from more than 100 taverns. More than 3000 who were

drunkards have ceased to use intoxicating drink. The Hon. W. Cranch, chief judge of the court of the district of Columbia, has estimated the loss to the country, from the use of ardent spirit, at more than \$94,000,000 annually. The value of all the houses and lands in the United States in 1815, was \$1,771,312,900. If the value has since increased in proportion to the increase of population, it would be now \$2,519,009,222; and the loss to the consumers of ardent spirit and others, in consequence of its consumption, would, according to Judge Cranch's estimate, be in 30 years, \$2,832,750,000—being \$313,740,778 more than the present value of all the houses and lands in the United States—all of which, and much more, might be saved by abstinence.

The *Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance* had its annual meeting on the evening of May 26, at the Congregational Church in Federal-street. The public performances consisted of sacred music, a prayer by the Rev. H. Hildreth of Gloucester, and an address by the Hon. Alexander H. Everett of Boston.

Bunker-Hill Monument Association. At the annual meeting on the 17th of June, the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year. Abner Phelps, President; John D. Williams, 1st Vice President; George Odiorne, 2d do.; William Marston, Secretary; Nathaniel P. Russell, Treasurer; Henry Gassett, Jonathan French, Daniel Weld, Benjamin V. French, Joel Thayer, Amos Farnsworth, and Jacob Hall of Boston, William Austin of Charlestown, William B. Breed of Lynn, Timothy Fuller of Cambridge, Leverett Saltonstall of Salem, William Jackson of Newton, Nathan Adams of Medford, were chosen Directors.

The meeting was then adjourned until the 25th of July, for the choice of twelve more directors.

CONNECTICUT.

On the second day of June the Legislature of this State adjourned after a session of about four weeks. From a writer in the Connecticut Courant the annexed account of some of the prominent topics of legislation, and of the political feeling developed during the session, is abridged.

As usual some impatience was manifested towards the close of the session, and that impatience was probably somewhat heightened by the excessive heat, and a little cross-firing between the two

houses. That the utmost harmony of sentiment has not existed between the two branches of the legislature cannot be denied. When a member of the House was asked how many public acts had been passed, his reply was, *very few*, and it was impossible for him to tell what they were, as the Senate had sent back almost every thing originating in the House. It is generally understood, that the House, which in its formation is one of the most popular bodies, vested with legislative powers, in this or any other country, was strongly Anti-Jackson, and Anti-Caucus. The Senate, on the contrary, disclaiming Jacksonism, but worshipping that modern Baal, a Caucus, seem to have acted on the principle of putting a stopper for a while on the acts of the House, and, after they had kept a bill long enough on the tenter-hooks, suffer it to pass. This, we say, seems to have been their mode of operation, for not only an unusual number of private resolutions received the sanction of both houses, but nearly fifty public statutes have been enacted. One great object undoubtedly was to convince the House, that that *august body*, the Senate, was a co-ordinate branch of the government, and *to be obeyed and respected accordingly*.

Several warm debates have occurred in the House. One respecting the charter of the Connecticut Bank at Bridgeport. The petitioners were willing to pay a bonus of \$10,000, to be appropriated by the legislature to the colleges, or any other purpose, as they in their wisdom should direct. The bill passed the House without designating in what manner the money should be appropriated. The Senate amended the bill in form, appropriating \$8000 to Yale, and \$2000 to Washington College. Considerable discussion took place in the House upon this division of the spoil; the friends of Washington thinking that institution had not a fair share, and the friends of Yale contending, that the appropriation to Washington the week before of \$8,500, should be taken into consideration. After several propositions to amend, giving \$5000, 4000, and \$3000 respectively to Washington, and the rest to Yale, the latter finally was adopted, and the Senate concurred. While the Legislature have extended a fostering hand to our valuable literary institutions, which were sinking under the pressure of pinching poverty, the subject of primary education seems to have been almost out of the pale of their sympathies. It is true a large committee was raised in the House, and the

friends of our youth were cheered for a while with the prospect that something would at least have been attempted, worthy of the age; but their hopes have been signally disappointed. The whole thing has evaporated in the attempt to impose some new duty upon the comptroller, or the respective school society committees, which it needs not the pen of inspiration to show will be utterly abortive. And yet some advantage may arise from it; for it may convince some future legislature of the necessity of paying for the information they collect respecting common schools, and the utter futility of attempting to throw a burden upon public servants, who cannot, and will not be compelled to discharge, faithfully, duties foreign to their appointment.

A committee, appointed to inquire whether any rooms, suitable for committees of the legislature, could be constructed in the basement story of the State House, reported, that eight rooms might be constructed for that purpose. The report was continued to the next session. Committee rooms are much wanted, and it would undoubtedly be very convenient to have them in the State House, as well as a saving of considerable expense. The north half is at present occupied as a store room for cider, and the idea of converting it into a committee room reminds us of M'Fingal's Pandemonium, as described by the facetious author of that admirable production.

On cautious hinges, slow and stiller,
Wide ope'd the great M'Fingal's cellar,
Where safe from prying eyes, in cluster,
The Tory Pandemonium muster.
Their chiefs all sitting round descried are,
On kegs of ale, and seats of cider;
When first M'Fingal, dimly seen,
Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.

The southern half being filled with logwood, and other fast-coloring matter, it requires no great effort of the imagination to fancy that to be emblematical of *dying in the wool*; a process, which modern politicians have frequently to submit to.

A resolution has passed, authorising the comptroller to investigate the causes of the enormous increase in our judicial expenses. This item has increased in an unparalleled degree, and ought to have been the subject of legislative inquiry long ago. There are other matters and things which ought to undergo a similar investigation, and in short, if the whole of the comptroller's report was published instead of an abstract, we believe it would be attended with salutary consequences. We would also re-

commend a publication of the debenture bill, and let the whole pass under the supervision of the public, who toil and sweat to raise the money. It would also make individuals more cautious in thrusting their hands into the treasury. Many, who now make much merit of compassing sea and land to serve the public, and all for nought, would show the treasury pap flowing down both corners of their mouths, the spirit being willing to gorge faster, but the flesh weak.

Before the session closed a resolution passed allowing Mr. Fairchild, as the very distinguished President of that very distinguished body, the Senate, the sum of thirty dollars for his services in discharging the duties of Lieut. Governor! Whether the observation of the Indian, *poor pay, poor preach*, was applicable to the character of the service, as well as the compensation, we leave others to decide. His *pro. tem.* honor used to decide a vote by the *sound*, and if any honorable wished to carry any favorite measure, he bellowed out with all his might, and in that way often accomplished his object. Mr. Pro. Tem. unquestionably thought this the fairest scale, by which to take the gauge and dimensions of the Senate.

The adjourned Clay meeting was numerously attended. Mr. Wheaton, of Cornwall, was appointed assistant secretary, and appropriate resolutions were passed. It is reported that the chairman and secretaries were empowered to appoint a central committee and also county committees, and that they have discharged that duty; and that this committee were to be invested with certain powers respecting a nomination of state officers, none having been made at the meeting. Whether the gentlemen, nominated on the committees, will act under their appointment we know not, but we would suggest to them the propriety of letting legislative caucuses alone.

The following night the Jacksonites held their adjourned caucus. That was also pretty fully attended, for the *high caucusites*, who subscribe to the infallibility of legislative nominations, being disappointed that no nominations were made at the Clay meeting, rushed in, and out-voted the real Simon Pures.

That the people will be satisfied with the doings of either of these caucuses we beg leave to doubt. The public mind is unsettled, and it is not impossible a new impulse may be given to a party recently formed in this state; and should certain leading men, who are

now on a double shuffle be left *a la supine*, we should not be surprised. When a politician once gets a taste of treasury pap he is constantly crying, *give, give*, and becomes the most insatiable of all leeches. Fable says the cubs of a bear are a mere lump of flesh until licked into shape by the dam, and that they often bite the mother that bore them; many a political bantling has growled at the friends, who gave him the form and similitude of a man. In a free community, we take it for granted, that any *high-minded gentleman* is at liberty to seek other and better company, and is entitled to a quit-claim from his old associates. With this course we shall acquiesce, and we would by all means grant a diploma into the bargain.

An important crisis is approaching in our state and nation; changes are in embryo, which no man can foresee, and duties of the most eventful import are imposed upon every elector. The next election in this state may be as important as the last, and suffer us, by way of farewell, to say, that the duties of our public journalists to disseminate truth among the people were never of a more solemn and interesting character.

Retreat for the Insane. The Medical Visitors made a Report on the state of this Institution, in May, 1831, from which the following particulars are derived. There have been seventy-two patients at the Retreat during the past year; twenty-four of these were recent cases, of which twenty-two have been restored, one is convalescent, and the other much improved. Of the forty-five old cases only twenty-three have been under curative treatment, and of those six have been recovered and sixteen improved. The others have been placed in the institution for the purpose of preserving them from danger, and supplying them with comforts for which in their present forlorn condition they must look elsewhere in vain. It is now seven years since the Retreat was first established. There have, in the course of that time, been admitted two hundred and ninety-eight patients. Many of these had been for years deprived of reason, and the period for their recovery had gone by. But even these have received no common benefit from the institution. They have been kept from harm; while their friends and relatives have been spared from anxieties which exceed all others; and neighborhoods which formerly suffered from the wayward propensities of the insane, have

been relieved from deprivations to which they were once exposed. Of this number of old cases thirty-one have been restored to reason. During the last seven years one hundred and forty-seven recent cases of insanity have been admitted—of which number one hundred and thirty-three, being more than nine tenths, have been restored to reason. It is not an extravagant calculation that three fourths of these would have continued under the influence of mental derangement if no establishment like the Retreat had been prepared for their reception.

NEW-YORK.

A *National Republican State Convention* was held at Albany on the 2d and 3d days of June, for the purpose of electing delegates to a general convention of the same political party, to be held in Baltimore in December next. An address to the people of the state, setting forth the grounds of opposition to the national administration, and the reasons for supporting Henry Clay of Kentucky as a candidate for the Presidency, was adopted and ordered to be published. A plan of organization for the state party was also adopted. The convention was composed of men of great respectability and weight of character, among whom were the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, P. R. Livingston, Gen. Van Rensselaer, Messrs. Ketchum, Wells, Gates, &c.

A *Convention of Manufacturers*, and others interested in the protection of American industry against the competition of foreign manufacturers and agents, was held in the city of New-York, on the third Wednesday in May, and, by adjournment, on three succeeding days. Nathan Williams, Esq. of Utica was elected President, and Samuel Hubbard of Connecticut and Henry Shaw of Massachusetts, Secretaries. The most important movement of the convention was the adoption of a report of a committee, in relation to frauds on the revenue, committed by foreign agents, residing in New-York, who, it is asserted, enter large quantities of woollen goods under false invoices. A resolution was passed, declaring it expedient to form a National Association of manufacturers, agriculturists, and mechanics, with branches in the several states and in the district of Columbia. A committee was appointed to prepare and publish, at a future time, an address to the public, detailing the objects and design of the convention, in recommending the organization proposed.

The *American Bible Society* celebrated its fifteenth anniversary in the city of New-York, on the 12th of May, Richard Varick, Esq. President of the Society, in the chair. The Annual Report of the doings of the Society, for the year past, was read by the corresponding secretary. During the year, ninety-seven new auxiliaries have been formed, most of them in the newly settled parts of the country. The whole number of auxiliaries at this time is 756, scattered through every state and territory in the Union. The receipts of the year amount to \$125,316.79. Of this sum, \$50,142.50 was in payment for books; \$2,716 from legacies; \$10,863.31 as ordinary donations; \$52,370.40 towards the general supply; and the remainder from miscellaneous sources. In addition to the above sum, there has been borrowed, and is now due to the banks, \$34,194 dollars. This exceeds by \$13,390 the sum due the banks at the last anniversary, which as the Society is not incorporated, has been borrowed on private responsibility. In the course of the year past, 242,183 books have been issued. Of this number, 171,972 were bibles; being an increase of 41,618 copies over the number issued the preceding year. A grant of 20,000 New Testaments has been made to the American Sunday School Union, for gratuitous distribution among children in the new settlements. In May, 1829, this Society intended to have supplied every destitute family in the United States, with a Bible, in the course of two years from that time. This intention is not yet fully realized, though much has been done to effect the object. It appears from the report, that in thirteen of the states and territories the supply is nearly or quite complete. In eight other states the work has been about two-thirds completed. In Indiana and Illinois, about one half; and in Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, and Florida territories, something less than one half. Nineteen agents have been employed, most of them in the western states.

The *American Tract Society* held its annual meeting in the city of New-York, May 11, S. V. S. Wilder, Esq. President, in the chair. It appears from the Report, that, during the past year, 68,786,000 pages of tracts have been printed by the Society, and 68,522,704 put in circulation. Whole number since the formation of the Society, 254,479,926. Number of distinct publications 571. Receipts during the year, \$42,922.59; expenditures the same. Its

whole number of branches and auxiliaries are 908; of which 94 have been added during the year. It is stated that there was due on the 1st of May, \$1,353.66, which the society had no funds to meet; and obligations resting on the committee for \$10,676.67, due for paper, on which the tracts were printed.

The *American Seamen's Friend Society* held its anniversary, in New-York, May 9th. A report was made, from which it appears that the cause of seamen is advancing in public estimation. A letter was read from the Hon. Smith Thompson, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, resigning the office of President of the society. A collection was obtained of more than \$220.

GEORGIA.

The difficulties between this state and the Indians residing within its limits seem to be interminable, on any other conditions than the removal of the Indians out of its limits. The United States Government co-operating with that of the state of Georgia, the consummation will probably soon be effected. Notice has been given to the agents of the missionary society to remove out of the unsettled parts of the state [meaning the parts occupied by the Indians] within ten days, and that they will be subject to arrest and punishment in case of neglect or refusal. The alleged reasons for this order will be found in the following letters of Governor Gilmer.

Executive Department, }
Milledgeville, May 16, 1831. *}*

Sir—Sufficient evidence has been obtained from the Government of the United States, to convince the courts of this state that the missionaries employed among the Cherokees, by the American Board of Foreign Missions, are not its agents, and therefore not exempted from the operation of the law forbidding white persons to reside among the Cherokees without license. In continuing so to reside, you must have known that you were acting in violation of the laws of the state. The ~~MISTAKEN~~ decision of the Superior Court upon this subject in the late case determined in Gwinnett county, has enabled you for a time to persist in your opposition to the humane policy which the general government has adopted for the civilization of the Indians, and in your efforts to prevent their submission

to the laws of Georgia. However criminal your conduct in this respect may have been, I am still desirous that you should have an opportunity of avoiding the punishment which will certainly follow the continuance of your present residence. You are therefore advised to quit it with as little delay as possible. Col. Sanford, the commander of the guard, will be directed to cause to be delivered to you this letter, and to enforce the laws if you persist in your disobedience.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

GEORGE R. GILMER.

Rev. John Thompson.

Executive Department, }
Milledgeville, 16th May, 1831. *}*

Sir—It is a part of my official duty to cause all white persons residing within the territory of the state occupied by the Cherokees, to be removed therefrom, who refuse to take the oath to support the constitution and laws of the state. Information has been received of your continued residence within that territory, without complying with the requisites of the law, and of your claim to be exempted from its operation, on account of your holding the office of Postmaster at New-Echota.

You have no doubt been informed of your dismissal from that office. That you may be under no mistake as to this matter, you are also informed that the Government of the United States does not recognize as its agents the missionaries acting under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Whatever may have been your conduct in opposing the humane policy of the general government, or exciting the Indians to oppose the jurisdiction of the state, I am still desirous of giving you and all others similarly situated, an opportunity of avoiding the punishment which will certainly follow your further residence within the state contrary to its laws. You are therefore advised to remove from the territory of Georgia, occupied by the Cherokees. Col. Sanford, the commander of the guard, will be requested to have this letter delivered to you, and to delay your arrest until you shall have had an opportunity of leaving the State.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.

GEORGE R. GILMER.

Rev. Samuel Worcester.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A comprehensive pronouncing and explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with pronouncing Vocabularies of Classical and Scripture Proper Names. By J. E. Worcester.

Mr. Worcester's former labors of a literary character have entitled him to the favorable consideration of the public, and his name will impart to almost any work that he may publish a degree of popularity. It is pretty generally known that he has labored with a flattering success in the field of lexicography—he having recently executed an Abridgement of Dr. Webster's "American Dictionary of the English Language"—and before that, had been engaged in revising and preparing for the press "Johnson's Dictionary, as improved by Todd, and abridged by Chalmers, with Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary combined." It was while executing the work last mentioned, that Mr. Worcester formed the plan of the Dictionary now before us.

In his preface, Mr. Worcester states that, in the preparation of his work, Pronunciation has been made a leading object, and has received particular attention. We have examined the dictionary in reference to this *leading object*, and we confess we cannot perceive any manifest advantages that it possesses over many of its predecessors. There is nothing objectionable in the *system of notation*, if by that phrase is intended *the marks* adopted to designate the various sounds of the letters; though even in this respect we do not perceive that it is superior to the notation of Walker, and it is much less simple than that of Jamieson. It is of little importance, however, what species of marks are adopted to signify particular sounds, provided those marks and their corresponding sounds are uniformly found together. Walker's system is good so far as it goes. Without much labor, or without adding inconveniently to the number of characters to represent the consonant sounds, the cumbrous and most objectionable part of his system—that of changing the orthography—might, in most cases, have been dispensed with. Walker is not always consistent; he does not always adhere to his own rules. The errors of this kind, however, are not numerous; and we cannot but think, since his Dictionary had become so extensively used in schools, that Mr. Worcester might have

offered a more acceptable service and contributed more essentially to the establishment of a system of correct and elegant pronunciation, had he adopted the notation of Walker instead of inventing one, which, whatever may be its merits, cannot immediately make its way to general use.

In one respect Mr. Worcester's system of pronunciation differs entirely from that of Walker, and we are sorry to say that Mr. Worcester is entirely in the wrong. He gives to the vowel *a* in the words *liar, palace, rival, abbacy*—to the *e* in *brier, fuel, celery*—to the *i* in *elixir, ruin, ability*—to the *o* in *actor, confess, felony*—and to the *u* in *sulphur, murmur*, the same sound! How a writer, who has so long made our language an object of study, and in a work, too, wherein, as he tells us, "Pronunciation has been made a leading object, and has received particular attention," should neglect to make a distinction in the sounds of these vowels—a distinction, which almost every ear, however uncultivated, will easily detect, is somewhat surprizing. This confusion of vowel sounds when vowels are not under the power of the primary accents is the most offensive of all the vulgarisms that are heard in our New-England pronunciation; but, it is pleasant to add, that it is also one of the most rare. It is not uncommon to hear, in Congress, some learned Tennessean say *sysyum* for *system*, *palus* for *palace*, *ruun* for *ruin*, *abilerty* for *ability*, &c. but such violations of orthoepy are seldom heard in the Northern States. They have been occasionally heard at Cambridge on an exhibition or a commencement day; we also hear at the same place and on the same occasions, *almar mater*, *magnar chartar*, *sawr*, *lawr*, *readin*, *sayin*, and a multitude of other *peculiarities*, equally elegant, and, doubtless, very creditable to the taste and fidelity of the professor of rhetoric and oratory. But notwithstanding the sanction of this high authority—derived from an institution so long and so justly celebrated for its attention to the purity of pronunciation and the grace of delivery, we cannot but think that Mr. Worcester has committed an unfortunate oversight, in thus jumbling together the sounds of vowels which in their nature are perfectly distinct, and which no elegant speaker or reader would ever think of confounding. Mr. Worcester does in-

deed admit, in his preface, that the sounds of the unaccented vowels, in words similar to those we have quoted, are not precisely identical; but then he declares, "If the syllables on which the primary and secondary accents fall, are correctly pronounced, the comparatively indistinct syllables will naturally be pronounced right." This, to a certain extent, may be true, and it is in the *truth* of this proposition, and in that only, that any antidote is found to the vicious pronunciation presented in his "Key." But this qualification in the preface is a very insufficient preservative of the proper sounds of these vowels. Those for whose use the Dictionary is chiefly intended will commit the Key to memory, but they will not be required to read the preface, and few of them, if they did read it, would be able to make the proper or intended discrimination, in the practical application of his rules.

Mr. Worcester has introduced into his system of notation a character to represent the sound of *a* and *e*, and their combinations with each other and with *i*, in *fane*, *fair*, *bear*, *heir*, *there*, &c. This is an improvement originally adopted by Perry in his edition of 1800. The sound is that of the short *a* in *man*, lengthened by the liquid *r* following it. It was owing to this *identity* of sound, varying only in *quantity*, probably, which induced Walker and other accomplished orthoepists to omit any separate mark representing it. The class of words, in which it is found, is so large, and the liability to mispronunciation so easy, that a distinct notation for the sound appears to be proper and even desirable. Mr. Worcester has also adopted another character denoting the same sound of *a* in *fast*, *branch*, *grasp*, &c. But this difference is also a difference in *quantity* only. With all this nicety in regard to the quantity of a sound, which varies in no other respect, and in regard to which readers can hardly fall into an erroneous pronunciation, it is to be regretted that he has been guilty of so great an error in another respect, as that towards which our preceding comments have been directed.

We have not examined Mr. Worcester's Dictionary very critically in respect to some other peculiarities, but enough so to perceive that it exhibits indications of great labor, which, like the other works of the same author, must have been directed by uncommon intelligence.

The Introductory Discourse and Lectures delivered in Boston, before the Convention of Teachers, and other Friends of Education, assembled to form the American Institute of Instruction, August, 1830.

On the 15th of March, 1830, a meeting of teachers and other friends of education was held in Boston, and continued by adjournment, from day to day, until the 19th, occupied with statements relative to the condition and wants of schools in different parts of the New-England States. It was thought that advantages would arise from future meetings of a similar kind, and from the formation of a society of teachers. A committee was accordingly chosen, to prepare a constitution for such a society, and to take measures for another meeting. The work assigned to this committee was executed; the sketch of a constitution was formed; and, that the convention, which might be assembled to take it into consideration, might be usefully employed in the intervals of business, it was determined to invite gentlemen to give lectures before the convention, upon subjects of interest to the cause of education.

This, according to the preface of the volume before us, was the origin and occasion of the discourses, which form that volume. The convention met on the 19th of August, in the Representatives' Hall, in Boston. It consisted of several hundred persons, most of them actual teachers, from eleven states in the Union. It was organized by the choice of William B. Calhoun of Springfield as chairman, and George B. Emerson and Doct. J. W. McKean of Boston as secretaries. The constitution prepared by the committee, mentioned above, was subsequently adopted. In the intervals of the discussion, thirteen Lectures were delivered, agreeably to the request of the arranging committee.

The Introductory Lecture, by President Wayland, considers, first, the object of education; and, secondly, how that object is to be accomplished. The subject is discussed in a very able manner, and the admonitions of the lecturer must have been felt by many of his audience,—as well those who teach, as those who are subjects of teaching.

On the proposition—"It is practicable to train the mind to greater skill in *discovery*," the writer remarks—

It will not be denied that some modes of thinking are better adapted to the discovery of truth than others. Those trains of thought

which follow the order of cause and effect, premises and conclusion, or, in general, what is considered the order of the understanding, are surely more likely to result in discovery than those which follow the order of the casual relations, as of time, place, resemblance and contrast, or, as it is commonly called, the order of the imagination. Discovery is the fruit of patient thought, and not of impetuous combination. Now it must be evident that mind, directed in the train of the understanding, will be a far better instrument of discovery than if under the guidance of the imagination. And it is evident that the one mode of thinking may be as well cultivated as the other, or as any mode whatsoever. And hence has arisen the mighty effect which Bacon produced upon the world. He allured men from the weaving of day-dreams to the employment of their reason. Just in proportion as we acquire skill in the use of our reason, will be the progress of truth.

Again; there can be no doubt that, in consequence of the teaching of Bacon, or, in other words, in consequence of improvement in education, the human mind has, in fact, become a vastly more skilful instrument of discovery than ever it was before. In proof of this, I do not refer merely to the fact, that more power has been gained over the agents of nature, and that they have been made to yield a greater amount of human happiness to the human race, within the last one hundred years, than for ten times that period before. This, of itself, would be sufficient to show an abundant increase of intellectual activity. I would also refer to the fact that several of the most remarkable discoveries have been made by different men at the same time. This would seem to show, that mind in the aggregate was moving forward, and that every thing with which we are now acquainted must soon have been discovered, even if it had eluded the sagacity of those who were fortunate enough to observe it. This shows that the power of discovery has already been in some degree increased by education. What has been so auspiciously begun, can surely be carried to far greater perfection.

Again; if we inquire what are those attributes of mind on which discovery mainly depends, I think we shall find them to be patient observation, acute discrimination, and cautious induction. Such were the intellectual traits of Newton, that prince of modern philosophers. Now it is evident that these attributes can be cultivated, as well as those of taste or imagination. Hence, it seems as evident that the mind may be trained to discovery, that is, that mind may be so disciplined as to be able to ascertain the particular laws of any individual substance, as that any other thing may be done.

Another proposition, on which the author comments with peculiar force, is, that the progress of all other sciences depends upon education, *as a science*. He remarks—

If this be so, it would not seem arrogant to claim for education the rank of the most important of the sciences, excepting only the science of morals. And, hence, we infer, that it presents subjects vast enough, and interests grave enough, to task the highest effort of the most gifted intellect, in the full vigor of its powers. Is it not so? If it be so, on what principle of common sense is it, that a man is considered good enough for a teacher, because he has most satisfactorily proved himself good for no one thing else? Why is it, that the utter

want of sufficient health to exercise any other profession, is frequently the only reason why a man should be thrust into this, which requires more active mental labor in the discharge of his duties, than any other profession whatsoever? Alas! it is not by teachers such as these that the intellectual power of a people is to be created. To hear a scholar say a lesson, is not to educate him. He who is not able to leave his mark upon a pupil, never ought to have one. Let it never be forgotten, that, in the thrice resplendent days of the intellectual glory of Greece, teachers were in her high places. Isocrates, Plato, Zeno, and Aristotle were, without question, stars of by very far the first magnitude, in that matchless constellation, which still surrounds with undiminished effulgence the name of the city of Minerva.

Dr. Wayland's observations upon the manner in which text-books ought to be constructed, should be daily repeated in the ears of parents, teachers, and school-committees. We make a short extract.

They should contain a clear exhibition of the subject, its limits and relations. They should be arranged after the most perfect method, so that the pupil may easily survey the subject in all its ramifications; and should be furnished with examples and questions to illustrate every principle which they contain. It should be the design of the author to make such a book as could neither be studied unless the pupil understood it, nor taught unless the instructor understood it. Such books, in every department, are, if I mistake not, very greatly needed.

If this be true, what are we to think of many of these school-books which are beginning to be very much in vogue amongst us? There first appears, perhaps, an abridgement of a scientific text book. Then, lest neither instructor nor pupil should be able to understand it, without assistance, a copious analysis of each page or chapter or section, is added in a second and improved edition. Then, lest, after all, the instructor should not know what questions should be asked, a copious list of these is added to a third and still more improved edition. The design of this sort of work seems to be to reduce all mental exercise to a mere act of the memory, and then to render the necessity even for the use of this faculty as small as may be possible. Carry the principle but a little farther, and an automaton would answer every purpose exactly as well as an instructor. Let us put away all these miserable helps, as fast as possible, I pray you. Let us never forget that the business of an instructor begins where the office of a book ends. It is the action of mind upon mind, exciting, awakening, showing by example the power of reasoning and the scope of generalization, and rendering it impossible that the pupil should not think; this is the noble and ennobling duty of an instructor.

An analysis of the several lectures in this volume would occupy more space than can here be appropriated to that purpose; and to select particular performances as subjects of peculiar approbation when all are respectable, might subject us to an imputation of invidiousness that we are sure would be misapplied. The volume, too, has been before the public for some months, and

has probably fallen under the notice of many, perhaps most of those, who take an especial interest in the cause of education. We conclude our notice with a short extract from the lecture of Professor Newman, on a practical method of teaching Rhetoric,—an extract, which recommends itself to the particular attention of the aspiring geniuses of modern days.

An erroneous impression which exists on this subject is, that the rules of rhetoric are restraints on genius, fetters to confine and limit the free action of the soaring powers of the human intellect. He who regards them must be content to "dwell in decencies forever," and never can exhibit that originality and vigor of thought and expression, which are indications of a superior mind.

I would ask those who have such views, to consider for a moment, the origin and design of these rules. So far as they are founded on conventional agreement, which is the case in respect to all rules which relate to the use of language, they must exist, and be observed, whether found in systems of rhetoric or not. They are restraints to genius no further than the use of imperfect means for the expression of the thoughts and conceptions of the mind, are restraints; and while man is compelled to use symbols for the conveyance of his thoughts, such restraints must exist.

Those rules, which belong to literary taste, rest, it is true, on a different basis, but still on one which has solidity and fixedness. They are not, as they are sometimes supposed to be, the *a priori* decisions of men, who have assumed to themselves unauthorised power. Derived as they are from those writings, which, in different ages and nations, have been objects of admiration, they are in consonance with the general feelings of men—with what is found in the constitution of the human mind. The loftiest genius, untaught, may conform to them; it cannot with impunity transgress them.

It may be further added, that the restraints, which leave room for the genius of an Irving and a Scott, will not keep down those who make the complaint we are considering, from rising to any height, to which it is safe for them to venture.

Another prejudice, which rhetoric in company with her sister branches is called to encounter, is, that she has to do with mere words,—those words which we are told are the "daughters of earth, while things are the sons of heaven." This objection to the study of rhetoric, which, indeed, is not always, or most frequently, made by those who are most familiar with these sons of heaven, has influence on many minds. There is, in fact, a feeling of pride, which is nourished by its indulgence. To answer it, however, is easy. No one asserts, that mere words, however well chosen and marshaled, however harmonious and flowing, are objects worthy the attention of thinking, reflecting men. Neither is there, on the other hand, any question, that *thoughts* alone, however valuable, would be of but little use to the world at large, without that clearness and power of expression, which it is the province of rhetoric to furnish; so that, continuing the illustration, we might ask, what would be the worth of these vaunted sons of heaven, without the daughters of earth to make them known, and adorn them?

A Sermon preached at the Annual Election, May 25, 1831, before His Excellency Levi Lincoln, Governor, and His Honor Thomas L. Winthrop, Lieutenant-Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts. By the Rev. Leonard Withington, Pastor of the Congregational church in Newbury.

The occasion, on which this discourse was delivered, was the two hundredth anniversary of the day, when our puritan forefathers assembled to choose, for their infant colony, a governor and assistants. An election of the first officers of the state, or an induction of them to office, and an organization of the legislative body, has been annually observed on the last Wednesday of May, from that to the present time. But the ancient May festival is no more. By the recent decision of the people of Massachusetts, their political year is henceforward to commence on the first Wednesday in January. Whether this alteration of the political style will break up the anniversaries of numerous religious and charitable societies, which have clustered around the last Wednesday in May, or transfer them, too, to the commencement of the civil year, is a problem which cannot be at present resolved. In either case, many of the "time-honored" recollections and associations, connected with the ancient election day, will doubtless be obliterated. But this consideration has nothing to do directly with Mr. Withington's sermon.

The discourse professes to be a "defence of the clergy of our land." Whether it be such a defence as he intended, or whether they, "as constituent members of the state," needed such a defence, are questions which every man will decide for himself. We offer no analysis of the discourse, nor any synopsis of the argument. The style of it is sententious, nervous and epigrammatic. We have never read a sermon so rich in mythological, poetical and historical illustration. We subjoin a few paragraphs, taken almost at random, as specimens of the style.

Is it best, that there should be such a profession as a Christian Ministry? This question can be answered only by asking another. Is the religion of Jesus Christ from Heaven or of men? If the religion of our fathers was false, why then its ministers are a set of useless impostors, which the sooner we remove the better it is for our land. But I have thought, that no class of men have so much reason to believe in religion as our statesmen; for there is no one science, that leads so directly to its sanctions as that of legislation. A most convinc-

ing proof of the truth of revelation might be drawn from a view of society. It is far better than the material world. The material world only shows the existence of God with some of his general attributes, such as his wisdom and power; but the political world is an *actual* specimen of the operation of his laws. What is the Bible but the unfolding of a great government, showing the necessity of laws to the welfare of the universe,—acting on the hopes and fears of men by punishments and rewards, seating the great law-giver on his throne; and pointing us to that final court of justice where we must all be tried? Religion is but an extension of that very science in which every statesman is engaged. It is the *perfection* of those principles which you are debating in your halls of legislation and courts of justice every day. The only difference is, God refines on these principles and applies them to the heart. In this science you may pick up a thousand illustrations and a thousand proofs to support the truths of revelation. The gospel is based on the depravity of man. It is a remedial system to lead him from his fallen state to immortal glory. And who has more proofs of the depravity of man than the statesman? Who should feel more the need of this refining power? In settling the question of human depravity or in forming a right conception of how that depravity operates, I would give more for the observation of some experienced statesman, like Sir Robert Walpole, than for the theories of all the metaphysicians that ever wrote. Politicians, too, more than any other men, have felt the necessity of some greater sanctions than this world could supply to support their laws. This gave rise to many false religions. They found that the duncheon and the rack were not sufficient to awe man to his duty without a belief in the inviolable world. In that masterly performance, BUTLER'S ANALOGY, a train of reasoning, which it seems to me no man can understand and be an infidel, more illustrations are drawn from political life than perhaps from any other source. The truth is—this life is a specimen of the government of God; it is an outline, which revelation fills up; and as a poet says, that the *undermost astronomer is mad*, so it seems to me, that the politician, who rejects revelation, can hardly understand his profession. The exigencies of life prove the reality of the Gospel.

Religion is so congenial to our moral apprehension; so rooted and grounded on the most rational hopes and fears of the human heart, that to exterminate it is like denying some of the permanent affections of the soul. Slay it in one age, and it will revive in the next. Still it is true, that its success in a great degree depends on the character of its official defenders. They embody it in their example; they bring it down from its abstractions, and present it, in its most glowing colors, to the living world. So convinced were our ancestors of the truth of this remark, that they carried their respect for the clergy to the highest point. The magistrate and the preacher were in fellowship; they constantly played into each other's hand: and they both felt, that, while religion would be a wild principle, in the majority without laws; that laws, also, could not be supported without the additional sanctions of religion.

Such were the views of our fathers, right or wrong. But times are changed. It needs but a superficial view of the state of opinion to see that clergymen are falling fast, very fast, into neglect. Instead of that deep marked respect, which allowed and even invited an interference in concerns purely civil, a clergyman now

is hardly allowed to exercise his own functions; and, if the process should go on, we are in some danger of being shuffled out of our social existence. Human opinions always tend to extremes; the tide that flows in on the periges and the full, and fills every creek and channel with its waters, is apt to roll out as largely, and leave the flats and the sea-grass exposed to the sun. In our profession we are now paying the penalty of that superstitious reverence, which was once paid to our order by the fathers of New-England. When a large body of men are flattered and cherished excessively, there will be some individuals who will use their influence imprudently. This cannot appear surprising to one who knows human nature. All large bodies of men will have some weak individuals among them. Such men, when they see a crowd around them, cringing and worshipping, will give themselves airs of importance. They will be affected, as Alexander was by the music of Timotheus.

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

These stories are diligently told; they are considered as certain proofs of clerical domination; and I know not how it is, but so it is—the world is much more disposed to make all answerable for the faults of one in our profession, than in any other. If a merchant fails in a fraudulent bankruptcy, no body supposes that any logic will prove, from these premises, that all merchants are cheats. But if a preacher departs from the simplicity of his character—"See," they say, "the priests of all religions are the same, and all priests are alike." It would seem, from some conclusions that we hear, that nature lost her variety by enuring the sacred office; that the moment a man put on a black coat, his identity was merged in the whole class, who wear black. In this way, not only the faults of the fathers are visited on the children; but the faults of every weak man, and every bad man, are visited on the whole profession; and thus the poor clergyman goes down—down into that low valley where he needs all his humility to give sweetness to its repose.

After an allusion to the extraordinary reverence paid to the clergy in the earlier periods of our history, and a statement of some circumstances to justify the setting of ministers so high in the affections of our fathers, the author says—

But you will ask—is this representation just; The very first preachers in the colony might have been mortified and self-denying men. But did there not follow a very different class? Men who step into the influence which others had acquired; of a sour aristocratic character. We remember some, you will say, who seemed to rule with the rigor of a Romish priesthood. We remember when the prelate of the parish used to stalk round, with his awful white wig—and his visage screwed into a formal sanctity—infusing terrors into all the children he met. We remember the servile bows which we paid him and the gloomy terrors that he infused into our hearts. He was in fact the little Pope of his scanty dominion; and he exacted and received the triple crown. I wish not, my hearers, to defend any thing that is wrong; I see that manners are changed; and that much of that aristocratic trapping which distinguished the gentlemen of the last age has disappeared.

We are now becoming republicans in fashions as well as in laws. If the clergy of the last age were austere and too fond of influence, I am sorry for the mistake. But I beseech you to be equal in your judgement. Were not other classes in the same error? We had laid aside monarchy, but some of its tassels and fringes remained. We had bound the strong man; and turned him out of the house; but some of his furniture was left unspoiled. It is to be wished that even now our manners were a little more republican; that the rich and the poor would not live at such a dangerous distance; for, depend on it, in order to be good republicans you must be so throughout; to lead the people you must mix with the people; you must pour yourself into society; for liberty cannot last when it is assailed by a system of manners wholly contrary to its spirit. The clergy it is true partook of the general error. They had their faults. They put too much powder on their wigs. They wore large shoe-buckles; and I heartily wish they had been a little more familiar and condescending. But surely the inveterate errors of an age and a profession are not the greatest crimes. We slide into them before we are aware of it; and as to their wigs, I think I have seen some tremendous wigs on the heads of laymen; and I am not sure that they covered up any more brains.

There is a good deal of truth and pathos in the following descriptive paragraph.

It is the lot of a minister in our country, generally, to live on a poor salary; to be engaged in obscure duties; to walk his narrow round without encouragement or applause. He must meet all the dangers of a tumultuous and fluctuating parish; must declare truth, which men do not relish, and reconcile tempers in which there is no conformity. He must visit all; must sympathize with all. He must go into every cottage and hear the doleful tales of poverty and distress, and often go, to increase his task, without any means of relief; he must stand by every sick bed, and watch the glazing eyes and hear the expiring groan. He must go to every house of mourning; every creature in distress has a tax on his sympathy. Finally, when age has worn out his power, such is the precarious nature of modern settlements, he must be dismissed without any provision for the decline of life; without bread for support, or a shelter for his dying head.

The following extract is an appropriate reflection, following an allusion to the quarrels of Fox and Burke, Hamilton and Burr.

The world scarcely presents a sight more humbling than a great man with great errors. A high station marred and corrupted by the same little vices that disgrace the meanest of our race. We look up to such a man as to a burning mountain, exalted on high, to pour out his fiery streams; and to be a more conspicuous spectacle of convulsion and disgrace. All eyes behold him; all hearts feel his shame. Such sights abate that envy which is incited by high stations; and lead us to conclude, with revelation, that *vanity in his best estate man is altogether vanity*.

Let all who are disposed to radicalism read and consider the following.

Government, my hearers, is a restraint on human passions; and in this respect it bears a close affinity to religion. In both cases it is

implied that something of private gratification is to be resigned to the general good. That liberty which appears so glorious in declamation—the very name of which has called forth such exertions, and kindled such raptures in a thousand breasts, is one of the maddest principles imaginable, when carried to what might seem to be its theoretic perfection. In this state it exists only among savages; it roams with the Arab over his sandy deserts, and follows the inhabitant of Afghanistan to his rocky mountains. It is passion let loose to prey on human happiness. It is well described in holy writ, when it is said, *in those days there was no king in Israel, and every man did what was right in his own eyes*. It is a rank, luxurious soil, untamed and uncultivated, where the richest plants and the vilest weeds grow up in the same green abundance; where you see the wheat blade and the apple-tree, mixed in with the Canada thistle, the dog-grass and the deadly nightshade; and however productive this state may be of real miseries, it has its charms for those who are accustomed to it. Government, like religion, is a surrender of some immediate gratification for some sober and lasting good. In order, then, to tame man to his restraints, you want the cooperation of every salutary principle that can make him a thinking being and bear on his voluntary powers. You must address his conscience, his interest, his reason; you must call up futurity to his view, and teach him that when he resigns his passions' food, his loss is infinite gain. So reluctant is the heart to submit to restraints, that every inducement must be brought up before it; they must be repeated; line must be given upon line and precept on precept. Sometimes you must draw your motives from a sense of honor; sometimes from a sense of interest; sometimes from a sense of virtue, and sometimes from religion;—and all these will be too weak unless enforced by time. Leave out one of the great inducements, and you impede the progress of man towards his political perfection. Just look back to history, and see what an expense of time and means there has been to make man (and very imperfectly too) a civil being.

The prominent sentiment in the following extract, which is the last we shall take from the discourse, is one which has recently grown popular in New-England, and has been advocated by some of the best statesmen. It is probable, that, before many years, there will be no law in existence giving a compulsory maintenance to the clergy.

My respected hearers, I have endeavored to speak for my own profession; and perhaps you will now ask me, What does your order want? Do they wish the legislature to pass a law for their legal support and establish a state church? No, by no means. If you ask us what you shall do for us, we answer you, as the merchants of France did Louis XIV. when he asked them what he should do for commerce—*let us alone*. We wish for your personal esteem but not for your legal protection. We do not even ask for the present feeble support of religious worship which now blots your statute book. If religion cannot support itself, and must sink, we will sink with it. But O! do not personally trifle with what God holds sacred; do not treat us and our cause with the sneer of cold contempt—do not forget all the service that religion has done for your country; do not forget the past glory of New England; do not trample on the cross of Christ.

An Address to the Members of the Bar of Worcester County, Massachusetts, October 2, 1829. By Joseph Willard.

In this very well written and accurate performance (which is none the worse for consisting of 140 octavo pages,) the author has gone as thoroughly as was consistent with the interest of the occasion—and not more so—into the early history of the Worcester Bar, and the lives and characters of the great men who have practiced in that Court. Among these were John Read, Richard and Francis Dana, Trowbridge, Oxenbridge Thacher, Jonathan Sewall, John Adams, Abel Strong, James Putnam, Daniel Bliss, the Spragues, Lincolns, and many others. He also gives some account at large, of the progress and character of the profession, replies to the aspersions which have been cast upon it, and enlarges upon the qualifications necessary to eminence in it. Passing some of these weightier matters, we find the following passage.

Suffolk is coeval with the colony, and Middlesex was established nineteen years afterwards. They belong to those simple days of old, when heresy was punished with banishment and stubbornness in children, cursing or smiting parents, idolatry, blasphemy, consulting with a familiar spirit, &c. were capital offences. When the title of Mr. was honorable, and Josias Plinistowe, for petty larceny, was, with other punishment, sentenced to be called Josias, and not Mr. Josias as he used to be; when sergeant Perkins was ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort for being drunk; when Daniel Clark was fined forty shillings for being an immoderate drinker, and John Wedgwood was set in the stocks, for being in the company of drunkards; when Henry Felch was fined and admonished for his rash speaking, and Captain Lovel was admonished to take heed of light carriage, and Edward Palmer for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence for the wood work of Boston stocks, was fined and set in the stocks of his own making; and when for mean men to "wear gold or silver lace, or buttons, or points at their knees, or to walk in great boots, or women of the same rank to wear silk or tyffany hoods or scarfs," was visited with a severe penalty.

We give a specimen of Mr. Willard's method of illustrating and enlivening his subject.

Let us imitate the example of illustrious predecessors;—of Coke in his industry, who "thanked God that he never gave his body to physic, his heart to cruelty, nor his hand to corruption";—of Hale, the proudest because the purest name in English history; "of unblemished integrity and uprightness in every character of life,—of generous frankness and open sincerity in conversation, of unalterable adherence in all stations to the principles of civil and religious liberty, accompanied with a serious regard to true piety;"—and, in the words of Baxter, "that unwearied student,

that prudent man, that solid philosopher, that famous lawyer, that pillar and basis of justice, who would not have done an unjust act for any worldly price or motive; the ornament of his majesty's government, and honor of England, the highest faculty of the soul of Westminster Hall, and pattern to all the reverend and honorable judges; that godly, serious, and practical Christian, the lover of goodness and all good men, a lamenter of the clergy's selfishness, and unfaithfulness, and discord." Let us imitate the example of Selden, Clarendon, Holt, Hardwicke, Nottingham, Mansfield, Thurlow, Sir William Jones, and the host of worthies, the lights of Westminster Hall;—and of our own numerous distinguished men in the profession, who have done so much for themselves and the country; and dwell upon the recollection of the gifted jurists who aided in the cause of our Revolution, and in the establishment of our frame of government,—of Hawley, James Otis, Adams, Quincy, Ellsworth, Hamilton, Jay, Wythe, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Raddolph, Henry, Parsons, Gore, Ames, Dexter, King, and as the eye traces backward the course of time, and we see their venerable forms passing in review before us, like the Trojan hero we would exclaim—

"———Manibus date lilia plenis;
Purpureo spargam flores."

It was men of this cast, who in stormy periods girded on the armor, and subdued might to the empire of justice. They were of that popular cast in the profession, answering the description of James, the *pedant* and *king*, who when the twelve judges were brought before him in the case of the commendams declared, "that ever since his coming to the crown, the popular sort of lawyers had been the men that most affrontedly had trodden upon his prerogative."

There are more interesting facts relative to the legal profession, in this pamphlet, than in any thing of the kind we have met with. The whole number of lawyers in the United States is set down at 9000; in Massachusetts 600 (two years since.) The new law list in England is stated to contain the names of 1036 barristers, 138 counsel under the Bar, &c. This is exclusive of the London attorneys, estimated at about 9000, and in the country at 2667. The grand total is 12,896.

The Triumphs of Faith; a Poem, delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society in the Theological Seminary, Andover, September 21, 1830. By the Rev. Daniel Huntington.

The writer of this poem is a clergyman of the sect of orthodox congregationalists. As might be expected, the character of the religious sentiments which it illustrates and enforces partakes of the peculiarities of Calvinism. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and, though there are many prosaic lines, and a few phrases which indicate inadvertence or haste in the composition, the versification is uniformly

smooth, exact, and agreeable. The opening stanzas are spirited.

This is a glorious world ; earth, sea and sky
With beauty's bright and various forms replete :
Above, beneath, around, the raptur'd eye
Wide scenes of loveliness and grandeur greet.
Each gentle breath of Spring wafts odors sweet ;—
Summer's fair promise Autumn's gifts perform :—
E'en in stern Winter's reign what blessings meet,
To cheer the heart, the social breast to warm,
And bid us hail the months of darkness and of storm !

Nor yet for Man alone this rich domain :—
Worlds wubles worlds the Maker's kindness share.
Tall herds majestic crop the verdant plain,
While insect millions viewless dance in air :—
The feather'd tribes, through regions bright and fair,
In mirth and melody, delighted rove :—
E'en Ocean's depths proclaim the bounteous care
Of Him, whose nature and whose name is Love :—
Life breathes in ev'ry gale, and sings in every grove !

Yet oh ! some blight hath fall'n on this fair scene,
Since He who spread it forth his work survey'd,
And,—while the morning stars, in glory shone,
Shouted for joy to view the orbs he made,—
Precocious'd ruin gain'd ground. A dark and dismal shade
Hangs o'er the realms of beauty and of bliss :—
Else why do sounds of woe my ear invade ?
What means the lion's roar, the serpent's hiss :—
Whence terror, pain and death, in such a world as this ?

The following apostrophic stanzas afford a fair specimen of the style—

O precious Book, these wonders that records,
By God's own arm for man's salvation wrought !
What cheering light each sacred leaf affords ;
What lofty themes of soul entrancing thought !
Here tastes the immortal mind the food she sought
In vain through Academies' lofty grove :—
Fruit from the Tree of Life unfading brought,
And sparkling cups, fill'd at the Fount above,
To swell the breast with joy,—to melt the heart with love !

Thou peerless Volume of Eternal Truth !
Each beaming page induct with life divine !
Our faithful guide through all the mazes of youth :—
Our firm support when nature's pow'r declines !
O who thy heav'nly dictates would resign,
For proud Philosophy's deceitful lore !
While Heaven's own Day-star sheds its light benign,
O who would choose with doubtful step to pore,
By Reason's glimm'ring lamp, earth's darken'd mazes o'er !

Sure word of prophecy ! 'tis thou alone
Can'st joy and peace to guilty man impart ;
Bring pardon down from God's insulted throne,
And soothe the anguish of a broken heart.
When, deeply rankling, sin's venom'd'd dart
Sprews a dire disease through all the trembling frame,
'Tis thine with Gilead's balm to ease the smart ;
Th' expiring victim's pining life reclaim,
And wake his lips to praise the great Physician's name.

O wondrous charm of Faith !—of things unseen
The proof and substance :—to her piercing eye,
The land of promise, deck'd in living green,
Displays its beauties 'neath a cloudless sky.
She bids the mists of doubt and darkness fly,
That brood so dense o'er Jordan's chilling wave :—
The fainting pilgrim's heart with hope beats high,—
His footsteps firm the threat'ning torrent brave,
And shout his pallid lips, Immanuel's power to save !

* * * * *
Mysterious energy of truth believ'd,
The soul to sublimiate—exalts—refine !
While things no eye had seen, no heart conceiv'd,
To Faith reveal'd, in cloudless glory shine.
Earth's fairest prospects fade,—her joys decline,
While, as on eagle wing, the spirit soars
To realms of light and beauty all divine,
Where He whom heav'n's enraptur'd throng adores,—
The sun that never sets—his flood of splendor pours.

After a recapitulation of some of the most prominent effects of Faith recorded in the scriptures, and contrasting them with the trophies of Philosophy, the Poet thus announces his choice of "the better part."

And is this all Philosophy can show,
To claim our homage at her lofty shrine ?
Is it for this she calls us to forego
The peace, the hope, the joy of Faith divine ?
Our noble birthright shall we thus resign,
To live like beasts or insects of a day ?
Like the poor worm our little shroud to twine,
Then spread ephem'ral wings and flit away,
To meet no future morn, with life restoring ray !

If this be Goshen, give me Egypt's gloom !
I dream of pleasure :—wake me not to woe !
If I have nought—am nought, beyond the tomb,
Ah what avails the dismal truth to know !
In error's vale if fruits and flowers grow,
While science' heights in icy splendor rise,
Still let me keep my humble path below,
And taste the harmless pleasures that I prize,
Nor tempt those slippery steepes and chilling ayes : }
"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

What light can cheer the skeptic's evening hour,
While deep'ning shades of eternal night portend ?—
When luxury, wealth and fame have lost their pow'r
Their fond and faithful vot'ry to defend ?
E'en intellectual pleasures here must end,
Each lofty thought and gen'rous sympathy :—
While mists of darkness palpable descend
On that cold bed, where all the man must lie :—
Where love, and joy, and hope, forever—ever die !

Not the wild red-man finds so dark a grave ;
But firm in legendary faith, he goes,
In brighter realms beyond the western wave,
To hail his sires and triumph o'er his foes :—
With tireless limbs to chase the bounding roes :—
Hold lofty converse round the council-fires :—
Or in sweet bow'ns to revel or repose :—
Mid all the joys his simple heart requires.
Hope lights his closing eye, and he in hope expires.

Readers, whose religious sentiments accord with those of Mr. Huntington, will find in this short poem much to admire, and all must admit that his powers of versification are sufficient to enable him to present common sentiments and well-known historical incidents in an attractive form.

A Lecture, read before the Worcester Lyceum, March 30, 1831. By Emory Washburn.

The writer's design, in this short but excellent lecture, is much the same with that of Mr. Everett's well-known discourse, to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association. It is to examine the grounds of complaints, sometimes heard, relative to divisions, which are said to exist in society ; to endeavor to allay jealousies upon this subject ; and to show how far the tendency of Lyceums in this respect may be favorable. It appears to us, that, by a good deal of sound matter-of-fact argument, Mr. Washburn has completely effected these purposes ; and that he arrives fairly at his conclusion that "there are no other than *personal* claims to respect recognized by our citizens." In other words, there is no acknowledged aristocracy among us, but the aristocracy of talent and merit.

In support of this position, the lecturer relies upon the history and condition of society in the old world, as showing the supposed distinction of grades to be necessarily founded upon

the ignorance of the people, and necessarily incompatible with the diffusion of knowledge. He then appeals, minutely and effectually, to facts by which we are surrounded, and with which our history is full. All the colonies were settled, mainly, by men of the middle or the humble classes. Every trace of aristocracy was done away by the Revolution; and every possibility of the revival of it, by the constitution of the Union. It could be founded, in fact, only upon the entailed accumulation of wealth, and this he has shown is impossible.

An Address delivered at Northampton, before the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Agricultural Society, October 27, 1830. By Samuel C. Allen.

This address, delivered at Northampton before the Agricultural Society, is substantially a treatise on Political Economy. A good deal is said of the distinctions between the productive and unproductive classes, and the origin and effects of that distinction. As connected with the interest of the former class, and especially of the agricultural part of it, much is also said, though in small space, of the currency, corporate and joint funds, mortgages, the rate of interest, taxes and credit. With respect to most if not all of these things, Mr. Allen believes that salutary changes might be effected by provisions of law.

In support of this opinion he has certainly advanced a very respectable array of argument and illustrations. As might be expected, however, from a discussion of such and so many subjects in the compass of thirty open pages, he has not avoided entirely the almost universal fault of writers upon these subjects. His order of battle is sometimes embarrassed by its compactness, and he moves forward too fast not to leave certain positions in his rear, undefended, if not indefensible, however contrary to the rules of war or of logic. His readers will study out the difficult passages, and will find their account in it; but some of his *hearers* might have ejaculated, as the Edinburgh market-woman did of Adam Smith—"Heh, sirs!—and he is well put on, too!"—expressing her surprise that a daft man dressed so much like a gentleman, should be suffered to walk abroad. To such base reputation are your close reasoners liable!

But, notwithstanding inadvertencies, we like this address generally so well, that if our limits allowed, we should

quote the greater part of it. In particular, the remarks upon credit, the common practice of mortgaging land, the interest paid upon such mortgages, are as clear and conclusive as they are important.

The Dutchman's Fireside. A Tale by the author of "Letters from the South," "John Bull in America," "The Backwoodsman," &c. &c.

Although the author has not given them a place in his title page, we may add to the list of his productions, the names of two very amusing works, "Koningsmarke," and the "New Mirror for Travelers." The book before us bears the characteristic marks of the author. The story is well told, although there are some inelegancies in language, which, as the printer might have corrected them, the author should not be excused for allowing them to pass. The incidents are not altogether unnatural. The episodes are arranged with a proper view to the unity of the story. The dialogue is often spirited, and never very tame. The whole abounds with that quaint, dry humor, rather than wit, in which the author's works are unrivalled. It is, of course, the business of the hero and his predestined mate, to love, to doubt, and to quarrel, to languish, to pine away, to become about ready for a knock at Death's door, then to question the cause of their estrangement, to make mutual advances, to recover a Dutch rotundity of corporation, and finally, to end the book with a marriage supper. All this Sybrandt and Catalina (romantic cognomens) do with the best intentions towards each other, with the most pertinacious and novel-like proclivity to misunderstandings, and certainly show themselves to be the most unreasonably fantastical pair of turtle-doves, that a reasonable reader would desire to follow. It would not be safe, however, to assert that there never was such folly—for there is an exceedingly numerous class of silly boys and girls.

It is one of the author's merits that the machinery of his Tales is not involved or complex. It may, perhaps, argue a want of inventive power, but it subtracts nothing from the interest of his works, that they do not abound in supernumerary characters. He has but just enough for the purposes of the drama, a consequent advantage of which is that it does not trouble his ingenuity to dispose of them at the close of the volume. But although few in number, the individual characters of the present

story are by no means strongly or even well marked. The two principals, to whom the others are intended to be attributes, while they show us that the author has studied the inconsistencies of poor human nature, are but imperfect and unfinished delineations. The best drawn of all who figure by "The Dutchman's Fireside," is a little old Dutchman, partaking of the characters of Marplot and Rip Van Winkle, a busy-body, and an unwearied sleeper, whom the author, humorously enough, denominates 'Ariel.' He seems to have partaken of the author's affections, and his attention in a peculiar degree, and he is a distinct conception, palpably embodied.

We turn from this with the same impression which all the author's works have left, that with more care and attention he might do infinitely better for his own literary reputation, and for that of the country, by producing something worth putting aside for a second perusal.

The best parts of our author's work are the digressions, wherein he drops the novelist and speaks for the author. The one annexed is selected, almost by accident, as a specimen of the amusing character of the pages. It is in the best manner of the author. Catalina, the heroine, having flirted with others until she quarreled with her lover, and drove him away in a fit of jealousy, became suddenly repentant, and in this mood took passage at New-York, for her father's residence, in one of the Albany packets.

The vessel proceeded prosperously before the sweet south winds, but, sad to say, was four days on her passage. What a loss of time! for people that have nothing to do especially. Had our heroine been fortunately born in this age of development—even in this behindhand hemisphere—she might have been home in twelve hours! But if she had been still more distinguished by Providence, and been born, not only in this happy age, but in such a happy country as old England, she might peradventure have travelled to Albany on a railroad at the rate of sixty miles an hour! What a prodigious saving of time! and if the business of young ladies consisted in saving of time, what a prodigious advantage in this rapid traveling!—I beg pardon, the march of improvement has ordained I should should say locomotion—she might have arrived at home in less than three hours!

"Well, sir, and what if she had?"

Why, sir, she would have saved such a prodigious deal of time! she would have got home three days sooner to her friends.

"And missed the anticipation of seeing them all that time!"

Pooh! what is anticipation compared to the reality?

"Ask any old lady or gentlemen you meet, and they will tell you."

My dear sir, then the short and the long of the matter is, you don't think fast traveling an improvement!

"Faith, not I. I believe if the happiness, or the interests, or the superiority of men had in any way depended on fast traveling, Providence would have made a race-horse of him, or furnished his honor with a pair of eagle's wings."

My good sir, you are a century behind the spirit of the age.

"Never mind; one of these days I shall get into a locomotive engine and overtake it."

Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827. By Andrew Bigelow, Author of *Leaves from a Journal in North-Britain and Ireland.*

This volume has been before the public so many weeks that a notice at this time may be deemed out of place; and we hope that it has met with sufficient attention to render such late commendation unnecessary. (It is not too late, however, to remark, that, although somewhat imposing in size, it is an excellent work, and a valuable addition to the family library; filled with interesting details respecting countries but little known, and abounding in useful and philosophical reflections.) Being a minute observer, and possessing the faculty—by no means too common—of describing what he thinks worthy of attention in a simple and unaffected manner, Mr. Bigelow certainly travels for the good of others, if he derives no personal benefit from his peregrinations. The work, however, bears internal evidence of the learned scholar, which we esteem it an advantage to enjoy without being annoyed by the pedant. And in addition to other considerations, Mr. Bigelow, in his admiration of the old world, does not forget that he is a citizen of the new. He holds it to be one of the greatest benefits which an American derives from foreign travel, that he is enabled to compare the country of his birth, in its youth, strength, and beauty, its moral, political, and social privileges, with the profligacy, corruption and tyranny, the depressed people and the tottering governments of the European continent, and to perceive the great pre-eminence of the former. We presume that Mr. Bigelow had not in his mind any thought of the useful application which might be made of his remarks upon this subject; but we think they convey sentiments worthy the attention of many thoughtless young men, who visit Europe to finish an education which seeks for more than can be found in our comparatively provincial cities, and who return—unlike the prodigal son—intoxicated with the pleasures, deluded by the fopperies, filled

with the glories, of all that is foreign ; depraved in taste, affected in manners ; and (although wilfully so,) as incapable of appreciating, as they are unwilling to acknowledge, the advantages and blessings of residing in America. There are too many of these untraveled travelers in our country ; men who see without thinking, and hear without comprehending ; whose organ of comparison is found alternately at the extremity of the legs or the extremity of the œsophagus, as they transfer themselves from the saloon or masquerade to the restaurateurs ; men—soplings rather, whose vanity induces them to suppose that their

“ I’ve seen, and sure I ought to know,”

is or ought to be sufficient to introduce new modes of thought, to elevate new standards, to improve the fashion of our morals, and to change the whole face of society, into something more affected, senseless, pernicious and European. (It is to be regretted that so few who are able to travel, are competent to instruct us ; but it is only occasionally, and often, as in the present case, from the toilsome labors of the invalid, that we derive amusement. We are therefore under different and stronger obligations to them.)

A short extract from Mr. Bigelow’s book, rather as a specimen of his style than an interesting incident, is all our limits allow. It will undoubtedly recall Sterne’s story of the poor monk, to whom that author was predetermined not to give a single sous, and is analogous in the very particulars, which have made that story so affecting and so well known.

Sitting alone yesterday afternoon, rummaging among my portmanteaus, I had just come to a little object, the sight of which carried me away in fancy far from Catania to one blessed spot ever green in my memory,—when suddenly I was startled from my employment and musings by a gentle tap upon the door. I delayed responding, in order to gather up some of the loose articles about me and fling them into a trunk, but it mattered not :—the door opened, and the figure of a monk darkened the passage. It was a Franciscan come to ask alms. Without rising to bid him welcome, I said in my heart—and I verily believe my lips muttered the English—“ A plague take you, and away.” But English was not his mother tongue, and as for a retreat so early, it by no means suited his convenience. Walking across the room, not timidly but respectfully, and with a smile on his face,—itself not unpleasing,—which would have disarmed anger, he drew from a clean white sack which he carried, two beautiful oranges,—their stems and leaves perfectly fresh,—and presented them to me. Thinking that he only offered them as samples, desiring me to purchase some, as I saw others in the

sack, I returned them to him, dropping them myself into his bag, and at the same time pointing to a plate of oranges then standing on a table in my room. This disconcerted him. I perceived he felt hurt ; for I had mistaken his intentions. This produced a reaction in me. I also felt hurt, that he should think I designedly had offered a slight which could be construed into an insult. So without further ado, my hand went into my pocket and brought forth a piece of silver which I dropt into his sack. “ Grazie Signor,” was then repeated several times by him, and he began to talk freely and rapidly. His pronunciation was peculiar, and much of what he said I could not instantly comprehend. But what with repetition, and the help of signs, at which he was a great adept, what with my modicum of Sicilian, and a little Latin brought in on a pinch, we got along, *assez bien*. The sum of his story was this :

He was a monk of St. Francis, as I have premised. He and all his brethren, he continued, only subsisted on precarious alms ;—(at another time I should have said, “ and the more shame for them.”)—“ We must be poor,” added the monk ; “ we cannot lay up wealth. Look at my coarse garb,”—holding up at the same time his loose sleeve fretted quite away at the wrists,—a sort of dark brown linsey-woolsey ;—“ look at my beads, not gold, not amber, not even glass, but burnt clay. Look at my crucifix,”—a painted wooden one suspended, like his rosary, from a cord girdle,—“ can a cheaper one be had ? See my face, sunburnt by daily exposure,—only this poor cowl for a covering to my head,—a covering, too, which I never use but in worst inclemencies of the weather. We have some little fruit in the garden of our humble convent, but we give it all away. I brought a specimen for the gentleman. Will he not accept it ? Will he not deign to receive one orange from the gardens of St. Francis ?” He then applied his hand once more to his sack and drew out the largest, which, as I no longer was disposed to decline his civility, he laid with great complacency before me. In short, he completely stole upon my likings ; and as for myself, I contrived, at a very cheap rate, to gain his respect by saying early in the conversation, that he and his order could emphatically apply that clause in the Lord’s prayer,—“ panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.” In his simplicity, he expressed surprise that a protestant should be conversant with the Pater Noster of the Catholics, and could quote from it correctly ; but, continuing the conversation,—“ Yes,” said he, “ I with my brethren am bound to repeat, Give us our daily bread. Hitherto, our bountiful Father has heard us, and he will continue to hear, and to provide for his children.”

Every monk I have yet met with loves snuff. It is to him what opium is to a Turk. A box was lying by me filled with choice “ Tunisian.” I rose and handed it to my guest for a pinch. A basket of fine fresh raisins was standing near, and I emptied the whole into his bag, with the rest of the dessert which had been left upon my table. And what was more, I invited him in good faith to come again, and he should fare better. This was followed on his side with many thanks, and a reiterated invitation that I would visit the convent of St. Francis, and see its rare-shows, and eat of the oranges of its gardens. I even left my room to follow the good-hearted monk down stairs, but he positively refused to descend unless I desisted from this civility.—So we parted with the best of feelings, despite of my theoretic reprobation of popery and all its baleful suckers.

American Common-Place Book of Poetry; with occasional Notes, by George B. Cheever.

The compiler of this volume has himself written a few respectable pieces of poetry; but he is best known to the public by his Common-Place Book of Prose. The present work is upon a similar plan, and, though there are certain small faults in it, it will probably be as popular as the other. At all events, it will answer a convenient purpose for some years; and at the end of that period—when the stars of sundry of the literati who figure in it, may have set, and others shall have risen—it will be a useful book of reference in the compilation of a fresh volume. Quantities of dust will be found in it then, we opine, with many an old and mouldering bone; but there will be fossils also of distinct shape, and unquestionably a number of specimens in entire preservation.

Among the latter class, without invidiously entering into *minutiae*, we shall find remnants of Bryant, Hillhouse, Halleck, Dana, Pierpont, and a few others. It should not be forgotten of these, we think, that they have won their reputation not so much by writing more of good matter than their competitors, as by writing, or perhaps publishing, less of indifferent and inferior. They have suppressed superfluities, both in style and in quantity, which otherwise would have been suppressed for them. This is the merit of judgment; Genius, wherever it exists, so far as it exists, must be the life of the residuum.

The extracts from the writers just named form a considerable part of the Common-Place Book. Another portion is occupied by liberal specimens of Brainard, Percival, Willis, Peabody, Sigourney, Wilcox, Whittier, and others less voluminous, and of fame rather less extended. It is certainly characteristic of some of this class who have written well, very well, that they have also written ill, very ill. They have written too much, too fluently, on poor subjects and at wrong times. Mrs. Sigourney, whose reputation will not be jeopardized by a fair comment, is most decidedly of this number. Charon may cheerfully take charge of her gold, but the dross he will most assuredly deposite, with that of

divers other fund-holders, in the bed of the unmentionable river.

In addition to these writers—whom we have classified by a principle rather artificial than essential—are the names of some thirty or forty more, with but two or three pieces attached to each, and also a mass of anonymous matter, taken chiefly from the periodicals. We observe that for fourteen pieces of Wilcox, and nearly twenty of Brainard, Mr. Cheever has given but one of Grenville Mellen, two of Sprague, and so of some others, who have certainly made good poetry, if not a good deal. We might say that the slight extracts, which are given in these cases, are not the most creditable to the authors—but that would be mere opinion. It may be less questionable, perhaps, whether some poets—so called, at least—have not been altogether forgotten. There is an exquisite piece of Simms, *To the Lost Pleiad*, universally and deservedly admired; Ward's *Lyre*; perhaps some morceaux of Frederick Mellen, Morris, Wetmore, Brooks, Snelling, Cutter, Norna, Montgarnier, and others, which might have been substituted for certain pieces, without detriment. But it may be that the two poems of Cutter, which are inserted as anonymous, were thought sufficient; and as to the others, *nil disputandum* is a motto with us always in July. On this principle we shall omit to specify the articles which we suppose Mr. Cheever must have admitted on the chief, if not the sole, recommendation of their "moral character." His poetry shows him a man of too much taste to defend these inadvertencies, provided they were proved. Amongst other inadvertencies, we observe that a hymn by Pierpont is twice inserted, and that there is a sonnet by Charlotte Smith, which the compiler would not, knowingly, have inserted as of American origin. We have mentioned articles not accredited to the writers of them. We shall not trouble ourselves to finish this list, especially as the said writers might not even thank us for it. We shall mention however, the excellent piece *To a Child*, which was written by Peabody, a Bowdoin graduate of 1827; and Longfellow's very fine description of *Sunrise on the Hills*. The book, on the whole, is a good one.

MISCELLANIES.

MICHIGAN. The publication of a series of numbers, embodying historical and geographical notices of Michigan Territory, has been commenced in the *Detroit Courier*. The first number gives the annexed account. Michigan Proper lies between 41 deg. 38 min. 58 sec. and 46 deg. 15 min. north lat.; and between 82 deg. 15 min. and 87 deg. 50 min. west lon. from Greenwich. It is bounded south and east by Ohio and Indiana; and west by a line running northerly along the middle of lake Michigan to Big Beaver Island, and thence due north to the national boundary in lake Superior. The territory comprehended within the above limits, contains about 60,500 square miles, a third of which, probably, is covered with water. It is composed principally of two peninsulas—the larger one being the peninsula of Michigan, so called, bounded east by lakes Erie, St. Clair and Huron; west by lake Michigan; containing about 36,000 square miles. The smaller one, bounded south by the straits of Michillimackinac; east by the river St. Mary; north by lake Superior; containing about two thousand square miles. The length of Peninsular Michigan, from north to south, is about two hundred and eighty miles; breadth, from east to west, one hundred and eighty or two hundred. The jurisdiction of Michigan territory extends over all of the territory of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Illinois.

The first regular settlements were made in the beginning of the last century. The Jesuits planted the standard of the cross on the site of this city in 1620, the year in which the Puritans landed at Plymouth, in New-England; but then the missionaries of that order and a few traders were the only visitors of this region. While the country remained in the possession of the French, the government remained arbitrary. The civil and military authority were united in the person of a "commandant." Lands were held by the king, under grants, sometimes temporary, sometimes permanent, by his governor-general; to which feudal rent was usually incident. The laws, regulating the rights of property, particularly in regard to the marriage relation, succession and devises, were those of the common law of France, called the "*Coutume de Paris*," so far as they were applicable to the circumstances of the

country. These laws were abrogated, as to any further operation in the territory, in 1810.

In 1763, the French possessions were ceded to England, by a treaty, signed at Paris, in February of that year. In 1783, at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, the country was transferred to the United States. On the 11th of July, 1796, in conformity to the provisions of Jay's treaty, the possession of Detroit and the upper post, was delivered to the American government. The North-Western Territory was ceded to the United States by Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New-York; in 1787 an ordinance was framed by Congress for its government, which was altered in 1789, to adapt it the constitution.

By the act of May, 1800, Indiana, including Michigan, was created a separate territory. By the act of January, 1805, Indiana was divided, and Michigan territory set off. By the act of April, 1818, the territory lying north of Indiana, included in the former Indiana territory, together with the part of Illinois territory, north of and not included within the boundaries of the state of Illinois, was attached to Michigan.

FOSSIL BONES. A large collection of fossil remains has been recently exhibited at one of the museums in New-York. They were found in Kentucky, and are soon to be taken to England and France for exhibition. The following is an extract from a report of a committee, appointed by the Lyceum of Natural History to examine the bones.

This collection is very extensive, and embraces a very great number of teeth, tusks, and large bones, many of them in good preservation, of elephants, mastodon or mammoth, horse, ox, elk, megalonyx, (or great claw of Jefferson,) and others.

The remains of the fossil elephant are very numerous, and one head is in particular very entire.

The remains of the mastodon, or American mammoth, compose more than half the entire quantity. Among them is the most complete head of this animal ever discovered, which is now shown to have been more different from that of the elephant than was hitherto supposed. Among the tusks are some nearly twelve feet long, and there are about one hundred grinders, many of them of the largest size known. Of the

large bones of the legs there are nearly forty, many of them well preserved; besides a great quantity of others.

The bones and teeth of the horse, found with those of the extinct animals, and apparently belonging to the same era, which must have been greatly anterior to the discovery of this continent by the Spaniards, are remarkably large and sound.

Skulls, jaws, and teeth of two species of ox, one of them the common buffalo, also accompany these remains, as well part of the skull of a large elk or moose.

There are likewise considerable portions of the skeleton of the megalonyx, such as the right lower jaw, the tibia, and other parts now for the first time discovered.

The committee consider this as probably the most complete and interesting collection of the relics of these huge animals, now no longer existing, that is any where preserved. They afford invaluable materials to the geologist and anatomist, and are eminently calculated to excite the admiration and astonishment of the enlightened and curious of every class, and are therefore highly deserving the attention of men of science, and of the public generally.

INDIAN RELICS. A gentleman from Philadelphia visiting Columbia, had his attention attracted while near the canal basin, by the singular appearance of the earth, which resembled an Indian mound or tumulus, such as he had before seen. On digging down a short distance his suspicions were confirmed; the skeletons of three Indians were found, supposed to be those of a male, a female, and a young child. On being exposed to the air, the bones, with the exception of the teeth and a few of the large bones of the male, crumbled to dust. They were buried in a sitting posture, and had on their heads an earthen vessel, at the spout of which was carved the figure of a human face. Between the feet of the one taken to be the male, were found an iron hatchet, several arrow heads, and seven smooth stones, nearly round; the smallest weighing about a quarter of a pound, the others varying in regular gradation to the seventh, which weighed two and one quarter pounds. These stones were supposed to indicate the number of children the deceased had. Between the feet of the female, were found two stones of a medium size with those found by the male. How long these remains had been deposited it is impossible to tell; probably not less than 200 years.

MADDER AND BARILLA. The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, has appointed a committee to "inquire into and report what progress has been made in this country in the cultivation of dyer's madder, and whether it will be proper for the Horticultural Society to adopt any measures to extend its cultivation." They were also instructed to include in their inquiries, "the culture of barilla and its preparation for the purposes of commerce." This committee are desirous of collecting as much information as possible, before they adopt any conclusion upon the questions referred to them. This, they are aware, must depend, in a great measure, upon the liberal communication of facts on the part of those who are practically conversant with these articles, either as agriculturists, merchants or manufacturers. With this view they request information in relation to the cultivation of either of these plants—the extent to which they are raised or imported into this country—the preparation which they undergo to fit them for commerce—the fluctuations which have been observed in their abundance, and price in our markets—their adaptation to the soil and climate of this country—the diversities observed in the qualities of merchantable madder and barilla, and to the causes which are supposed to produce these diversities—in a word, to every point which can throw light on this subject. Communications may be addressed to David Landreth, Jr. Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, Philadelphia.

DOMESTIC SILK. A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Washington, N. C. recently made his appearance attired in a *complete suit of silk—the product of his own filatory*; the whole process of culture, spinning, weaving, and making, having been performed on his own farm, and by his own family. The fabric, in appearance, nearly resembles *Angora*, but is much softer, and evidently a superior description of goods. The suit is gray-mixed, and consists of coat, vest, pantaloons, and stockings. From what has been already witnessed, it is believed that the culture of silk in North-Carolina, will, in the course of a few years, become a branch of industry, claiming the attention of many industrious and enterprising farmers, and, in a measure, rival the growth of cotton, and become an article of not only domestic utility, but of revenue to the country.

ORDINATIONS, INSTALLATIONS, &c.

In Freeport, Me. Rev. Albert A. Folsom, ordained to the work of an evangelist.

In Belgrade, Me. Rev. Wm. Farmer, from the Cambridge Theological School, ordained pastor of the Unitarians of the north religious society.

In Jamaica, Vt. Rev. Samuel Kingsbury, installed pastor of the congregational church.

In Winchester, N. H. P. R. Russell, ordained over the "Restorationist Societies" in Winchester and Chesterfield.

In Nantucket, Rev. George Bradburn, ordained over the First Universalist Society.

In Woburn, Ms. Messrs. Sherman Hall and William T. Boutwell, ordain-

ed missionaries to India, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

In Kingston, Ms. Rev. Joseph W. Powers, installed over the Evangelical congregational church.

In Cambridge, Ms. Rev. Samuel P. Skinner, ordained over the First Universalist Society.

In Athol, Ms. Rev. Baruch Beckwith, ordained pastor of the evangelical society.

In Wilmington, Ms. Rev. Francis Norwood, installed.

On the 15th June, Rev. Joseph Banfield, was installed over the Universalist Society in Duxbury.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Portland, Maine, SAMUEL FREEMAN, Esq. aged 88. He was born in Portland, June 15, 1742, and was the eldest son of Enoch Freeman. He came before the public in 1774, as a warm advocate for liberal principles of government, which had then begun to produce universal excitement, and was appointed on a committee of the town, with Brigadier Preble, Stephen Longfellow, Enoch Freeman and Enoch Halsey, himself by far the youngest, to meet committees from other towns to devise measures for the common interest. By the recommendation of these committees, a general convention of the county was held in Portland. Of this convention Mr. Freeman was a member and was chosen clerk. He was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare an address to the people, which was probably written by him, and was unanimously adopted. A committee of inspection was also raised, on which he was placed, in company with the late Chief Justice Parsons, who was then an inhabitant of the town. The duty of this committee was, to carry into effect the patriotic resolutions of the sons of liberty. At the election in 1775, having just attained the age of 33, he was constituted sole delegate from the town to the first Provisional Congress of Massachusetts. Of that body he was an industrious and useful member. He was re-elected in 1776 and 1778, but other employments to which he had been ap-

pointed by the government prevented his engaging further in political life. In 1775, on the re-organization of the courts he was appointed clerk, in which office he continued, with the exception of one year, till 1820, a period of forty-six years. The same year, 1775, he also received the appointment of Register of Probate, which he held in conjunction with the clerkship, until he was commissioned Judge of Probate in 1804; the duties of which he faithfully discharged to the year 1820, when on the separation from Massachusetts he retired from both. The confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens was no less conspicuous than that of the government; in 1788 he was chosen one of the selectmen of the town, and with the exception of one year was annually re-elected 25 years. In 1781, he was made deacon of the church of the first parish, and continued to discharge the duties of the situation as long as he was able to attend church. In 1802, he with others petitioned for an act of incorporation for the Maine Bank, the second which was incorporated in the state; he was made the first President, and held the office for several successive years. He was also a member of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College, and for several years its President. These numerous and varied offices he filled with singular industry, and accuracy, and still had time to spare. By a judicious arrangement of

his employments he was enabled to perform well his public duties, and had time left to devote to the charities of life; his active, benevolent mind sought relief from the toils of official duty in the humbler walks of benevolence, and we find him originating and aiding, by his money, his example and his personal influence, all the institutions, whose tendency was to elevate the tone of society and to improve the manners and morals of the people. He had a peculiar talent as a draftsman, and while he was in the provincial Congress, this talent was often put in requisition. This acquirement he turned to account, and the American Clerk's Magazine and Probate Directory, two works compiled by him, had a very rapid and extensive circulation. Books of forms were, then, especially needed; there were few lawyers, and no books in common use of practical forms. His works passed rapidly through several editions, but as their author has been crowded forward by the thronging generations of men, so these have given place to the labor-saving books, which like the leaves of the Sybil have been scattered over all the paths of business as well as pleasure. In the latter part of his life, when he had thrown off the cares of office, Mr. Freeman found employment in digesting the manuscript journal of the late Rev. Thomas Smith, the first settled minister of the town, and in collecting information relative to the history of the town and county, which was published in 1821. Such have been some of the particulars in the useful and protracted life of this venerable man. In his domestic and private character he may be traced by the same lines of kindness, benevolence and integrity which marked his public course. The venerable patriarch, the active and useful citizen, now lies in the tomb, and if nothing splendid has emblazoned his course, his whole progress may be traced by the genial influence of utility—the noiseless and unobtrusive contributions to the moral welfare of this community. [Abridged from the Portland Advertiser.]

In Reading, Ms. JAMES BANCROFT, Esq. When the dispute between Great Britain and the American Colonies threatened hostilities, Mr. Bancroft became a subaltern officer in a company of minute men, and was engaged in the skirmishes at Lexington; he then with his regiment took post at Cambridge. On the day of Bunker Hill Battle his company was on guard at head quarters. At the close of 1775 he received

a captain's commission in the continental regiment of which the late Gov. Brooks was Major. In the northern army he was personally engaged in the conflicts with Burgoyne, and, at the head of his company, stormed the British works at Saratoga in the regiment under the command of Col. Brooks. He continued in the Revolutionary army during the entire campaigns. When he left the army, his native town committed to his management their public interest, and through a long period he had a primary and salutary agency in their important concerns. For many years he was an influential member of the popular branch of the state government, and during the crisis of Shays's insurrection his sound judgement and long experience had a beneficial influence on public measures. Capt. Bancroft was under the necessity of parting with the certificates of the debt due him for military services at immense loss. With the first resolution of Congress for compensation to revolutionary officers he could not comply. The second embraced him, and for the two last years of life he was benefited by this tardy justice.

In Boston, GEORGE ALEXANDER OTIS, aged 28. Mr. Otis was a graduate of Harvard College, a member of the Suffolk Bar, and was formerly one of the editors of the Boston Gazette.

In Roxbury, Ms. Mr. SAMUEL PARKER, aged 54, for many years the debenture clerk in the Boston Custom-house. Mr. Parker was a gentleman of respectable literary acquirements, and had made an extensive collection of newspapers, pamphlets and periodical works, which must be highly valuable to those into whose possession it falls.

In Providence, R. I. JAMES OTIS ROCKWELL, aged 28, editor of the Providence Patriot. He was a native of Manlius, N. Y. and formerly resided in Boston, where he became favorably known by his poetical contributions to several periodical publications. Had he cultivated his genius and been constant in his allegiance to the muses, he might have obtained a high rank among the poets of the day. But he embarked on the tempestuous sea of politics, and assumed the direction of a political journal—a situation of all others the most uncongenial to the sensitiveness of genius.

In Matteawan, N. Y. ABRAHAM H. SCHENCK, aged 54, formerly a member of Congress, and among the first who engaged in the manufacture of Cotton, under the non-intercourse laws.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Gray & Bowen, Boston, have in press,—The Token, for 1832, (being the fifth volume,) edited by S. G. Goodrich, enlarged to nearly the size of the London Keepsake; to contain one third more matter than heretofore and to be embellished with twenty engravings by the first artists.—A New Dictionary of Medical Science and Literature, which will contain a concise account of the various subjects in Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Therapeutics, Materia Medica, Surgery, Obstetrics, and Pharmacy, with the Étymology and Orthoepey of the terms of their Greek, Latin, French and German synonyms; a copious Bibliography appended to the different articles, and Biographical Notices of the most eminent Authors in the different departments of Medical Science, with a Catalogue of their principal works mentioned, and an Epitome of the existing state of Medical Science and Literature. By Robly Dunglison, M.D. Professor of Medicine in the University of Virginia.—The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, vol. iii, for 1832.—The American Annual Register, for 1829 and 1830, being the fifth volume; to be forthcoming in July.—A natural History of the Globe and of Man; Beasts, Birds, Fishes, &c. from the writings of Buffon and other Naturalists; a new edition with numerous additions particularly respecting American animals, from Richardson, Lewis and Clark, Long, Wilson, Bonaparte, Godman, and others, in five volumes, large 18mo.

Hilliard, Gray & Co. have in press, A Treatise on the Law of Private Corporations, by Joseph K. Angell and Samuel Ames.—Report of the Trial of James H. Peck, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Missouri, before the Senate of the United States, on an Impeachment preferred by the House of Representatives against him for high misdemeanors in office, by Arthur J. Stansbury, one vol. octavo.—Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, by Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law. Vol. ix.—German Phrases and Dialogues, for the use of students in the German language by Francis Græter, 12 mo.—German Grammar, by Dr. Charles Follen, second edition.—Select-

tions from the writings of Fenelon, with a memoir of his life, by a Lady. Third edition.—Spelling Book with definitions, by Samuel T. Worcester.—Bourdon's Algebra, by John Farrar, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University at Cambridge.—Third Lessons in Reading and Grammar, by Warren Colburn, author of Intellectual Arithmetic.—Fourth Lessons in Reading and Grammar, by Warren Colburn, author of Intellectual Arithmetic.—An analytical digest of all the American Reports, by William Hilliard, Jr. Counsellor at Law, revised By Benjamin Rand, Counsellor at Law.

Lincoln & Edmands, Boston, have in press,—Roman Antiquities, for the use of schools, with engravings, one vol. 12mo., by C. R. Dillaway, of the Public Latin School, Boston;—The Young Lady's Class Book, for the higher classes in Female Schools, by Ebenezer Bailey;—History of Ancient and Modern Greece, with maps and plates, prepared for Academies and High Schools, one vol. 8vo. by John Frost.

WORKS PROPOSED.

The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with a selection from his public and private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Writings, by Jared Sparks. This work is expected to be embraced in three volumes octavo, and to be published in the course of the approaching autumn.

Alexander H. Everett is preparing a History of the United States, from the first settlement of the country to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in two volumes, to form a part of the series of the American Library of Useful Knowledge. The first number will appear in October.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

First Book in Astronomy, adapted to the use of common schools, illustrated with steel-plate engravings, by J. L. Blake. Boston, Lincoln & Edmands.

The American Library of Useful Knowledge, published by authority of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; vol. i. containing the Lectures delivered to the Boston Mechanics Institute, by Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and Joseph Story.—Mr. Everett's Lecture on the Working Men's Party—and several foreign Tracts relating to Education and the Sciences. Boston, Stimson & Clapp.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

AUGUST, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

HEBREW POETRY.

IN the earliest ages of the world, poetry was a very serious employment. It was the first form in which the contemplative powers of man manifested themselves; and to it may be traced, as a germ, our history, our fiction, our philosophy, and our laws. Even the solemn attributes of the Deity and the tremendous truths of religion are supposed to have been first delivered to mankind, by the inspiration of the poet through the melody of song.

The reason for this peculiarity in the history of nations must be sought for in the counsels by which God instructs his creatures. Men are slow in their movements; they are immersed in a material body and distracted by its wants. In the earlier stages of society, life is but a struggle for subsistence; and it must be some glaring object, some powerful motive, which allures men over the bridge which separates action from thought. Matter will attract any one's attention, even a child's, when it is first shown. But when we disrobe it of its form and color, and attempt, without its impressions, to lead the unpractised mind into the intellectual world,—it must be done by new arts to excite interest. The speaker must have deep feeling; and clothe that feeling in measured language. This is the universal history of the literary dawn; when the object ceases to arrest the eye, it must take a new embodiment, and charm the ear. The people, who can no longer look, must make a new use of their eyes—they must be forced to weep.

But though mind is sluggish in its movements, and it takes all the art of the poet to rouse it to its first attention, it must not be supposed that, when the attention is once *up*, it acts with any feeble interest. It takes much to make a savage pass the bounds from the world of matter to the world of intellectual forms; but when he is once there, the very indefiniteness of the objects, together with the newness of the scene, absorbs his whole soul; he feels an interest which he never felt before; he rises as to a new creation, and surrenders himself to the guidance of the genius, under whose manuduction he was first led.

It has often been inquired, why poetry and orations have lost so much of their interest ; and why the best exertions of modern skill never rise to that powerful despotism in ancient times, which no man resisted or wished to resist. Surely the moderns have some advantages. Arts have been improved ; knowledge has been increased ; the passions have been analyzed ; the fountains of the mind have been explored. Why should not equal genius with more materials produce better success ? The reason, however, is obvious. The power of a poet over his admirers, or of an orator over his audience, is to be estimated by a *ratio* between his genius and their sensibility. The percussion and the object struck must both be considered. In older times, the lack of knowledge and the consequent want of refinement, was eminently favorable to increase the sensibility of the audience ; every impression was fresh and new ; every passion was incited by novelty, and prolonged, because the feelings of nature were unworn ; every invention produced wonder ; the rapture of the audience increased the inspiration of the speaker ; there was a reciprocal influence ; genius was warmed by its own effects ; and the same powerful impulse which first forced the mind into the paradise which thought had made, gave sweetness to its flowers, and magnitude and beauty to its shades. Ingenuity, and invention, melody, and voice, and action, may still exist ; but the sensibility which increased them is lost forever.

These remarks might be suggested by speculation, but they are abundantly supported by the history of our race. Let us suppose the wandering story-teller and singer, whom, for the want of a more personal name, we call Homer, to be surrounded by a ring of barbarians, who, having no war on their hands and their bellies full, require him to amuse them for an idle hour. He knows his audience ; with all his superiority he but just emerges above them ; and indeed his very superiority consists in knowing how to act on such materials. He knows well that he must stir their passions and draw their tears, or they will hear him with stupid indifference ; indeed, the choice in such an audiencé is between rapture and sleep. He begins with a prelude on the lyre—

Ἦτοι δ' φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο καλὸν ἀείδειν.

And thus fills their ears with unideal sounds. The wisdom of God seems to have made music as a kind of passage between sensuality and thinking. He then plunges into narrative ; sings of wars ; addresses the strongest propensities of the age ; brings out (or rather, it breaks upon him) his moral instructions, as an accompaniment of the story ; and thus forces his hearers to feel and think in the only way in which feeling and thinking in such an age can be excited. There is no great art in all this ; or, at least, it is an art forced upon him by the nature of his office, and the circumstances in which he is thrown. He teaches, to be sure, war, politics, navigation, the theology of heaven, and the sciences of earth ; not because he designed to combine these various things, but because they naturally mingled in the only intellectual stream that was then running. His language is simple, because no other language could be understood ; his figures are bold and striking, because he must strike the minds he addresses ; his poetry is forcible, because no other would excite interest ; and it has all the freshness of

nature, because the book of nature is the only volume he has ever read. Thus the poet becomes excellent ; and thus the earliest rhapsodies of all nations reflect not so much the genius of the individual as a picture of the age.

The Jews were a peculiar people ; and their poetry is as peculiar. It was made the vehicle of teaching them the most awful truths ; because, when God speaks to men, he uses the language of men. Truth itself may bear a majesty suitable to the mind from which it originated ; but its garb must be as humble as the minds to which it is addressed.

In speaking, however, of the poetry of the Hebrews, we shall say nothing of that Supreme Mind from which it is believed to have originated ; we shall not assume, as the ground of our remarks, the inspiration of the scriptures. We believe, with Lowth and others, that, however infallible the oracles which the Hebrew prophet delivered, and in whatever way we explain the Divine superintendence which guided their thoughts, each author was left to the play of his own genius, and reflects the manners of his own nation and age. We leave to the divines the sublime themes of theology ; we shall consider Hebrew poetry as an effort of Hebrew genius ; and we shall endeavor to compare its relative merits with the poetry of the west.

The waters of the Hellespont, except a few Greeks on the shores of Asia Minor, have always divided a people very different in their tastes and manners. We allude not now to the enterprise, the liberty, the hardihood of the Greeks, and the tyranny and effeminacy of the Asiatic nations. These are the effects of the relative states of empires ; and the first Cyrus, who founded the Persian dynasty, was as great a warrior as Alexander, who conquered the last of his degenerate successors ; he, perhaps, commanded an army of equal heroes. The permanent difference is in their literary tastes. On the eastern side of the Hellespont, we find hereditary dogmas never disputed ; a fixed philosophy ; great authority and great credulity ; morality taught in apologues, sentences and aphorisms ; and in poetry the wildest flights of enthusiasm, rapid transitions, bold personifications ; the very language destitute of those particles, (the last invention of acuteness,) which mark the slender shades and turnings of a finer mind. On the western side we find all these things reversed. Whatever may have been the cause, whether it was, as Diodorus says, because their philosophers taught for reward, *τὸ κατὰ τὴν ἐργολαβίαν κέρδους στοναζόμενοι*, or, such was the bent of nature, they questioned every thing ; supported their discourses by proofs and not by authority ; gave us their systems in connected discourses, and even in poetry taught us to reason while they compelled us to feel. The European nations have inherited the taste of the Greeks ; their language is formed on the basis of the Greek tongue ; and had it not been that the Bible, by being translated, has preserved among us some elements of orientalism, we should this day scarcely be capable of holding intercourse with more than half our race. The most literal translations would only throw darkness over the most beautiful page.

The Hebrew nation have for ages been remarkable for any thing rather than delicacy or refinement. We cannot conceive of a race of bipeds, more coarse, more callous, more boobyish, more trifling, than the whole race of Jewish literati, into whose hands the scriptures have

fallen. The Bible, with its native commentators around it, is like one of its own *islands* in the Babylonian desert; you pass over the blazing sand beneath the burning sun, before you reach the grateful shades and the bubbling spring. But because this peculiar nation have shrivelled in captivity, we must not suppose that they were destitute of genius when they flourished in their glory. We might as well take a degenerate Roman as he was described by the Goths, as a semblance of Cicero, as to judge of an ancient Jew by one of the Masorites. The minds of most men sink to the level of the estimation in which they are held. The despised man becomes despicable; the slave assumes a servile mind. Judea was once the seat of empire and glory. She had her city, her king, and her temple. She had all that expansive power which the mind feels when left to an open career. Her sons mounted up on wings like eagles; they ran and were not weary, they walked and were not faint. Then the architect labored, the warrior triumphed, and the poet sung. If she rivalled not some other nations in refinement, one excellence no one can deny her bards; and that is—they are always *idiomatic*; they have qualities and beauties pre-eminently their own.

No man can have read the Prophets with attention, without observing that one of their chief charms is—they are exquisitely oriental. They write with a mode of thought, and a mode of connecting their thoughts, and with allusions, wholly impossible but to one placed on the spot. If a reader approaches the Hebrew poets with a standard formed in modern times, he will be greatly disappointed. Much has been said of the beauties of the Bible; nor are we aware that its beauties have been over-rated. But loosely declaiming on the beauties of the Bible, some fond critics have laid a snare for the reader's dissent. The Bible is beautiful like most other primitive books in its own peculiar style of beauty. It has those very beauties which a nascent age produces, and of which its sacred subjects are susceptible. It cannot combine those artful images which are the invention of later ages; it cannot sympathise with the voluptuary at his bowls, or the warrior on the field of battle; it cannot introduce the lover pouring out vows to his mistress; nor surround the trifles of life with the mythology of gods or fairies. It cannot address our imagination on the inflammable side of passion, or lead us through descriptions which pamper the heart. All these ends the awful severity of its subjects refuses. But its beauties are the fruits of its theme. They are flowers of its own soil. They are implements to impress its own lessons. They are pictures of the age, and the men, and the subject. Passing from such a writer as Thomas Moore, for example, to the Bible, there is an amazing contrast; and the reader who has melted at the tawdry sentimentalism of the Irish bard, (not without his beauties, we confess,) would at first be shocked at the stern simplicity of Ezekiel or Isaiah. But has the Bible therefore no beauties? Must every subject be ornamented alike? Must a colossal statue have the coloring of a miniature picture? It was no more to be expected that the Bible should have these modern manners, than that the Jordan or the Euphrates should reflect the trees or the shrubbery on the banks of the Ohio or the Tweed.

One of the pleasures of poetry is the skill and facility with which the author overcomes certain difficulties which the rules of the art im-

pose upon him. It is not copying nature, or painting the passions solely, which gives us delight; but it is the adroitness with which these things are done, though the work was hampered by certain laws. In certain kinds of verse this is the chief pleasure. It is peculiarly so in the Spenserian stanza, and in the sonnet; and in those artful involutions and balanced periods which some writers use. For example, in these lines in Pope's *Windsor Forest*, which he has copied from Ovid—

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves.

In this case, we admire not only the smooth versification and the beautiful image, but the art with which the poet has involved his eagles and doves in the melodious illustration. The above is not, perhaps, the highest beauty; it lacks simplicity and is perfectly Ovidian. Nevertheless, in the simplest poetry of Cowper and Milton, there is a secret reference to the difficulties overcome; and we never should admire nature or passion in poetry, (for these may exist in prose,) were there not a secret reference to the skill of the poet. In easy poetry, we admire that the bard can be so easy under so many restraints.

At first view, it might be supposed that there was very little of this beauty among the Hebrew bards. Nothing can be more simple than the structure of their sentences; they have neither measure nor rhyme. They have only to pour out their rhapsodies; to communicate their feelings, and be admired. They have only to indulge in the rantings of McPherson, who has passed for Ossian,

—per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis.

They may have the praise of simplicity, but cannot aspire to the victories of art; and yet I hope to show that a conquest over difficulties is one of the chief beauties of their admirable odes.

The Hebrew is one of the most material languages ever spoken. There is hardly an abstract term in its whole vocabulary. In its entire formation it seems to be made by a people who are as far from spiritual ideas as we can possibly conceive. It has no tenses, (those which have been called past and future are certainly aorists,) no scientific or scholastic terms; no particles to express the nicest transitions of thought, very few adjectives, very few intellectual expressions of any kind. Almost all its words which express mental operations are material in their origin. Let us mention a few instances without the formality of quoting the original. The word *to judge* comes from the *causative* of *to cut*. I seem to see a tribe of primitive hunters, who having run down and taken a deer, appoint one of the wisest of their number to *cause* it to be cut up in equal portions; and thus comes the idea of judging. The word *to mourn* comes from the withering of a plant. The first man who hung down his head in sorrow, was likened to a plant blasted by the sun and failing for want of water. These instances might be multiplied; but they are sufficient to show that the language was formed in very early times; it bears all the marks of the poverty and simplicity of a primitive age. It is well worthy of being

studied as a beautiful specimen of the infant efforts of men at expression and thought. It completely transfers you to the ancient world, and associates you with the intellectual habits of these primitive beings. Its Lexicon is a magazine of material forms, and you might look in vain for such terms as *decorum, grace, legislation, magnanimity*, or any other word that expresses the nicest shades of thought. Le Clerc in relating the dogmas of the Pharisees shows that they could not believe in the fate of the stoics, because there was no word in their language, even in that late age, which could express that notion.

Such was their speech—a tongue which seemed to be formed by beings immersed in the material world. Yet when we pass to their themes, we find them the most vast and intellectual that can possibly meet the human mind. When they engage in their subjects, they seem to leave sublunary nature behind them; and soar into the darkest regions of the closest thought. They describe not battles and cities; but the conflicts of mind; the agonies of conscience; the mysterious intercourse of man with his Maker. They paint the sorrows of repentance; the hopes of faith, and the windings and snares through which the errant soul returns to God. They are everywhere like painters with the pencil put into their hands, and compelled to draw only allegorical forms. They must not go to the landscape, and copy its lilies and lakes. They are not to dwell on the

Sweet interchange
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
Rocks, dens and caves.

They are to transcribe only the moral landscape—they speak to the inner man. They sometimes *pass the flaming bounds of space and time*, and deal with the mysterious essence of the Deity; and all this with a language which seems at first view entirely inadequate to the object. It is impossible to conceive of a greater contrast than the materialism of the Hebrew language, and the unembodied and exalted nature of their favorite themes.

This then was their difficulty; and they have conquered it nobly. This contrast was a far greater obstacle to a Hebrew bard than the Hexameter verse was to the heroic poets among the Greeks. The critics have been in raptures at the invention of Homer; and all must allow that he has rolled through every melodious note in his own beautiful language; and laid a contribution on all the stores of nature to enrich and adorn his theme. But every one must see that he had previous facilities prepared at hand. He collected his flowers in a garden; while the Hebrew poets collected them from a wilderness. What a rich language did he inherit! What charming expressions! Every word a picture! He was indebted to those prior geniuses, who had invented these expressions; and thus prepared the field in which his mind was to play in its own unbounded luxuriance. We must take something from the glory of Homer, and divide it with those perished names, which, like unseen roots, nourished the tree on which this Bird of the Muses sat and sung. He could hang *his apples of gold in a net-work of silver*; while the Hebrew bards were obliged to provide not only the song, but the lyre and its strings. By the learned reader who appreciates their language, the strains must be read with perfect astonishment.

Let us take an example. I have already remarked that their language had very few abstract terms; not even those which seem absolutely necessary to describe the character of the Deity. What would a modern theologian do, if he were compelled to discourse on God without using the words omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence? These seem to be absolutely necessary to communicate our simplest conceptions of the Great Jehovah. Yet not one of these words can be translated into Hebrew. There is not a term in that restricted language which answers to these essential ideas. The truth is, an infant people never abstract; and when they first approach these mighty conceptions, they approach them by circumlocution. Let us see how completely the royal poet manages to communicate the omnipresence of God.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Whither shall I flee from thy face?
If I ascend into Heaven,
There THOU—
If I make my bed in the nether world,
Behold THOU.

I take the wings of the east,
Or I dwell in the remotest west,
There thy hand shall lead me;
Thy right hand shall hold me up. *Ps. cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 10.*

Thus in the most beautiful and graphic poetry the omnipresence of God is brought out to the dullest conception. We must remember that the upper, the nether and the middle world, was the whole universe to a Hebrew mind.*

It is true the sacred poets gather their contributions from all the stores which nature has spread out before them; they make the exterior world an illustration of the 'operations' of the mind; and thus they have all the beauties of description without missing that moral dignity which mere description never can attain. I allow the powers of Thompson; I admire that mighty genius, which, like Antæus, gathers strength whenever it touches the earth; and yet the reader of the Seasons feels something wanting. He feels as the spectator at the theatre would, in seeing the shifting scenes, (most beautifully painted,) of one of Shakspeare's tragedies; and none of the moral sentiments or actions with which these scenes should be filled. Let a man take one of Thompson's best descriptions, and compare it with one equally good in Milton, but where the description is made subservient to a higher result, and feel the difference.

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape, snow or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.

Never was there a more beautiful or complete scene brought to view. Had the author's object been mere description, it could not have been more finished; and yet it is only an incidental gem which he picks up

* See Exodus xx. 4.

in his path without going one step out of the way to find it. He has a higher object than mere poetry; he wishes to illustrate the dawns of transient hope on fallen minds. We have the same dignity in the writings of the Hebrews. They make the material world play around the pedestals of those awful images with which their minds are filled. In the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, if it had been the sole object of the prophet to describe pastoral life, it could scarcely have been more beautiful. In this respect his description might rival one of the best pastorals of Thocritus. But at the same time the deepest moral beauty is spread over the whole. God is the shepherd; and he is watching over his people.

In a word, the beauties of the biblical poetry, like all the severe beauties, must be acquired by study. They are so simple, so unlike modern sentimentalism, that, when first seen, they strike the eye with disappointment. But look again and your attention will be arrested—a third time and you will admire; and once let the model impress your taste, and you will admire forever. It seems to me, for touching the deeper tones of the heart, the Hebrew poetry has an internal grandeur, compared with which the songs of mythology are cold and unmeaning.

G.

HYMN TO THE SOUTH-WEST WIND.

HAIL to thee, Voyager of the Southern sea!
 Freshly thou visitest my heated brow—
 While thy soft music through this sheltering tree
 Sounds with the motion of each laden bough.
 The flower-leaf's treasure to the languid bee
 Cannot be dearer than, sweet Wind, art thou—
 As thus upon my eyelids, in the bliss
 Of calm repose, I feel thy gentle kiss.

With what delicious fragrance from the sky,
 Moving the wavy clouds pavilioned there,
 The newly moistened earth thou breathest nigh!
 Oh, tenderly uplift the glossy hair
 Of Beauty, listening to thy murmured sigh;
 Stir the thin locks of Age all silvery fair;
 And stray, oh Child of Heaven, o'er the green land,
 Burthened with sweetness scattered by thy hand!

Kind nature woos thee to her mild embrace—
 The lofty forests and far sloping vales;
 The shadowy outlines, in the distant space
 Of mountains broad, where mortal vision fails;
 The sweeping stream, upon whose waters chase,
 Like sportive pinions, many graceful sails;
 The very rocks that totter o'er the steep;
 All seem to feel thy breathings pure and deep.

And living creatures, with a sudden thrill
 Of gladness, hear the rustling of thy wings
 Among the leaves, where rain-gems glitter still.
 Aloft the deer his antlers proudly flings,
 And drops of clear delight his big eye fill;
 A merry song the pensive black-bird sings;
 And homely kine forget the scented grass,
 When, like a heavenly blessing, thou dost pass.

Breathe on, thou gentle Spirit, linger yet
 Till melancholy Twilight comes to steal
 Day's weary fervor—till some star has set
 Upon the scroll of heaven its brilliant seal—
 Till bending roses with Night's tears are wet ;
 Then leave us, if thou must, when we can feel,
 Like thine own influence, on the unquiet breast,
 The silent holiness of evening rest !

P. B. *Shelley*

 ORTHOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

I HONOR the public spirit, which has prompted you to commence this publication ; for although we have gone through with but just one number, I foresee that you can be of much benefit to me in my profession. This is a political if not a substantial reason for reverence. I should have sent you this letter *sub rosa*, as the learned say, or under the rose ; but our office contains few flowers that “smell as sweet,” though many figures that bear “any other name ;” you will find this, therefore, under the door ; a method of communication, the advantages whereof consist in its saving you the postage, and proving my claim to be a descendant of King Solomon ; for Dr. Franklin delivered his lucubrations to his fraternal master beneath the door, and few will have the boldness to deny that Dr. Franklin was a wise man. I could also prove my descent from the Jewish King by proving my inheritance of many vanities ; but the striking parallel has already informed you that I am your printer ; which fact, I trust, makes any further suggestions as to the other point, entirely unnecessary.

Your knowledge of our Divine Art, (for the fact that by its poetical transmutations, “too, too solid” boys and girls are metamorphosed into ethereal spirits, and proceedings “dark as Erebus” into refulgent brightness, shows its right to that appellation, although its process of transformation is as dark as the valley of the shadow of death, whence it has unjustly received the name of the Black Art ;) will naturally lead you to suppose that I have divers troubles. Great Jupiter himself, as I learn, did not govern his ethereal or his terrestrial principalities without tribulation ; but although he could vent his anger in louder explosions, which is held to be a relief, yet as he was never an Author's drudge, I am safe in affirming that he had no more conception of my perplexities, than Juno had of Madame Hutin's dancing. “Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe,” but some things are not to be suffered any longer—if they can be avoided. What follows will let you into the particular grievance of which this treats.

I make no complaint of the egotistical style of many writers, a single page of whose lucubrations requires more capital *Is*, than they ever had ideas in their *casting-rooms*, which you will understand to be a mechanical synonyme for the head or brain, and one which, with a little ingenuity, may be applied even to those who have only useless *furniture* in the cranium, and whose *head-lines* excite the wonder rather than the admiration of Phrenologists. Excuse, if you can,—because you must, and resignation in such cases implies philosophy,—my

use of *typographical* figures. The most popular writers of this day are nothing, if not metaphorical. To be admired, as we all expect to be, I am constrained to follow, like a *shooting-stick*, in the paths which they travel like shooting stars. My figures must be as incomprehensible to the critics as many of theirs are to me; but it is some gratification to know that if I cannot rival others in imagination, they will hardly be able to regulate the wandering of my fancy within my own sphere. It is quite fashionable for the criticised poetaster to complain that his unimaginative judge cannot comprehend the peculiarly poetical formation of his mind, the tenderness of his heart, the rose-leaved delicacy of his affections, the sky-blue elegance of his aspiring fancies, the wire-drawn ductility of his brain,—and the poet is correct. But this is a digression.

I make no complaint of the quantity of matter which you place in my hands, from those whose style is popular, but whose language possesses a procreative power, multiplying verbs, adjectives, and common nouns, without reference to that reasonable proportion which the words should bear to the thoughts. This is a peculiar folly, but one which seems to be common to every body. Authors show it in the manner to which I have objected. Printers show it in every volume of lately issued poems, where you will find the same distant relationship between the page and the margin, that there was between Falstaff's bread and the sack he washed it down withal. Ladies exhibit this same spirit of inordinate exaggeration, for I know not by what other term to designate it, in various portions of their dress; formerly in hoops, when it was farther round a single lady than round the Great Elm tree on Boston Common; latterly in the sleeve, where a single arm occupies a sack, in which a faithful Mahometan would enclose two beautiful wives for a sail or an immersion in the Bosphorus. Boys show it in the luxuriance of their precocity; it is difficult to find one who does not know more than his teacher, so that it is quite natural to conclude, when one cannot make his algebraical operations agree with Mr. Euler's rules, that the book must be wrong; and indeed, such is the gymnastical proficiency of the age, that no person of proper feelings, who does not wish to have them treated improperly, would like to suggest that a gentleman could pore over a page all night, and not be able to pour the truth out of it in the morning. But this is another digression.

I do not complain of the quality of that, with which you expect to enlighten or amuse the world by passing it through my hands. I have not so much vanity. Nor shall I allude to the deceitfulness of earthly expectations; for it would hardly be civil. On the contrary, if it is what you call a *solid* article, I take it with pleasure; for I pick up instruction while I pick up the types. If it is good, I derive the first benefit, before it is adulterated by the gaze of the many. If it is orthodox, I applaud and honor its precepts. And if it inculcate the poison of heterodoxy, I purposely create errors in the style and language, to show my contempt for the author. If it is poetry, towards which I have a leaning, I criticise and correct as I go along, although I grieve to say that authors seldom acquiesce in the alterations which I consider most judicious; but they are worse than the foolish virgins, for they extinguish the lights which are voluntarily shed upon them.

We printers indulge in many curious speculations, as to the matter, manner and motives of those to whose writings we are, as it were, the cultivators, or gardeners ; causing the seed, which they drop into one spot only, to fructify, and multiply, and spring up in every corner of the country—where there happens to be a bookstore. In some of these inquisitive hours, my philosophy has been sadly puzzled upon ascertaining that a page of Pelham weighs as much as a page of Dugald Stewart, and I have weighed them, not in the scale of intellect, but in one of Mr. Dearborn's patent balances, to be certain of the fact. "A pound is a pound, all the world over," says the proverb. But if a pound of something,—and I think a useful book, notwithstanding it may be dull of sale, should be accounted something,—weigh no more, and fill no more space in the world, than a pound of nothing,—and many popular works are nothing more,—why is not something nothing, and nothing something ? and why are not something and nothing nothing but the same thing ? But I cannot expect you to understand my philosophy ; and this is another digression. I pray you let me proceed to the subject nearest to my heart, lest my head become turned, and I set up for an author, instead of setting up types.

Of all the vexations of this vexatious "Age of Print," there is nothing more perplexing than orthography, for there is nothing more uncertain than the rules by which it is governed. The multiplication of dictionaries and spelling-books seems to have abolished all rules of analogy or propriety, and as each author has had his own notions, and essayed to lead the public, not by the nose, but by the tongue, we have no longer one standard which all may follow, but a variety of standards which no one can follow, without imminent danger of being swamped amidst superfluous and wandering consonants. Among "all the cants of this canting world," there is none more arbitrary, unmeaning and ridiculous, than that which cants certain consonants (*l*, for instance) from the terminating syllable of one word, and cants them into another just like it. I will give you a few specimens, and if they do not move your sympathy, I pray you put this in the fire, and grant me a discharge. If they do, let us form a critical and orthographical copartnership, raise a standard of our own, and endeavor to rally a party to its support. The late political divisions afford a timely opening, and a respectable number of voters are yet undetermined. Let us bid for all such, and if what we shall say to them of *l* be not satisfactory, depend upon it we can suit them all to a *t*.

A striking example, which will exemplify my travails, prevails in the word *Travel*, and in the branches of which it is the root. Johnson spells *Travel*, *Traveller*. Why he adds the *l* to the latter word, I am unable to divine ; he says, in the preface to his Dictionary, that he could not journey about England to learn the proper mode of spelling words of which he was ignorant ; and, as it said he left London but seldom, and then with reluctance, he may be excused for allowing the consonant to become a *Traveller* with the noun, while he economically reserved it when the verb was about to *Travel*. The word *Traveled*, he does not give at all ; but as, in the examples with which he supports his definition of *Travel*, both consonants are used, it is probable that he would not have spelled as I have. It is the mis-

fortune of many of the best English writers, and perhaps all of them, to differ from me in this instance. William Perry, who besides being a manufacturer of dictionaries was a surgeon in the navy, and therefore acquainted with what is vitally important, as well as with the limbs which may be spared, and who, from having been about the world, knew the convenience of having but little to carry, spells, *Traveler*, *Traveling*; and our own lexicographer, Dr. Webster, who hunted words from Yale college to Oxford college, rather than let them escape, also spells *Traveled*, *Traveler*, *Traveling*, like one acquainted with that of which he was treating. Now I prefer the orthography of the two latter gentlemen; but many authors hold that Dr. Johnson is the only head of the true, orthodox, philological, orthographical and lexicographical church. Consequently my sheets are returned with striking *proofs* of the estimation in which writers hold my labors; and if they are correct, I am constantly wading deeper in errors than Christian ever was in the Slough of Despond. First comes a *Traveller* from Europe, whose refinement requires superfluities, and he uses both letters; of course he *ought* to know what is correct, or at least what is fashionable; and I submit. Next comes a *Traveler* in America, who uses but one, and he says he *does* know what is correct; and I submit. But patience is like the east wind; it comes a great while from one quarter, but it cannot last forever. Now what shall I do, Messrs. Editors, Authors, and Proof-readers? What shall I do?

You will recommend *tranquillity*, at least until cooler weather. Your recommendation adds heat to the flame, which is consuming my good-nature and *docility*.

"Farewell, the tranquil mind! farewell, content!"

I am almost ready to say, for so says Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson spells this quiet and settled word in the same manner. But then he "takes an ell" more for *Tranquillity*, although the Latins and Gauls, from whom he derives both words, use the double *l* in both. In copying Dr. Johnson, Perry borrows the inconsistency. Bailey, in "An Orthographical Dictionary," has not inserted the word *Tranquil*, but he gives us *Tranquillity*, *Tranquillize*, and *Tranquillousness*,—evidently intending to get as much of comfort as possible from the foreign sources, instead of laboring to simplify his own language. The same author in his "Universal Etymological English Dictionary, being also an interpreter of hard-words," spells the first of these *Tranquility*, and defines it to be "quietness of mind," as if such a thing were possible in the face of his orthography. Dr. Webster, too, although not a traveler after Dr. Johnson's example, in the former word, uses the double *l* in *Tranquillity*, and yet thinks to *Tranquilize* *Tranquillness* with only one. I honor his labors, but in this case it must be allowed that he is the very Talleyrand of lexicographers, adopting no standard, but following all the dictionaries which I have had time to inspect. The same gentleman spells *docility*, according to my own notions, but although I am docible, and, like his definition, "ready to learn," yet I do not perceive why it was not consonant with his views of propriety to have lent the word another *l*. Dr. Ash, on the contrary, in his compendium of obsolete words, bestows the extra consonant in the most liberal manner, upon every ramification of what is primitively tranquil. He thinks that *docibility* is a perfect word, but

that *tranquillity* can carry double. "I am all unanimous," said the Hibernian, when he stood alone ; and, in like manner, the dictionaries are unanimously in error as respects these two words. Notwithstanding my natural preference for a single horn of this dilemma, yet am I cruelly sacrificed upon both ; for your writers are as placid as our harbor after a western breeze, if I use *tranquillity* after the dictionaries, but if I put a double *l* into *docility*, instead of the same gentle acquiescence, they write me down an unlettered, (or, perchance, a double lettered) ignoramus.

It is very true that *l* is a liquid, and therefore easily turned out of one word, or into another ; but I humbly submit that this important consonant has not been treated with the respect due to the place which it fills in the world. Should this letter disfranchise itself, and withdraw in disgust from the alphabetical firm, it would be difficult if not impossible to supply the vacancy. It is a modest and humble particle ; it has but one sound ; but that is an original and peculiar one, and borrowed from no contemporary between A and Z. Gentlemen surely cannot have reflected that without the *L*, there would be no numeral for fifty ; and learned lexicographers, whether Doctors of Law or Doctors of Divinity, seem to have forgotten that, without the letter, to which they pay so little attention, their diplomas would lose a considerable portion of their value. I am satisfied that there cannot be any more forcible appeal than this, Messrs. Editors ; for if you cannot touch a scholar's vanity, any attempts upon his judgement must be useless.

But I fear that I cannot dilate upon this wordy subject, without becoming liable to the charge of verbosity. Many parallel inconsistencies might be found, but without encouragement I shall not proceed in these investigations. You have perceived already that mine is a *bad case*, and that I am, as the Printers say, *out of sorts*. To have been briefer, and to have hurried the *finis* before the public without a proper conclusion, would have been inexcusable, and worse than spelling *rapididity* as we do *tranquillity*, which is, as you perceive, just D times worse than the proper mode of writing that synonyme for activity. I have shown that the subject deserves some *attention* ; the *tribbulations* and *difficulties* of *printters* are *unparalleled*, and, as I observed in the commencement, are not to be borne, if they can be *avoidded*. "For my *singgle* self," I would *disdispose* of my whole stock of *discrimination*, at a fair price, for it is less honored than is *consistency* among *polliticians*. But I pray you, either adopt a standard, or make one, or I shall never have another *spell* of good temper, while

I remain,

Your obedient,

PRINEHAS PICA.

FROM THE MSS. OF A TRAVELER IN THE EAST.

NO. II.

EXECUTIONS.

Napoli di Romania, June —, 182—.

I WAS informed this morning that two men were to be executed without the gates of the town, and, being anxious to see how this new and severe measure, from the hitherto weaker government of Greece, would be managed, and also with what degree of humanity it would be performed; and—I must out—moved still more, perhaps, by that strange, yet strong inclination, which, in spite of themselves, induces men to witness such sights, though they make them miserable for a long time after; I say, moved by all these motives, I hurried out of the gates, and, crossing the draw bridge, found myself upon the esplanade in front, and in the midst of a crowd of people and soldiers. The execution of one fellow, a spy, was just then performing; the time was not expired, but he bade them go on; and the soldiers bending down a branch of a small tree under which he stood, the executioner passed the noose over it, and drawing it tight, fastened it; then raising the man in his arms—he let him fall,—at the moment, the soldiers crying out, *Ο Θεός τον καλέσει*—"God have mercy on him," let go the branch, and he was swinging in the air. For a moment he was sensible of his situation; he seemed to close resolutely his eyes, and clench his hands and teeth; but soon his face began to blacken, his eyelids flew open, his eyes rolled wildly about, his body wriggled violently; then his eyes seemed to become fixed—they started out from the sockets—his tongue lolled from his mouth, and his whole countenance exhibited a hell of horror.

The other criminal had not the courage of the first. He stood on a high bench, which had been built around the body of a large tree, with the rope fastened around the branch above. A file of soldiers encircled him. The executioner stood waiting his signal, and the man being of the Greek faith, a priest was trying to comfort him. The crowd was hushed into perfect silence, interrupted only by sighs and blessings; the soldiers conducted with the greatest decency and propriety, and the executioner seemed in a worse plight than the criminal. As soon as the criminal was ready, the executioner pushed him suddenly from the bench, and he fell several feet before the rope brought up. But I could not look any longer; the curiosity which brought me out here failed me. These men had been regularly tried, and, as I was told by an English clergyman present, with the utmost solemnity and fairness—they had been convicted and sentenced in public, several days before.

I have made the above extract from my journal, and will now place beside it one written in Asia Minor, of an execution I saw there. I wish not to enter into an examination of the comparative merits of the Greeks and Turks. I should consider it an insult to reason, after what I have seen; for though the Greeks, to my own knowledge, have disgraced themselves by some of the bloodiest and most cruel actions towards their prisoners, never, in one instance, and I defy any one to

produce it, have these acts been committed with the connivance of the government or the upper classes. In Turkey it is the government—the system—the very religion, which is faithless and bloody. The Greeks are infants in independence; their nation came but yesterday into public existence. It aims at civilization and at improvement. The Turkish government has been centuries in existence; it scorns to change, and despises civilization. But I will go on with my extract, observing that it took place in a large and well regulated city, by order of the government, and by troops of the government.

October 6, — As I was wandering about the streets this morning I came to a splendid mosque, and, stepping up into the vestibule, where lay dozens of Turks prostrated on the floor, I was pulling off my shoes to go in, when I heard a noise, and, turning about, saw a crowd of irregular soldiers come hurrying down the street. In the midst of them was a tall young man, whose arms were pinioned behind him, whose haggard looks, loud moans, and lacerated face, as well as the rapid pace at which he was pushed along, indicated him to be some poor wretch condemned to die. An irresistible curiosity urged me to join the crowd, and, mingling in with the soldiers, I followed immediately behind the prisoner. He was a young, tall, strong, and fine-looking man, or had been so, for he was strangely disfigured and seemed in more agony than the mere dread of death could inspire. He had been tortured the night before; his face was swollen, bruised and bloody; his temples had been seared, and the parched and crisped skin showed the marks of the irons; and one of his arms had been broken in bending it behind his back for torture. It was this broken arm, which was still cruelly tied behind his back, and the hurried pace into which he was urged by the kicks and pushes of the soldiers, that put him in agony. He was a Greek, suspected of being a robber, and notwithstanding his misery, and his being scarce able to stand, he was driven or dragged along at a rapid pace; the soldiers hemmed him in on each side, but he could look over their heads, and cast his looks wildly round in hope of rescue; he moaned aloud in his agony of body and mind, but they pushed him on; he held back an instant, and cried to the chief, "For the love of Allah! mercy!" but they hurled him along still more rapidly. I saw the chief point to a coil of rope that hung in the shop of a Greek. A soldier seized it without saying a word, and as soon as they arrived at a quarter where three streets met, they stopped; the chief looked around, then pointed to a beam that projected from over a shop; instantly the soldiers grasped the throat of the criminal, rudely wound the cord round his neck, made a slip knot, and half choked him before the other end was round the beam. Some then hauled at the rope, others lifted up the poor man from the ground, while he kept looking wildly round with bloodshot eyes and hollow countenance, and, with husky voice, shrieking aloud for mercy. They let him drop, but the rope slipped and he came on his feet; again they pulled it tight, but he still rested on his toes; others now lifted him up, and tightening the rope, he hung writhing and choking for an instant; but the rope again slipped, he came down on his feet, and, casting wildly around his horrid looks, he groaned dreadfully; but he was soon pulled roughly up and hung securely. For an instant he was still; then his body was convulsed, and his

face blackened, his tongue hung out, his eyes set into a deadly glare, and the poor wretch was out of pain. But the soldiers kept striking the cord, and beating his breast to finish him, until I could view it no longer. I looked at the chief, and at his men, but there was no sign of pity or remorse on their countenances. They were coolly at their work, and would not bear interruption had I dared to attempt it; for at that moment a Greek boy, who had ventured nigh, groaned aloud, when instantly a violent blow from one of the soldiers felled him to the ground. He got up and ran away as fast as possible, and I followed his example.

Oct. 9. I passed the place of execution today; the body still hung where I had left it three days ago, and began to be horribly loathsome in its appearance. I went into the shop of a Greek and asked him why it was not removed? "We dare not touch it," said he, "for our lives, without an order from the chief of the police, and he demands three thousand piastres for the privilege we ask of removing the nuisance. We hoped to make him take less, but he knows that tomorrow it will be necessary for us to do so, cost what it may."

Today I am told the Cadi has declared that the suspicions of the man's being a robber have been fully confirmed!

LORD BYRON'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew dim. BYRON.

THE extracts given in my last paper are sufficient to show that Lord Byron was not an Atheist, nor even a Deist, strictly speaking; that he was truly desirous of being a Christian; that he thought those fortunate who were so, and whose faith had never been shaken; that he placed the only one of his two children, that was under his control, in a situation to be educated strictly in the Christian belief; that he only *doubted* the immortality of the soul, and the truth of Christianity—not absolutely denied or *disbelieved* them; and that he even indulged a hope, though not a firm one, of a future life.

Blessed are they that have *not seen*, and yet have believed.

I shall now subjoin a few extracts, which are interesting in themselves, as well as further illustrative of the subject.

At the death of Lady Noel, Lord Byron came into possession of certain estates, to which the gift of some good church livings were attached. It might be expected, that a dissolute, profane, unprincipled Deist, as Lord Byron was represented to be, would bestow these upon such of the cloth as were most assimilated in principles and inclinations to himself; or, at least, that he would prefer those jovial, hunting, drinking parsons, of which there is no scarcity in the established church. This would seem the more probable, from the severe treatment to which he had been subjected by the more rigid of the clergy, and on account of which he really felt some resentment. On the contrary, he writes to Mr. Moore on this occasion, Feb. 19, 1822; (after remarking "that the clergy are up against Cain,") "There is,

if I am not mistaken, some good church preferment on the Wentworth estates ; and I will show them what a good Christian I am, by patronizing and preferring the *most pious* of their order, should opportunity occur." He undoubtedly means, not only that he will show his respect and regard to Christianity, by selecting the most pious and worthy of her priests ; but that he will also show his spirit of Christian forgiveness, by thus returning good for evil.

I regret, that want of room prevents inserting here, the whole of the correspondence, &c. connected with the following extract. The reader must be referred to the book itself.

A very pious and interesting young married lady, Mrs. Sheppard, had seen Byron when a boy. Two years after her death, there was discovered, by her husband, among her papers, a *prayer* in behalf of one, not named ; but evidently, from circumstances, referring to Lord Byron. It is dated, "Hastings, July 31, 1814." Mr. Sheppard transmitted a copy to Lord Byron, Nov. 21, 1821, and Lord Byron, replied, in a letter from Pisa, Dec. 8, 1821. The prayer and the two letters are all highly interesting. Lord Byron says, "I need not say, that the extract which your letter contains has affected me ; because, it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference." "But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure that can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanor of the excellent person, whom *I trust* you will *again meet*, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking ; and I do not know, that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. *Indisputably, the firm believers of the Gospel have a great advantage over all others*, for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter ; and if there be no hereafter, they can but be with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an eternal hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the *worst* for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon himself ; who can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other ? and, least of all, that which he can least comprehend." "I can assure you, that all the fame, which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind, against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare."

Mr. Moore very justly remarks upon the fair writer of the prayer, that, "however romantic, in the eyes of the cold and wordly, the piety of this young person may appear, it were to be wished, that the truly Christian feeling, which dictated her prayer, were more common among all who profess the same creed ; and that those indications of a better nature, so visible even through the clouds of his character, which induced this innocent young woman to pray for Byron *while living*, could have the effect of inspiring *others* with more charity towards his memory, *now that he is dead*."

Of his feelings, on the death of his daughter Allegra, Madame Guiccioli gives the following masterly picture.

"On the occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his grief the excess of paternal tenderness. His *conduct* towards this child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have guessed, from his *expressions*, that he felt this affection for her. He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; and when afterward that of her death arrived, I was obliged to fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The memory of that terrific moment is stamped indelibly on my mind. For several evenings he had not left his house; I therefore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all hope of the child's recovery. 'I understand,' said he, 'it is enough—say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look was fixed, and his expression such, that I began to fear for his reason. He did not shed a tear; and his countenance manifested so hopeless, so profound, so sublime a sorrow, that at the moment he appeared a being, of a nature superior to humanity. He remained immovable in the same attitude for an hour, and no consolation which I endeavored to afford him seemed to reach his ears, far less his heart. But enough of this sad episode, on which I cannot linger, even after the lapse of so many years, without renewing in my own heart the awful wretchedness of that day." The next day he was more tranquil, and said, '*It is God's will*—let us mention it no more.' And from that day he would never pronounce her name."

To the preceding extracts from Mr. Moore's last volume, might be added many others from Lord Byron's poems, indicating, with sufficient clearness, what were his religious opinions, and his hopes and fears with regard to a future state of existence. The sentiments uttered in his dramatic works may be considered rather as opinions and feelings, which the author deemed appropriate to his characters, than as being those which he entertained, himself. His enemies have, with great injustice, affected to consider them as his own. In *Childe Harold*, however, and some other poems, the sentiments may be considered as really those of Lord Byron. Thus, his full belief in the existence of God, the great creator of the universe, is clearly expressed in these lines from *Childe Harold*.

"But lo the dome—the vast and wondrous dome—
Worthiest of God, the *holy* and the *true*."

"But let me quit *man's* works, again to read
His *MAKER's*, spread around me."

And in the following lines, he distinctly recognizes the providence of God, and his punishing his rational creatures on earth.

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
Before the CHASTENER humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroyed."

His *hopes*, mingled with doubts, in regard to the soul's continuing to exist after the death of the body, are expressed in the following pas-

sage from the same poem. The ideas are in strict accordance with those contained in the prose extracts, heretofore given, from his letters and journals.

"Yet if, as holiest men have deemed,—there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
How sweet it were, in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light—
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more—
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight—
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right.

There thou—whose love and life, together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart,—and can I deem thee dead,
When busy Memory flashes on my brain?—
Well—I will *dream* that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast."

The prose extracts that follow, regard more particularly the religious *practice* of Lord Byron; which, after all, is the best test and commentary concerning religious principles. "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord; and do not the things which I say?" "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Thou believest—the devils also believe."

Shelley, the friend and companion of Lord Byron, when residing at Ravenna, says, in a letter dated August 15, 1821, speaking of Byron,— "He lives in considerable splendor, but within his income, which is about £4000 a year, £1000 of which he devotes to purposes of charity." Now, for a dissolute young nobleman, residing in a foreign country, with an expensive establishment of servants, &c. &c. to devote 4500 dollars, a quarter part of an income very moderate for one of his rank and disposition, to purposes of charity, is a more faithful compliance with the spirit of the Christian precept, than will generally be found even in the practice of many a dignified prelate with the same income, to say nothing of "your even Christian" of the laity.

An Italian family, with whom Lord Byron was on terms of particular intimacy, and some of whom were suspected of being concerned in certain revolutionary movements, were ordered to quit the country. Lord Byron had determined to accompany them. He thus writes from Ravenna, on this occasion, under date of July 22, 1821; "What you will not be sorry to hear is, that the *poor* of the place, hearing that I meant to go, got together a petition to the Cardinal, to request that he would request me to remain."

Madame Guiccioli, also, in a letter to Mrs. Moore, after describing his simple mode of life while at Ravenna, previous to his departure for Greece, thus proceeds;

"This sort of simple life he led until the fatal day of his departure for Greece; and the few variations he made from it may be said to have arisen solely from the greater or smaller number of occasions which were offered him of doing good, and from the generous actions he was constantly performing. Many families, (in Ravenna principally,) owed to him the few prosperous days they ever enjoyed. His arrival in that town was spoken of as a piece of public good fortune,

and his departure as a public calamity; and this is the life which many attempted to asperse as that of a libertine."

That he was benevolent and charitable in an eminent degree, not only to the poor of his adopted country, but also to such of his own countrymen as stood in need of assistance, notwithstanding his settled aversion to England and Englishmen, is evident from numerous passages in Mr. Moore's book. Of his disinterested regard to justice, in his dealings and pecuniary affairs, his letters to his publisher, Mr. Murray, are sufficient proof. Of his ardent love of liberty—his noble and exalted views—his pure and lofty ambition—and his disregard of mercenary considerations,—in the latter portion of his career, at least,—the devotion of his fortune and his life to the cause of Greece, will ever remain an imperishable monument.

Thus far, with regard to the religious sentiments of Lord Byron. And here I wish it to be understood, that I do not attempt to defend these, or any other of his opinions. My object is, to show what these opinions actually were; and that others, which have been unjustly imputed to him in order to fix an odium upon his character and reputation, are such as he never professed or entertained. I do not justify his faults, nor apologize for his vices. With these, a great portion of his life was but too much chequered. I desire only that he may have even-handed justice; that his great genius may be acknowledged; and that his virtues may be remembered, as well as his errors and vices.

Lord Byron, indeed, was deeply sensible of his errors. He was conscious that he had been led widely astray by a mind misdirected, and by constitutional impulses ungoverned, and perhaps ungovernable. He sincerely deplored his situation, and made firm resolves to pursue a different course. In this, if he did not wholly succeed, he made great and important progress. His situation was peculiarly unfavorable. An exile in a foreign country, alone, unfriended; those who should have been his truest friends, and should have extended an assisting hand to raise him from the pit into which he was fallen,—having coldly deserted him, or become his most implacable and persecuting foes; the strong sense of this desertion and this persecution from his former friends and countrymen constantly weighing on his mind, and lacerating his feelings; under circumstances so adverse as these to the amelioration of the heart, and to the formation of the best principles and motives of action, how could it be expected that so rapid and complete a change should be effected, as might have been justly anticipated under more favorable and ordinary influences? Thus, in *Childe Harold*—

- " 'Tis an old lesson; time approves it true,
 • And those who know it best, deplore it most;—
 When *all* is *won*, that all *desire* to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost.
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honor lost,—
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion, these !"

" And thus awhile he learned to moralize;—
 For meditation fixed at times on him;
 And conscious Reason whispered to despise
 His early youth, misspent in maddest whim;
 But as he gazed on truth, his aching eyes grew dim."

Lord Byron, like most other lofty minds and proud spirits, felt himself an isolated being. In his joys and sorrows, his hopes and fears, he was too much *alone*; he could not unbosom himself to those around him, nor lean for solace and support, for encouragement and direction on any one, in whom his heart acknowledged an unshackled confidence. He was independent in his opinions; and, right or wrong, scorned to acknowledge the supremacy of others, or to accommodate his sentiments and expressions to theirs. This independent feeling placed him beyond the sympathy and the controlling influence of those, whose friendship and intimacy might have exercised a beneficial sway over his mind and conduct. Every noble mind, however, cannot but respect this lofty independence of thought; this refusal to truckle to the guidance of power and fashion, though at the sacrifice of his own advancement. This attribute of true genius in times characterised by fawning suppleness, is entitled to esteem even from its rarity. The following passages are strongly expressive of this spirit and its effects.

"Yet oft-times, in his maddest mirthful mood,
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below;—
But this none knew, or haply cared to know;
For his was not that open, artless soul,
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow;
Nor sought he friend, to counsel or condole,
Whate'er his grief might be, which he could not control."

"But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quelled
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompeled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits, against whom his own rebelled;
Proud, though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself to breathe without mankind."

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo. In the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not *of* them: in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not *their* thoughts; and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued."

"Fame is the thirst of youth; but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;—
I stood and stand alone,—remembered or forgot."

Great allowance is to be made, when a lofty, original mind forms its own independent opinions, and avows them; though some of them, from the imperfection of our nature, must necessarily be erroneous. The every day character, whose opinions are those of the nursery, or who, by studiously conforming to those which prevail among the multitude, glides smoothly onward without enmity or opposition, needs no such allowance. This seeks a cotemporary reward, such as it is, and

often obtains it. The other looks forward to posterity, or finds a glorious recompense in the secret gratulation of his own bosom.

Any further extracts from the poems of Lord Byron would extend this article beyond its proper length. I will therefore only refer the reader to a magnificent passage in *Childe Harold*, the 132d to the 137th stanzas of the fourth canto, where the noble poet's sense of his wrongs, and the spirit in which he will avenge them, are boldly dashed upon the canvas with the hand of a master.

Lord Byron was born in London, on the 22d of January, 1788; and he died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, of fever, on the 19th of April, 1824, aged a little over thirty-six years. As a poet, his works will remain a permanent portion of British literature; while the multitudinous productions of his cotemporary rivals and revilers, with a very few exceptions, must soon be forgotten, or only be remembered as having emasculated and corrupted the literary taste of the age.

I cannot better conclude this imperfect notice of Lord Byron's opinions concerning religion, and of the unjust aspersions which have been cast upon them, and upon almost every action of his life, as well as upon every line of his poetry susceptible of misconstruction, than by quoting the closing paragraph of Mr. Moore's interesting biography of his noble friend.

"It would not (says Mr. Moore) be in the power, even of the most partial friend, to allege any thing more convincingly favorable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts with which I shall here conclude;—that, through life, with all his faults he never lost a friend;—that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last;—that the woman, to whom he gave the love of his maturer years, idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found, of any one, once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him, that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory."

PERCY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

[*.* The following Lecture and another of about the same length on the same subject were delivered last winter, by request of the Committee of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, before that body, to whom they are now very respectfully dedicated. The second lecture, embracing the period from the fall of Napoleon to the abdication of Charles X. will appear in the next number of the Magazine.]

THE public attention has been very much occupied during the last few months with the important events which have recently occurred in France and the neighboring European States; and it must be owned, that the interest we feel in these events is amply justified by their character. They are of the highest moment to the parties immediately affected by them, and who constitute at present the most enlightened and civilized portion of the human family. They have been brought about in a considerable degree by the agency of one of our own adopted citizens, in whose success and glory we all feel a just pride; and from the intimate relations existing between this country and Europe they cannot but exercise a strong indirect influence upon our own welfare. It is therefore quite proper for us to watch the progress of these movements with much attention; and to devote to the consideration of them such portions of our leisure, as we can with propriety withdraw from other and more urgent affairs and studies. And these events are so intimately connected with those which have preceded them in the same country during the last thirty or forty years, that it is obviously impossible to form a correct notion of the character and results of the second revolution without previously possessing some general idea of those of the first. As the course of my life for several years past has led me to bestow some attention upon the politics of Europe, I shall venture in this and a following lecture to attempt a rapid sketch of the principal events and characters of the French Revolution. I shall, of course, be able, within so short a compass, to present only a mere outline of this vast subject; which however may serve to convey some general information to those of you who are not acquainted with it, and may refresh in some particulars, the memory of those who are.

In taking this cursory survey of a long and interesting series of events, I shall not make myself the indiscriminate eulogist or censor of any person or party. Every thing was done in the name of liberty; but that sacred name, although often honored by glorious achievements and noble sacrifices, was often disgraced by foul crimes. I shall endeavor to render justice to the different parties, and shall deduce occasionally some practical conclusions from the various results that have attended their respective efforts, which may not be without their application in our own more fortunate country.

There is doubtless some illusion in the importance which we attach to all contemporary events, and there have probably been other periods in the history of the world which have appeared to be at the time and in fact really were not less interesting than that in which we live. But after making all proper allowance for any error on this account, it can hardly be denied, that the series of events which constitute or have grown out of the French Revolution is one of the most remarkable that have ever occurred. The Reformation,—the Crusades,—the Fall of the Roman Empire, were all attended with long, tremendous and widely spreading political convulsions, which unsettled for a time the whole fabric of civilized society. But the French Revolution seems to concentrate within a shorter compass of time a still greater number of important events and illustrious characters. There is also this difference between this and the other revolutions to which I have alluded, that the latter occurred at comparatively barbarous periods; for which reason we feel somewhat less interest in the fortunes of the persons who took a part in them. The French Revolution has been effected in the full daylight of a highly civilized age and gives us a view of human nature, employing all its powers for good and evil on the grandest scale, at the highest point of perfection, which they seem to be capable of attaining. It may therefore, on the whole, be said with propriety to furnish to the moral and political observer a more magnificent, and, at the same time, a more appalling spectacle, than is offered by any other chapter in the history of man.

The apparent immediate cause of the French Revolution was hardly commensurate in importance with the grandeur of the effect. After the close of the

American war, the finances of the kingdom were somewhat in disorder, and there was an annual deficiency of no very alarming amount in the revenue. As the public resources were in the main unimpaired, a skilful financier would have found no difficulty in applying a remedy to this trifling mischief. The counsellors of Louis XVI. could think of no other but that of calling together an Assembly of Notables, or, as we should say in this country, a Convention of the principal persons in the kingdom, a step which could hardly be taken without important consequences, and which, in this case, led the way directly to the great events of the revolution. It is obvious, however, that the embarrassment of the finances which occasioned this measure with all its important results, was the apparent and ostensible, but not the real, cause of the movement that followed. So trifling a circumstance could not have produced such astonishing consequences, unless the kingdom had been ripe for great changes; and if this difficulty had not existed, any other, equally unimportant, occurring at about the same time, would have served the same purpose. The real cause of the French Revolution was the great alteration that had gradually taken place in the state of society by the effect of the progress of civilization, and the consequent incongruity between the new condition of the people and the ancient forms of government. The northern barbarians who conquered the Roman empire divided the land and wealth of which they became possessed among their principal military followers, and reduced the mass of the people to absolute slavery. This arrangement created the classes of nobles, vassals and slaves, which formed the basis of the political system that succeeded, and under the name of the Feudal System, prevailed throughout Europe for several centuries. The progress of civilization affected this system in two ways. By corrupting the nobles, who, from their wealth, were of course the first to feel its effects, it diminished their importance and augmented that of the kings. On the body of the people, it operated differently. It released them from bondage; endowed them with wealth and knowledge, and gave them as a necessary consequence a substantial importance in the state. This double operation of the same cause had proceeded so far at the time when the revolution actually occurred that the higher classes had become as a body, and, with some illustrious exceptions, intellectually and morally completely corrupt and imbecile, and that the body of the people, or,—as they were then called in France,—the Third Estate, possessed all the talent, information and virtue in the community. In the mean time, the form of government, which gave the whole political power to the privileged classes, and treated the body of the people as a mere passive mass, remained unaltered. This condition of things, and the reflections to which it naturally led, were concisely and pointedly described by the Abbé Sieyès in a pamphlet, which consisted of a short commentary on the three following questions and answers. What is the Third Estate? Every thing. What has it hitherto been? Nothing. What ought it to be in future? Something.

The same state of things existed substantially through the whole continent of Europe, and hence the facility with which the revolution, after it once began in France, invaded and subjugated all the other countries. The right of the people to be something in the state was in fact too plain to be gainsaid; and after the freedom of thought and speech had been made general by the controversies of the Reformation, there were not long wanting persons to assert it. Between the peace of Westphalia, which closed the religious wars in 1648, and the opening of the revolution, a series of masterly writers in different parts of Europe, but especially in France, took up the subject of government, and probed it to the bottom in all its branches. The works of some of them, particularly Locke and Montesquieu, are of permanent and standard value. Those of Voltaire, Rousseau and others are of more questionable merit, but produced at the time a prodigious effect. As a standing commentary on the text of these writers, the example of England was at hand; a country where the people,—if not every thing,—had long been something in the state, and where the state was evidently none the worse for it. Thus a variety of circumstances concurred to bring matters to a crisis, and nothing was wanted but some accidental spark to determine the explosion. This was supplied by our revolution, which furnished an example of successful resistance, and inspired the young French officers and soldiers who fought under our standard, with an almost frantic eagerness to imitate it in their own country. The financial embarrassments to which I have alluded, were also the direct result of the expenses into which the French government had been led by co-operating with us on this occasion, so that our revolution was in every way the immediate moving cause of that of France. I may

add, as another circumstance that greatly facilitated it, the character of the king, whose good intentions and feelings led him to give a ready ear to the plans of improvement that were proposed to him, while his total want of firmness and talent rendered him incapable of controlling and directing to any good result the movements which he created by attempting to execute them.

Such were the causes, remote and immediate, of the French Revolution. The first scene in this grand and bloody tragedy was the Assembly of Notables, to which I have already alluded, and which met for the first time at Versailles, then the residence of the Court, in May, 1787. It was of course in session at about the same time with the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. They met for purposes ostensibly similar, but the mission of one was to create, and that of the other to destroy. The Assembly of Notables held two short sessions in the year just mentioned and the following one, but their only result was a recommendation to the king to convoke the States-General. Observe, gentlemen, that all this time the only ostensible difficulty, for the removal of which this tremendous machinery was put in motion,—one convention assembled and another still more formal recommended,—was a comparatively trifling deficiency in the revenue. In pursuance of the recommendation of the Notables the king summoned the States-General, or Parliament, as it is denominated in England, which met in like manner at Versailles on the 5th of May, 1789, and consequently just two months after our constitution went into operation. The States-General was a body well known in the ancient practice of the French government, but had not been assembled for more than two centuries preceding; so that the mere fact of its convocation constituted of itself an epoch in the history of the monarchy. The States-General consisted of three chambers, or as they were called, States, composed respectively of deputies elected by the nobles, the clergy and the commons. And we may remark as a rather curious circumstance, that the name of States which was thus given to these different orders seems to recognize them for what they in fact very nearly were, three communities, independent of, if not hostile to, each other, dwelling, side by side, on the same territory.

The most prominent members of the popular party in this body, and those whose characters gave the tone to its proceedings, were Talleyrand, Sieyès, and the Count de Mirabeau. The action of the two former, who both belonged to the order of the clergy, was more behind the scenes. Sieyès seldom or never spoke in the assembly, and his silence was declared by Mirabeau to be a public calamity. Mirabeau was himself the soul and moving spirit of the body. He was in point of talent the John Adams of the French Congress, but his moral character was widely different from that of the Colossus of our Independence; and to this difference may be traced in no small degree the difference in the success of the two revolutions. They entered upon the conduct of political affairs at about the same age of forty, but their previous pursuits had been of a very opposite description. Adams had passed his youth in reading and study, and his mature age in the laborious practice of an honorable profession and of every public and private virtue. Mirabeau, at a period of general licentiousness, was the most licentious person of his time. It was remarked by his brother the Viscount de Mirabeau, who was also distinguished for his talent and immorality, but was eclipsed by the superiority in both respects of his brother, that in any other family he should have been a wit and a rogue, but that in his own, he was a fool and a saint. Mirabeau had been seventeen times imprisoned at the instance of his father by the process then common in France under the name of a *lettre de cachet*, which was a warrant under the king's privy seal for the commitment of an individual to some state prison, granted generally at the request of his friends, for the purpose of keeping him out of mischief. He had, however, distinguished himself by some political writings which had recommended him to the attention of the government, and a short time before the revolution had been employed as a secret diplomatic agent at the Court of Prussia. When the decree was issued for the convocation of the States-General, he offered himself to the nobles of his province as a candidate for the honor of being one of their deputies, but was unanimously rejected on account of his notorious immorality. Repulsed in this quarter, he next addressed himself to the Third Estate, and for the purpose of qualifying himself to represent them, opened a little shop at the city of Aix in Provence. The people were pleased with such condescension in a nobleman, and elected him by acclamation. Thus it was that the champion of the popular party, with the sense of a thousand wrongs, as he doubtless supposed

them, received from the government and nobles, ranking in his bosom, came up, like Marius from his retreat in the marshes, to carry desolation into the camp of his enemies. There was something extraordinary, and as it were, portentous in the very person of this remarkable man. His monstrous head, large features and long thick hair, which he wore in a loose and shaggy state, gave him an almost savage aspect. In a letter to a lady who had not seen him and wished for a description of his person, he tells her to figure to herself a tiger pitted with the small pox. He had on each side of his mouth a large projecting tooth, and when he spoke of his intention to attack his opponents, he was accustomed to say, that he would show them the boar's tusks. Such were the person and qualities of Mirabeau. I have dwelt upon them at some length, because he is one of the three or four most eminent persons of the whole revolution.

The ostensible object for which the States-General had been convoked, was,—as I have remarked,—to provide the means for supplying the deficiency in the revenue. The people had, however, taken advantage of the occasion to endeavor to obtain a redress of a variety of special grievances real or supposed; and most of the deputies arrived at Versailles provided with copious written instructions from their constituents for this purpose. It was not, however, upon the subject of the finances or of any of the projected alterations in the laws that the decisive battle was fought between the court and the popular party. This great case was tried upon a question of mere form. According to the ancient usage, the deputies of the three orders which composed the States-General met in separate chambers; and had this form been maintained, the two houses of the nobles and clergy, both of which adhered by large majorities to the court, would have furnished a complete check upon the proceedings of the popular body. If, on the contrary, the three classes of deputies met together in joint convention, the deputies of the third estate, or commons, who were equal in number to both the other orders, and who had also numerous adherents in both, would possess an overwhelming superiority, and would act without any check whatever. Had the court proceeded with firmness and discretion, they would have settled these points of form beforehand; but nothing had been done, and the whole matter had been left open for the decision of the states themselves. After the ceremony of the opening, the several orders met in separate chambers, and the nobles and clergy manifested, as was natural, a disposition to adhere to this arrangement. The commons insisted firmly on a joint convention. Several weeks elapsed in negotiations upon this subject, which, however, were never brought to any formal conclusion, for while they were going on, the individual members of the clergy and nobility who were favorable to the pretensions of the commons successively quitted the assemblies of their own orders, and joined that of the third estate, which, thus reinforced, finally declared itself the sole representation of the people, and rejecting its original name, assumed the title of the National Assembly. The court exhibited, at first, a disposition to resist this pretension. The king summoned a joint meeting of the three estates, at which he assisted in person, and where, after making of his own mere motion certain changes of a popular character in the laws, he finally dissolved the states. The assembly refused to acknowledge the validity of this dissolution, and, after the king had retired, continued their sitting as before. On hearing this, the king despatched his master of ceremonies to clear the room; and it was then that the champion of the commons first exhibited to the astonished eyes of the adherents of the court the boar's tusks. 'Slave!' said Mirabeau,—'return and tell your master, that we came here in compliance with the will of the people, and that nothing but the point of the bayonet shall induce us to separate.' Alarmed at this violent language, and at the popular commotions which about the same time took place at Paris, the court yielded, and acquiesced in the continuance of the session. These proceedings consummated the real revolution. The commons, who had hitherto been nothing, and who had aimed at being something, were already every thing. The National Assembly proceeded to arrange a constitution in which they assigned to the king a certain share of power, but it was apparent to all, that the substance was entirely in possession of the commons, if it had not already passed into the hands of a still more violent party. While these proceedings were in progress, the populace of Paris had stormed the Bastille, and subsequently marched in tumultuous array to Versailles,—invaded the palace,—massacred the guards,—and brought back the royal family in triumph to the capital. Lafayette, who commanded the National Guard, had been wholly unable to control the fury of the populace. Meanwhile the princes and most of the nobility,

foreseeing the storm which was to follow, left the kingdom; and the king himself, not long after his return to Paris, attempted to follow their example, but was apprehended when on the point of crossing the frontier, and compelled to return. His escape,—had he effected it,—without materially altering in other respects the course of events, would have prevented one great crime. In the mean time, however, the National Assembly, who had now transferred their sittings to Paris, having completed the new constitution, and obtained its acceptance from the king, finally brought their labors to a close.

It was before this time apparent to all that the revolution was taking an unfortunate course, and that, unless some measure could be taken to arrest it, it would plunge the kingdom into a gulf of incalculable evils. The two great champions of the friends of liberty, Mirabeau and Lafayette, perceived the danger, and earnestly endeavored in different ways, and without concert with each other, to avert it. Before the king's attempt to escape, Mirabeau had come to an understanding with the court, that he should use his influence with the assembly in favor of a moderate policy, and was concerting measures with the government for the purpose of placing the king's person in safety and putting an effectual check upon the progress of anarchy. Whether his influence, great as it was, would have been sufficient to effect the object, is perhaps uncertain; but it so happened that in the midst of these negotiations and arrangements he was suddenly taken ill, and died, not without strong suspicions of poison. 'I am dying,' were the last words he uttered, 'I am dying, and the monarchy will perish with me.' Such was the end of the brief and brilliant career of Mirabeau;—a man, who in a few short months of political action exercised more influence,—produced more important immediate results,—and acquired a more extensive and permanent notoriety by merely civil means than any individual of ancient or modern times.

Lafayette, at a somewhat later period, when the opening of the war had placed him at the head of the army on the frontiers, and when the invasion of the Thuilleries by the populace on the 20th of July, 1792, had shown that the persons of the royal family were in imminent danger, left his post, and repaired to Paris for the purpose of using his influence in their favor. Finding himself but feebly supported, he proposed to the king to effect his escape, and offered to lend him his assistance; but he could not prevail upon the feeble monarch to venture on another attempt. Afterwards, when the storming of the palace on the following 10th of August, and the subsequent imprisonment of the king had rendered the danger still more pressing, Lafayette arrested the persons who resided at his head-quarters as commissioners of the government, and declared that he would hold them as hostages for the safety of the royal family. But at this juncture, he was deserted by his troops and was compelled to provide for his own safety by a hasty flight. On his arrival in the territory of the allies, he was treated as a state prisoner, and placed in close confinement in the castle of Olmutz in Moravia. Washington vainly interceded for his release, and he remained in his dungeon until the young conqueror of Italy,—when at the close of his first and most brilliant campaign he dictated peace to Austria on his own terms,—stipulated for the liberty of his generous countryman. The failure of the attempts of Lafayette and Mirabeau to check the progress of disorder, shows how much easier it is to raise a popular commotion than to quell it or direct it to useful ends; but it serves,—at least in the case of Lafayette,—to evince the rectitude of his own intentions, and to keep his character, unstained by the excesses of the first revolution, to be the main dependence and safeguard of liberty in the second.

The National Assembly,—as I have already remarked,—after terminating the work of the constitution, had declared its own dissolution, and another, commonly called the Legislative Assembly, was forthwith elected and organized according to the forms of the system. It consisted wholly of new members, the persons composing the former having declared themselves, before the dissolution, ineligible to the next. This measure, though adopted with good intentions, was notwithstanding injurious, as it deprived the country of the services of its ablest men, who had already acquired an experience which would have been even more useful than their talents. The party that possessed the ascendancy in the Legislative Assembly has been commonly called the *Gironde* party, because some of the principal leaders came from the neighborhood of the city of Bordeaux, which is watered by a river of that name. They were generally young men, from the middling classes of society, of fine talents, lively imaginations, ardent

passions, and brilliant eloquence. They were real enthusiasts in the cause of freedom, and if excellent intentions and noble sentiments had been sufficient to insure success they would doubtless have obtained it, but they were swept away by a headlong torrent which no personal qualities, however eminent and valuable, could have enabled them to stem. Their most distinguished orator was a lawyer from Bordeaux, named Vergniaux. Brissot, a man of letters, who had published, among other works, an account of his travels in this country, was sometimes called their leader, but the most eminent man among them on the whole was Condorcet. He had been distinguished before the revolution as a profound scholar, particularly in mathematics. The study of this branch of learning is generally supposed to create a precise and rigorous method of thinking, but it so happened that Condorcet,—one of the ablest mathematicians of his day,—when he turned his attention to politics, professed the wildest and most visionary theories that have ever been started. He believed, that our nature was susceptible of improvement to an indefinite extent, and that by the effect of successive meliorations in the forms of government and the habits of private life, we should gradually reach such a point as to become not only perfectly wise, virtuous and happy, but actually immortal upon the face of the earth. This doctrine he bequeathed to posterity in a work entitled an *Essay on the Progress of the Human Mind*, composed in the prison to which he was consigned by the fall of his party, and where he afterwards terminated his life by poison. It would be difficult to produce a stronger example of the inconsistency that we often observe between theory and experience, than that of Condorcet,—in the depths of a dungeon, in a kingdom abandoned for the time to all the horrors of complete anarchy, and with the poison which was his only resource against an ignominious death in his pocket,—indulging in dreams of the practicability of a state of perfect innocence and happiness.

But the most interesting person in this group, and the one who may perhaps be considered as the leader of the party, was the celebrated Madame Roland, the wife of the Minister of the Home Department at the time of which I am now speaking. Although educated under circumstances not very favorable to improvement, she had by the mere force of her own taste and talent placed herself on a level in point of information and extent of views with the highest minds of her own or any other time. She co-operated actively with her husband in the discharge of the duties of his department, and although she shared in no small degree the exaggerations and delusions of the period, she nevertheless exhibited a sounder sense and a more resolute humanity than any of her political associates. She made the strongest efforts, in particular, to prevent her friends from allowing themselves to be carried away by the more violent party in the Convention into a co-operation in the measures that led to the trial and condemnation of the unfortunate king. She wrote with an elegance and a manly vigor, which would have done honor to the best authors in the language.

Her accomplishments and talents were of course no title of exemption from the fate of her friends, and she suffered with a courage and constancy worthy of her character. She employed the time of her imprisonment in writing memoirs of her life which are not inferior in beauty of composition to the celebrated *Confessions of Rousseau*. One of her companions in peril has given a touching account of her deportment under these trying circumstances; 'Although well aware of the fate that awaited her, her tranquillity was in no way affected. Though no longer in the flower of life, her appearance was still extremely engaging. She was tall and elegantly formed. Her countenance was exceedingly intelligent, but her misfortunes and her long confinement had imprinted on it an expression of melancholy, which softened the vivacity that was natural to it. She had the soul of a republican, enclosed in a form modelled by the graces, and fashioned by a certain courtly elegance. There was something more than the ordinary feminine expression in her large black eyes, which were full of softness and meaning. She conversed with the freedom and courage of a great man. This republican language, in the mouth of a beautiful French woman about to mount the scaffold, was one of the miracles of the revolution, for which we were not prepared. We all listened to her with admiration and astonishment. Her conversation was serious, without being cold; and such was the pure and harmonious flow of her language, that it seemed like a sort of music, with which the ear would never be satiated. She spoke of her political friends with respect; but without effeminate regret, and often lamented their want of firmness. Sometimes, her sex resumed the ascendancy, and we saw that she had

been weeping at the recollection of her husband and child. The woman who attended her, said to me one day,—“Before you she collects her strength, but in her cell she sometimes leans upon the casement, and weeps for three hours together.” This mixture of softness and force made her still more interesting. On the day of her trial she dressed herself with care, in white, and her long black hair fell in loose ringlets to her waist. Her appearance would have moved the sternest heart. On her return from court, she entered the room with a liveliness that seemed like pleasure. One of her companions, who was to share her fate and who appeared to want courage, she consoled with so much unaffected gaiety, that she made him smile several times. At the place of execution she bowed before the statue of Liberty, and uttered these memorable words,—“Oh Liberty! what crimes are not committed in thy name!”

Such was the character and composition of the celebrated *Gironde* party, which possessed the ascendancy in the Legislative Assembly. They exhibit the bright side of the character which was naturally formed by the circumstances under which they lived. Although prevented by insurmountable obstacles from effecting any real good, and even hurried reluctantly into a participation in excesses which they internally abhorred, they possessed originally the qualities and graces which most highly adorn our nature, and had fortune been more propitious to them, would have recorded their names among those of the benefactors and ornaments of our race. But the revolution was now rushing forward in its downward career with a fury which no person or party was able to resist, until it finally exhausted its force by its own excesses. The invasion of the palace on the 20th of July, 1792, the storming of it on the 10th of August, the imprisonment of the royal family, and the massacre of the prisoners in September of the same year, sufficiently indicated that the populace of Paris had taken the government into their own hands. The royal authority was extinct, and the Legislative Assembly, overawed by the terrors which surrounded them, gave up the struggle, pronounced their own dissolution, and summoned a Convention of the people to form another constitution, and proceed to the trial of the unfortunate monarch.

This body, whose existence and activity corresponded with the worst period of the revolution, will ever be an object of detestation and horror to the friends of humanity and freedom. It contained in the first instance a majority of members from the *Gironde* party; but these were from the first over-awed, and pretty soon forcibly over-mastered by the violent party, which had formed the minority in the Legislative Assembly, and which was the representative and instrument of the populace of Paris. This party were denominated *Jacobins*, because the club which regulated their proceedings held its meetings in a convent of Jacobins or Monks of the order of St. James. They were generally men without education, talent or principle, of the coarsest manners and worst habits; who had been thrown up from the lowest walks of society by the convulsive agitations of the times, and whose only means of sustaining themselves was the blind and frantic energy with which they directed the fury of the populace against their real or supposed adversaries. So low indeed was the most enlightened and civilized nation in Europe reduced at this period, as to be governed for two years by a set of tyrants, precisely on a level in point of character and manners with a horde of common pirates and highwaymen. Among the persons who have obtained an infamous notoriety as the leaders of this party, the most conspicuous were Marat, Danton and Robespierre. The last combined a little more external decency of manner than belonged to the others, with equal or greater essential ferocity, but does not appear to have possessed any real superiority of talent. He had been, before the revolution, a lawyer of low reputation, and as a member of the national assembly had made himself ridiculous by an affected and almost burlesque style of oratory. Not long before his fall, and at a time when his hands were daily dipped in the blood of the most respectable and blameless among his fellow-citizens; he insulted still farther the common sense and feeling of the world by organizing a public festival in honor of the Supreme Being; and it is thought by some, that had his influence continued, he would have attempted to establish a new system of religion, and to make himself a sort of modern Mahomet. But it would be painful and useless to dwell at length upon the character, and actions of these miscreants. As they possessed the coarseness and ferocity of common banditti, so their system of administration was a repetition, on a larger scale and during a period of more than two years, of the scene which takes place on board a quiet trading vessel which has been captured by pirates,—an in-

discriminate slaughter of all whose position in society rendered them formidable, or whose wealth excited cupidity. The termination of their career corresponded with its character. While they were acting in concert to effect their common objects of plunder and massacre, they successively destroyed each other in mutual broils; until at length, after the fall of Robespierre, which was immediately effected by men not much better than himself, the popular frenzy, that had given them importance, appeared to have spent its force, and a reaction took place, which gradually brought about another state of affairs.

From this time forward, until the fall of Napoleon, the revolution assumed an exclusively military character; and, though still sanguinary, gains at least in dignity from the large scale on which it was conducted, and the prodigious extent of military talent which it brought into action. I have already remarked that the same circumstances which were the real and substantial causes of the French revolution,—the inconsistency which had gradually grown up between the state of society and the form of government,—existed not only in France, but in most of the continental nations, and to a certain extent in England. It was quite natural, therefore, that when the people of France had abolished their government as tyrannical, and brought their monarch to the block, other governments constituted on similar principles, should begin to feel alarmed for their own safety. It is evident, in fact, that from the time of the complete triumph of the revolution till the return of the Bourbons, there was a virtual war between France and all the other governments in Europe, although in the course of that long period many, and at one time nearly all of them, were ostensibly in alliance with her. The French, perceiving that the other powers were taking measures to act in concert against them, deemed it prudent, as it probably was, to commence the attack themselves; and, in the spring of 1792, declared war against Austria. The other powers immediately took part with the emperor, and the war soon became general. It would have been natural to suppose that this great coalition would have overwhelmed at once a single nation, especially one distracted as France then was by the struggles of contending factions. The result, however, soon proved that the frantic zeal with which the French people were animated in the cause of liberty and independence was more than sufficient to counterbalance the immense superiority of force and discipline on the other side. The allies were repulsed in an attempt at invasion. Shortly after, the French carried back the war into their own territory, and conquered the whole of Holland in a single campaign. In other quarters, the success was in general on their side; but it was not until the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte on the scene of action that it became so decisive as first to alarm and finally to subjugate or overawe the whole continent of Europe.

The first decisive exhibition of that force of character, and prodigious military talent which enabled this person,—the most remarkable that has ever appeared in active life,—to determine for many years the destinies of the civilized world, was made at Paris, on the 5th of October, 1795, in defence of the Convention against an armed insurrection of the sections or wards of the capital. After the fall of Robespierre, the party which had brought it about, and which consisted,—as I have remarked,—of men not much better than he, were led by the reaction of public feeling to pursue a rather more moderate course. The form of government under which the horrors of the reign of terror had been perpetrated had become odious, and it was determined to establish another, the particular arrangements of which, as of all the ephemeral constitutions that so rapidly succeeded each other at this period, are too unimportant to require a recapitulation. But in carrying these arrangements into effect, the members of the Convention, for the purpose of perpetuating their own power, decided that two thirds of the principal legislative assembly, which was to act under the new constitution, should consist of persons to be chosen by them from their own body. This act, sufficiently exceptionable in its own nature, was rendered still more so by the odium which naturally attached itself to all the members of the Convention who had been either actively or passively concerned in the sanguinary scenes that had just terminated. An extensive feeling of discontent with the conduct of political affairs, regularly manifested itself at this disturbed period in the form of open insurrection. On the day I have just mentioned, the national guard of Paris actually assembled in arms to the number of thirty thousand men, but without artillery, and marched upon the Thuilleries for the purpose of overthrowing the government which had been organized under the new constitution, and which was then in session at the palace. It is proper, gentlemen, to remark, that

although the ostensible, and one of the real objects of this movement was to get rid of the remains of the obnoxious Convention, it is also known, that it was the intention of the leaders, had they succeeded, to restore the monarchy in the person of the Bourbons. The government relied for their defence upon a regular army of about five thousand men, provided with two hundred pieces of artillery, in which consisted their principal advantage. After having successively made trial of two or three persons to command this little force, who proved inadequate to the trust, they had, fortunately for them, before the day of the decisive action, cast their eyes upon a young Corsican officer, of about twenty-six years of age, who had obtained the rank of brigadier-general, but had been withdrawn from active service, on account of his real or supposed connexion with the party of Robespierre, and was now at Paris, without employment, in very narrow and embarrassed circumstances. This officer was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was then wholly undistinguished from the crowd of brigadier-generals, but had accidentally made himself known, by his good conduct at the siege of Toulon by the English, to Barras, one of the chiefs of the new government, who had been present there, and now recommended him to his colleagues as a little Corsican, who would not stand upon ceremony. The suggestion was adopted; and it is easy to conceive that the future conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, with two hundred pieces of artillery at his disposal, found no difficulty in dispersing the militia of Paris. A battle of one hour's length decided the quarrel and with it the fortunes of Europe, for had the insurrection succeeded, the monarchy would have been restored.—Bonaparte would have lost his position in the army,—and the course of subsequent events must have been entirely different. His easy and brilliant success on this decisive occasion recommended him of course to immediate promotion. He was forthwith appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the interior, shortly after exchanged this command for that of the army of Italy, and in the spring of 1796, departed from Paris to enter upon that astonishing campaign from which he returned the virtual master of his country and a great part of Europe.

Such, gentlemen, was the first apparition of this extraordinary character on the great political theatre which for the twenty years following was almost wholly occupied with his achievements. It would be impossible to recapitulate upon this occasion even in the most summary manner the particulars of this series of events, of which the general features are also too familiar to you to require repetition. I can only make a slight and rapid allusion to the several chapters of this almost miraculous history.

Napoleon was married at Paris, on the 9th of March, 1796, and on the 10th of April following, after traveling more than one thousand miles, placing himself at the head of his army, and making the necessary arrangements, he gained his first victory over the Austrians at Montenotte. Such, gentlemen, was his mode of employing the honey-moon. Two days after followed the victory of Millesimo; within a week that of Mondovi; and before the expiration of a month, he had occupied the capital of Piedmont, and dictated peace on his own terms to the king of Sardinia. On the 10th of May, the celebrated victory of Lodi gave him possession of Milan. Arcola and Rivoli assured him of Mantua and annihilated the last remains of the Austrian power in Italy. Rome, now the shadow of a great name, sealed her degradation at the peace of Tolentino, and the indefatigable conqueror, following up his advantages over the Austrians, pursued them into their own country, and having brought them to terms at the gates of the capital, finished the campaign by the conquest of the proud and illustrious commonwealth of Venice, the most ancient independent state existing in Europe.

After this series of victories, unparalleled excepting perhaps by some of his own subsequent achievements, he returned to Paris in a sort of triumph. He had already conceived the project of seizing in form the power which he now possessed in substance; but he appears at this time to have considered the attempt premature. The fruit, as he afterwards said, was not yet ripe. Whether it was for this reason, or whether his imagination was really flattered with the idea of establishing an empire on the ancient but now desolate seats of civilization, we next find him exhibiting his miracles of science, talent, and activity, on the banks of the Nile, and the sandy deserts of Arabia. It is curious to trace his progress through regions consecrated by their associations with the most interesting events in sacred and secular history,—crushing their ferocious possessors by repeated victories with one hand, and with the other, pouring a flood of light by his scientific labors upon their almost forgotten antiquities. It is curious to see

him proceeding on an expedition of discovery to the Red Sea, crossing it at the point where the Jews on their retreat from Egypt had crossed it three thousand years before, and as he came back narrowly escaping with his life from the same rapid and mountainous tide, which of old, under Providence, overwhelmed the host of Pharaoh. The battle of the Pyramids had given him the complete control of Egypt, and he seems at this time to have entertained a vague idea of taking the direction of Constantinople, and thence marching on the track of Alexander the Great through Persia to the conquest of the British empire in the East. He in fact set forth on this expedition, and proceeded as far as the entrance of Palestine, nor would the success of it, however adventurous it may appear in description, have been by any means so extraordinary as that of some of the projects which he afterwards executed. But on this occasion his fortune deserted him. His progress was arrested at the little fortress of St. Jean d'Acre, and he was compelled to retrace his steps into Egypt. In the mean time news arrived from Europe which proved that his absence was felt in his own country. The war had been renewed by the allies with considerable advantage, and there was much danger that the results of his former brilliant campaign would be lost by the inefficiency of his successors. With his usual prompt determination, he embarked at once for Europe,—with his usual good fortune passed safely through the fleets of hostile vessels that covered the Mediterranean,—lost not a moment at his landing even to comply with the usual sanitary regulations, and arrived in person at Paris, before the receipt of his own despatches announcing his return. The moment was one every way favorable to the execution of his projects. The fruit was ripe, and at the first touch fell into his hands. He swept away before him, almost without an effort, the cob-web constitution of the Directory, and on the 9th of November, 1799, this little Corsican, who, as was now plain enough to all the world, as well as to his first patron, had no disposition to stand upon ceremony, seated himself, under the name of First Consul, on the throne of St. Louis. But with him the throne of St. Louis was not even a resting-place in the race of ambition. Scarcely had he occupied it, when he started again upon a new career of conquest. Leaving Paris on the 9th of March, 1800, he crossed the Alps with his army, over heights and through defiles that were scarcely thought passable before for the solitary pilgrim,—burst like a torrent on the astonished Austrians who were encamped below in the plains of Piedmont,—once more overwhelmed them at the decisive battle of Marengo, and on the second of July made another triumphant entry into the capital of France.

In all this, gentlemen, there was something almost miraculous; nor need we wonder that the people of France and the governments of the other powers of Europe, struck with admiration and terror on the one hand by this astonishing display of military power, and disgusted on the other by the horrors of the preceding periods of the revolution, should have been disposed at first to acquiesce in the pretensions of Napoleon. Such, in fact, was the general feeling. The continental powers were all overawed. England herself consented to the treaty of Amiens, and in the year 1802, a general peace prevailed throughout Europe. It soon appeared, however, that this peace was to be of short duration. The restless ambition of Napoleon prompted him to several movements of a nature to alarm the jealousy of his neighbors, and the treaty of Amiens was never completely executed. In 1803, Great-Britain declared war against him, and from this time forward, new coalitions of the leading powers of Europe were successfully formed against him every two or three years, which he for a long time as often crushed by new exhibitions of the same transcendent military talent which had raised him to eminence. That of 1805, for example, was broken by a campaign of two months. On the 22d of September, 1805, Napoleon placed himself at the head of his army. On the 19th of October, he captured the main body of the Austrians under Mack, at Ulm. On the 13th of November he entered Vienna, and on the 2d of December defeated the combined Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz. The next year Prussia,—who had unaccountably refrained from acting while the other powers were on foot,—took the field alone, and was overwhelmed at once by a single blow at Jena, before her Russian auxiliaries had time to arrive. These the conqueror proceeded to meet half-way, and, after much hard fighting, brought to terms at Tilsit. Finally, in 1809, Austria once more tempted fortune, and once more a few rapid and vigorous movements brought her back to submission. On the 9th of April, the Austrian armies took the field; on the 12th of May Napoleon occupied Vienna, and on the 9th of June closed the campaign with the memorable battle of Wagram. The peace that followed was

cemented by a family alliance between the powers and appeared to be permanent. In the mean time Napoleon had improved his victories to extend his dominions and his influence in all directions. He had united Holland, part of Germany and a great part of Italy to France. He had placed his brothers on the thrones of Spain, Naples and Westphalia. As his real power increased, he had given himself new and more magnificent titles. He was Emperor of the French,—King of Italy,—Protector of the Swiss Confederation,—and Mediator of that of Germany. The powers that retained a nominal independence bowed before him in dismay and silence. He was virtually the master of Continental Europe.

This, gentlemen, might have appeared sufficient to satisfy the ambition of a man, who, twenty years before, was master of nothing but his sword, and found some difficulty in procuring with that the ordinary means of subsistence. And had he chosen to rest here, he might still, perhaps, have retained his power till his death, and transmitted it afterwards to a long line of descendants. England, it is true, still held out, and might probably have held out a good while longer. As Napoleon extended his dominions and power by land, England had extended hers by sea and abroad. As he conquered kingdoms, she had conquered colonies, and her victories on the ocean had been not less brilliant and decisive than his on shore. Nelson had tracked him to Egypt, and while he was crushing the Mamelukes at the foot of the Pyramids, had destroyed his fleet at the battle of the Nile. The triumph of Austerlitz had been clouded by the intelligence of the fatal defeat at Trafalgar. Even now, when he was the master of the continent, he could not show his flag upon the ocean. England had drawn a line of circumvallation round the vast extent of the continental coasts, and completely cut off his intercourse by sea with foreign nations. But this blockade, though galling to his pride, had but little effect upon the real elements of his power; and in spite of England, he might, if he had chosen, have remained where he was.

And it is well observed by Madame de Stael, that he would have rested here, and have been for life the most powerful sovereign in the world, had he possessed any one of the milder or better feelings of our nature; either the paternal affection that leads a father to wish to provide an inheritance for his child, or compassion for his subjects who had so long been slaughtered by millions in his service, or a just regard for the rights of other nations, or finally, that sort of prudence, which is natural to every man in middle life, when he sees approaching the large shadows that are soon to envelope him forever. One virtue! any one virtue! says this elegant writer, "would have been sufficient to secure to him, for life, every earthly good. But the heavenly spark was deficient in his bosom."

What, in fact, was wanting at this time to complete the happiness of this spoiled child of fortune? Was he ambitious? He had reached a loftier height of political power than any mortal had in any age or country ever attained before. Did he still desire some farther object on which to exercise this ever restless passion? He had before him the glorious task of organizing the internal administration of his own empire,—perfecting the codes of law which he had formed,—completing the magnificent public works of use and ornament which he had commenced,—making, in a word, the happiness of his people. Was he a lover of science and letters? He resided in a city which was the acknowledged metropolis of civilization, and might have surrounded himself at any time with the most accomplished scholars in every branch of learning. Was he finally a man of taste, fond of the arts, of intellectual and sensual gratification? Every form of pleasure, every description of amusement courted his senses in the highest state of perfection. The best living artists of every description,—poets, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, singing men and singing women, crowded his capital. The best works of ancient and modern art had quitted their former seats in different parts of Europe, to come to Paris and do him homage. The Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici attended at his levee, as well as the Pope and the Emperor of Austria. In short, there was nothing of all that has ever been conceived or is in any way conceivable as necessary to fill up the sum of human enjoyment, that was wanting to him.

All this, gentlemen, availed him nothing, so long as there was a single nation in Europe which enjoyed an existence in any way independent of his will; and this was the case with Russia. The Emperor of Russia had connected himself with the system of Napoleon, but in the consciousness of his great resources and real power he was not disposed to acquiesce with tameness in every requisition.

Napoleon, on the other hand, in the state of intellectual intoxication to which he had been gradually exalted by power and flattery, was driven to madness by the slightest appearance of opposition to his will; and there grew up in consequence between them a feeling of mutual offence and animosity. In an evil hour, Napoleon determined to avenge his supposed injuries, and extinguish forever the last spark of political independence remaining on the continent by a desperate and decisive attack upon Russia. Accordingly, after making preparation on the most extensive scale, and concentrating his troops from every part of Europe, he finally fixed upon the spring of 1812, to begin his operations, and on the 9th of May of that year, took his departure from Paris upon the celebrated Russian campaign.

A few days previous, being at that time a young traveller in Europe, I had arrived at Paris, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Emperor at one of his visits to the theatre. Though at the height of his power, he had lost much of his personal popularity, and was welcomed in public with very little show of friendly feeling. Every expression of sentiment on political matters through the press was carefully prevented, and there was not much greater liberty in private conversation, so universal was the terror inspired by the power and well-known remorseless severity of the Emperor. But through this thick veil of prudent disguise it was easy to perceive a foreboding of something disastrous to result from the contemplated expedition. There was a general though suppressed feeling that the head of this fortunate soldier had been turned by the unexampled elevation to which he had risen,—that a sort of madness had seized his brain, and that he was rushing on his ruin, which however could not be effected without the previous infliction of an incalculable amount of additional injury on his unhappy country. A few months previous, I had also seen at Petersburg his illustrious antagonist. Though his government rested in the main upon the same basis of military power, the Emperor Alexander was personally at the time the object of much more popular favor. He had a naturally manly and open manner which inspired esteem and confidence. He daily walked the streets of the capital, conversing familiarly with persons of every class whom he met, and welcomed by all with expressions of cordial good-will. The impending contest was at that time distinctly foreseen, and it was perceived that it would be desperate; but the nation felt that their cause was just, and, trusting in the extent of their resources and the favor of Providence, looked forward with great assurance to the issue.

The issue, gentlemen, corresponded, as you know, with these impressions. The great events that brought it about are familiar to us all. Who has not heard of the conflagration of Moscow, the disastrous retreat from Russia, the convulsive efforts of the following years, and the Battle of the Nations at Leipsic, which proved them to be all ineffectual,—the abdication of Napoleon,—his retirement to Elba,—his miraculous return from that island prison,—the hundred days,—the battle of Waterloo,—the second abdication,—and the final scene at St. Helena? They have been ever since the standing themes for conversation and writing, and will remain forever the most striking illustrations recorded in history of the excesses and the punishment of wild ambition.

Such, gentlemen, on a rapid and of course most cursory review, were the fortunes of this illustrious soldier. If we look at him merely as a military character, we may say, that he stands unrivalled in ancient or modern times. His achievements far transcend those of Alexander, Cæsar, or Frederick, and the great commander, who conquered him in his last battle, would hardly pretend to be his equal. He possessed indeed in the highest perfection all the intellectual and moral qualities necessary to complete success in war,—judgment,—boldness,—energy,—decision,—restless and indefatigable activity,—contempt for effeminate indulgence. In other valuable moral qualities,—in the gentle and kindly affections of our nature,—he seems, as I remarked before, to have been wholly deficient; and his history shows how little the loftiest talents and the most unwearied efforts can do, without them, for the happiness of their possessor or the world.

As Mirabeau was the John Adams of the French Revolution, Napoleon, the most distinguished military leader which it brought into action, occupies in it the place which belongs in ours to Washington. As a mere military leader, we may readily admit that he was the superior, although Washington, by doing complete justice to every situation in which he was placed, merited and has obtained the reputation of a commander of the highest class. But Washington possessed the civic and humane virtues which Napoleon wanted; and it is a subject of con-

soling reflection to see how this difference affected their success. Napoleon for want of these virtues ultimately failed in all his objects, while Washington by the aid of them realized infinitely more than his warmest hopes could ever have aspired to. Was the object of their youthful passion the advancement of liberty? Bonaparte became under the influence of his own ambition the instrument of imposing for a long time a galling despotism upon France and a great part of Europe. Washington contributed more than any one individual to secure the freedom of his country, and to place it under the safeguard of a wise and well-balanced political constitution. Did they aim at power? Napoleon grasped the rod of empire with an unsteady hand, and soon lost his hold upon it forever; while Washington,—with or without the names and insignia of office,—exercised through life an undisputed dominion over the hearts of his countrymen. Did they seek the bubble reputation? Napoleon experienced the fate of Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame, while the name of Washington is surrounded with a purer and brighter glory than belongs to any other recorded in history. Compare, too, the different terminations of their two careers. Behold Napoleon expiring in agony,—remote from his family, friends and country,—on a burning rock on the coast of Africa;—Washington resting in his quiet tomb under the shade of his paternal cedars on the banks of the Potomac,—his memory embalmed by the ‘tears eternal’ of the wise and good.

The comparison, gentlemen, affords consolation to the friends of humanity. It instructs us not to despair of the fortunes of our race;—and it must be owned that we need some such consolation and instruction, when we contrast the later scenes of the series of remarkable events to which I have now invited your attention with the earlier. I was particularly struck with the contrast, when, three months after the battle of Waterloo, I visited the field where this memorable action was fought, and while viewing the fresh and fearful traces of it, recollected the high and generous enthusiasm for liberty that inspired the patriots of the National Assembly, the glowing visions of political improvement and perfect innocence and happiness which then inflamed and bewildered their imaginations, and led them to efforts which had hitherto produced nothing but unheard of carnage, and a universal uproar of the civilized world. I was tempted to inquire whether the hope of improvement were not in fact a vain illusion, and to doubt the reality of virtue. Happily the experience of our country authorises us to reject these gloomy conclusions; and we may even venture to anticipate that the more flattering and agreeable views of our condition and destiny which our own situation suggests to us, will be finally confirmed by the results of the great political experiment that is now in progress in France. The fall of Bonaparte opened the way for a new series of events which has been conducted, on the whole under much better auspices, and may well be thought to hold out a prospect of much more desirable results than that which preceded. Although the character of the future is still far from being quite clear, we may at least indulge a hope that the glory and success of the second French Revolution will ultimately redeem the disgraceful failure of the first.

I propose, gentlemen, to offer a few observations upon the events and characters of the second Revolution in another lecture.

CURIOSITY BAFFLED.

THE Historical Romance or Novel has acquired a celebrity, which puts down all cavil against the principles of that species of composition. It is not only now admitted to be no crime to mingle the creations of the Fancy with the details of History ; but, as the great Duke of Marlborough said, he owed his acquaintance with English history to the plays of Shakspeare ; so we have no doubt many persons, if they would confess the truth, would acknowledge a like obligation to the romances of Scott. We appeal to our fair readers, whether they have not learned as much of Roman antiquities from *Corinna* as from *Nardini*, or *Vasi* ; and if they were questioned on the partition of Poland, whether they should cite *Dohm's Denkwürdigkeiten* or *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

We see no reason why the historical Tale should not be in as good repute as the historical Novel. A single incident may often, in proportion, bear an illustration, as well as a revolution or a war ; and when thus brought to the general notice, leave a valuable lesson on the mind. So necessary, in truth, is it, to set off the dry matter of fact, by the additions of the fancy, that, perhaps, such a thing as a story-teller, who adhered throughout his narrative to the literal truth, was never heard of. Like actors on the stage, who require rouge to prevent their looking unduly pale and ghastly,—a story is thought tame, which is not set off with some ornament beyond the dry record of the occurrence. In fact, in the language of the nursery, (which is not seldom truer to nature than that of advanced life,) a story and a fib are synonymous terms.

We make these remarks, by way of introduction to a narrative, which is well known to be substantially true. We have been compelled to add a few circumstances, not wilfully, and with malice prepense, to depart from historical accuracy, but to fill up the outline of the fact, which is all that has descended to us. In *Peale's* great skeleton of the Mammoth, the top of the cranium is wood, and some of the ribs are of leather. And why ? To deceive the public ? to palm off pine and cowhide for genuine fossil bones ? By no means ; but because, as the animal must have had some top to his head, and the ordinary complement of ribs, and as these parts of his anatomy could not be recovered, it was necessary to supply them, by the best substitutes, in order to exhibit, in their natural place and to good advantage, those parts actually preserved. So with our tale. We believe we may venture to pledge ourselves, that the main part of it is true ; and, as to the rest, we can only say that it might have been true ; that something took place at the same time and place, which probably was much of the same kind ; and if it interests the reader and is not against good morals, it is no great matter, in the present case, whether it is true or not.

Brook Watson was born of humble parentage, in the province of Maine, and in that part of it more appropriately known as *Sagadahoc*. History has not conveyed to us the incidents of his childhood. As he met with extraordinary success in life, we presume he was pretty soundly drubbed by the schoolmaster and the older boys. He probably

ran about bare-footed in summer, and in winter, wore old woollen stockings, with the feet cut off, under the name of leggins, to keep out snow-water. We imagine he got on the rafts of the lumber-men, and learned to swim, by being knocked off, as a mischief-maker, into the river. We think it likely he occasionally set up, of a moonshiny night, to watch the bears, as they came down, to reconnoitre the pig-stye; and we have little doubt that, before he was eleven years old, he had gone cabin-boy to Jamaica, with a cargo of pine boards and timber. But of all this we know nothing. It is enough for our story, that, at the age of twenty, Brook Watson was a stout athletic young man, sailing out of the port of New-York to the West-Indies.

The Yankees knew the way to the West-Indies a good while ago; they knew more ways than one. Their coasting vessels knew the way, without quadrant or Practical Navigator. Their skippers kept their reckoning with chalk, on a shingle, which they stowed away in the binnacle; and, by way of observation, they held up a hand to the sun. When they got him over four fingers, they knew they were straight for the Hole-in-the-wall; three fingers gave them their course to the Double-headed-shot Keys, and two carried them down to Barbadoes. This was one way; and when the *Monsieurs* and the *Dons* at Martinico and the Havana heard the old New-England drums, thumping away under the very teeth of their batteries; they understood to their cost, that the Yankees had another way of working their passage. But Brook Watson went to the Havana in the way of trade. He went as second mate of the *Royal Consort*, a fine topsail schooner of one hundred and fifteen tons; and whether he had any personal venture in the mules, butter, cheese, codfish, and shooks, which she took out, is more than history has recorded.

Captain Basil Hall says the Americans are too apt to talk about the weather. But in the tropics, in the month of July, aboard a small ship, without a breath stirring, Captain, it is hot;—you have been a sailor yourself, and you ought to know it. It was very hot on board the *Royal Consort*, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of July, 1755. There was not the slightest movement in the air; the rays of the sun seemed to burn down into the water. Silence took hold of the animated creation. It was too hot to talk, whistle, or sing; to bark, to crow, or to bray. Every thing crept under cover, but Sambo and Cuffee, two fine looking blacks, who sat sunning themselves on the quay, and thought “him berry pleasant weather,” and glistened like a new Bristol bottle.

Brook Watson was fond of the water; he was not web-footed, nor was he branchioustegous; (there’s for you, see Noah Webster;) but were he asked whether he felt most at home on land or in the water, he would have found it hard to tell. He had probably swum the Kennebec, where it is as wide and deep as the Hellespont between Sestos and Abydos, at least once a day, for five months in the year, ever since he was eleven years old, without Lord Byron’s precaution of a boat in company, to pick him up, in case of need. As his Lordship seemed desirous of imitating Leander, honesty ought, we think, to have suggested to him, to go without the boat. At all events, that was Brook Watson’s way; and we have no doubt, had he been in a boat, with a head wind, he would have sprung into the river, in order to get

across the sooner. With this taste for the water, and with the weather so oppressive as we have described it on the present occasion, it is not to be wondered at, that Brook Watson should have turned his thoughts for refreshment, to a change of element ; in other words, that he should have resolved to bathe himself in the sea.

Such was the fact. About six o'clock in the afternoon, and when every other being on board the vessel had crept away into the cabin or the fore-castle, to enjoy a *siesta*, Brook, who had been sweltering, and panting, and thinking of the banks of the Kennebec, till his stout gay heart felt like a great ball of lead within him, tripped up on deck, dropped his loose clothing, and in an instant was over the side of the vessel. This was Brook's first voyage to the West-Indies, since he had grown up ; and the first day after his arrival. He was one of that class of mankind not bred up to books ; and, consequently, in the way of learning wisdom only by experience. What you learn by experience, you learn pretty thoroughly, but at the same time, occasionally, much to your cost. Thus by chopping off a couple of fingers with a broad axe, you learn, by experience, not to play with edge-tools. Brook Watson's experience in bathing had hitherto been confined to the Kennebec ; a noble, broad, civil stream, harboring nothing within its gentle waters more terrible than a porpoise. The sea-serpent had not yet appeared. Brook Watson had certainly heard of sharks, but at the moment of forming the resolution to bathe, it had entirely escaped his mind, if it had ever entered it, that the West-India seas were full of them ; and so over he went, with a fearless plunge.

Sambo and Cuffee, as we have said, were sitting on the quay, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and making their evening repast of banana, when they heard the plunge into the water by the side of the Royal Consort, and presently saw Brook Watson emerging from the deep, his hands to his eyes, to free them from the brine, balancing up and down, sputtering the water from his mouth, and then throwing himself forward, hand over hand, as if at length he really felt himself in his element.

"Oh, Massa Bacra," roared out Sambo, as soon as he could recover his astonishment enough to speak, "O Senor ; he white man neber go to swim ; O, de tiburon ; he berry bad bite, come llamar—de shark ; he hab berry big mouth ; he eatee a Senor all up down !"

Such was the exclamation of Sambo, in the best English he had been able to pick up, in a few years service, in unlading the American vessels, that came to the Havana. It was intended to apprise the bold but inexperienced stranger, that the waters were filled with sharks, and that it was dangerous to swim in them. The words were scarcely uttered, and, even if they were heard, had not time to produce their effect, when Cuffee responded to the exclamation of his sable colleague, with—

"O, Madre de Dios, see, see, de tiburon, de shark ;—ah San Salvador ; ah pobre joven ! matar, todo comer, he eat him all down, berry soon !"

This second cry had been drawn from the kind-hearted negro, by seeing, at a distance, in the water, a smooth shooting streak, which an inexperienced eye would not have noticed ; but which Sambo and Cuffee knew full well. It was the wake of a shark. At a distance of

a mile or two, the shark had perceived his prey ; and with the rapidity of sound he had shot across the intervening space, scarcely disturbing the surface with a ripple. Cuffee's practised eye alone had seen a flash of his tail, at the distance of a mile and a half; and raising his voice to the utmost of his strength, he had endeavored to apprise the incautious swimmer of his danger. Brook heard the shout, and turned his eye in the direction, in which the negro pointed ; and well skilled in all the appearances of the water, under which he could see almost as well as in the open air, he perceived the sharp forehead of the fearful animal rushing towards him, head on, with a rapidity which bade defiance to flight. Had he been armed with a knife, or even a stick, he would not have feared the encounter ; but would have coolly waited his chance, like the negroes of the West-Indies and the Spanish Main, and plunged his weapon into the opening maw of the ravenous animal. But he was wholly naked and defenceless. Every one on board the Royal Consort was asleep ; and it was in vain to look for aid from that quarter. He cast a glance, in his extremity, to Sambo and Cuffee ; and saw them, with prompt benevolence, throw themselves into a boat, to rescue him ; but meantime the hungry enemy was rushing on.

Brook thought of the Kennebec ; he thought of its green banks, and its pleasant islands. He thought of the tall trunks of the pine trees, scathed with fire, which stood the grim sentinels of the forest, over the roof where he was born. He thought of the log school-house. He thought of his little brothers and sisters, and of his mother ; and there was another image that passed through his mind, and almost melted into cowardice his manly throbbing heart. He thought of Mary Atwood, and—but he had to think of himself. For though these tumultuous emotions and a thousand others rushed through his mind in a moment, crowding that one moment with a long duration of suffering ; yet in the same fleet moment, the dreadful monster had shot across the entire space that separated him from Brook ; and had stopped, as if its vitality had been instantly arrested, at the distance of about twelve feet from our swimmer. Brook had drawn himself up in the most pugnacious attitude possible ; and was treading water with great activity. The shark, probably unused to any signs of making battle, remained, for one moment, quiet ; and then, like a flash of lightning, shot sideling off, and came round in the rear. Brook, however, was as wide awake as his enemy. If he had not dealt with sharks before, he knew something of the ways of bears and catamounts ; and contriving himself to get round, about as soon as the shark, he still presented a bold front to the foe.

But a human creature, after all, is out of his element in the water ; and he fights with a shark, to about the same disadvantage as the shark himself, when dragged up on deck, fights with a man. He flounders and flings round, and makes formidable battle with tail and maw ; but he is soon obliged to yield. The near approach to a fine plump healthy Yankee was too much for the impatience of our shark. The plashing of the oars of Sambo and Cuffee, warned the sagacious monster of gathering foes. Whirling himself over on his back, and turning up his long white belly, and opening his terrific jaws, set round with a double row of broad serrated teeth, the whole roof of his mouth paved with

horrent fangs, all standing erect, sharp, and rigid, just permitting the blood-bright red to be seen between their roots, he darted toward Brook. Brook's self-possession stood by him in this trying moment. He knew very well if the animal reached him in a vital part, that instant death was his fate; and with a rapid movement, either of instinct or calculation, he threw himself backward, kicking, at the same moment, at the shark. In consequence of this movement, his foot and leg passed into the horrid maw of the dreadful monster, and were severed in a moment,—muscles, sinews, and bone. In the next moment, Sambo and Cuffee were at his side; and lifted him into the boat, convulsed with pain, and fainting with loss of blood. The Royal Consort was near, and the alarm was speedily given. Brook was taken on board; the vessel's company were roused; bandages and styptics were applied; surgical advice was obtained from the shore, and in due season the hearty and sound-constituted youth recovered.

The place of his lost limb was supplied by a wooden one; and industry, temperance, probity, and zeal, supplied the place of a regiment of legs, when employed to prop up a lazy and dissipated frame. The manly virtues of our hero found their reward; his sufferings were crowned with a rich indemnity. He rose from one step to another of prosperity. Increased means opened a wider sphere of activity and usefulness. He was extensively engaged in public contracts, which he fulfilled to the advantage of the government, as well as his own;—a thing rare enough among contracting *bipeds*. From a contractor, he became a commissary, and from commissary, Lord Mayor of London.

Behold our hero now, at the head of the magistracy of the metropolis of the British empire, displaying, in this exalted station, the virtues, which had raised him to it from humble life; and combatting the monsters of vice and corruption, which infest the metropolis, as boldly as he withstood the monster of the deep, and with greater success. All classes of his majesty's subjects, who had occasion to approach him, enjoyed the benefit of his civic qualities; and his fame spread far and wide through Great-Britain. Nor was it confined, as may well be supposed, to the British isles. The North-American colonies were proud of their fellow-citizen, who, from poverty and obscurity, had reached the Lord Mayor's chair. The ambitious mother quoted him to her emulous offspring. The thrifty merchant at Boston, would send a quintal of the best Isle-of-Shoals, as a present to his worship; and once, on the annual election-day, the reverend gentleman, who officiated on the occasion, in commenting on the happy auspices of the day, (it was just after the receipt of a large sum of money from England, on account of the expenses of the colony in the old war,) included among them, that a son of New-England had been entrusted with the high and responsible duties of the Chief Magistracy of the metropolis of his majesty's dominions.

It may well be supposed, that the Americans, who went *home* (as it was called, even in the case of those, who were born and bred in the colonies) were very fond of seeking the acquaintance of Sir Brook Watson, for knighthood had followed in the train of his other honors. Greatly to the credit of his worship, he uniformly received them with kindness and cordiality, and instead of shunning whatever recalled his humble origin, he paid particular attention to every one, that

came from Sagadahoc. There was but a single point in his history and condition, on which he evinced the least sensitiveness, and this was the painful occurrence, which had deprived him of his limb. Regret at this severe loss; a vivid recollection of the agony, which had accompanied it; and probably no little annoyance at the incessant interrogatories to which it had exposed him through life, and the constant repetition, to which it had driven him of all the details of this event, had unitedly made it a very sore subject with him. He at length ceased himself to allude to it, and his friends perceived, by the brevity of his answers, that it was a topic on which he wished to be spared.

Among the Americans who obtained an introduction to his worship in London, were Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, shrewd Yankees, who had found their way over to England, with a machine for dressing flax. They had obtained a letter of recommendation from a merchant in Boston to Sir Brook. They had no reason to murmur at their reception. They were invited to dine with his lordship, and treated with hearty hospitality and friendship. The dinner passed rather silently away, but with no neglect of the main end of the dinner. Our Yankee visitors did full justice to his worship's bountiful fare. They found his mutton fine; his turbot fine; his strong beer genuine (as they called it); and his wine most extraordinary good; and as the bottle circulated, the slight repression of spirits, under which they commenced, passed off. They became proportionably inquisitive, and opened upon their countryman a full battery of questions. They began with the articles, that formed the dessert; and asked whether his lordship's peaches were raised in his lordship's own garden. When told they were not, they made so bold as to inquire, whether they were a present to his lordship or boughten. The mayor having answered that they came from the market,—“might they presume to ask how much they had cost?” They were curious to be informed whether the silver gilt spoons were solid metal;—how many little ones his worship had; what *meeting* he went to, and whether his lordship had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach; and if he did not think him a fine speaker. They were anxious to know, whether his lordship went to see his Majesty sociably now, as you would run in and out at a neighbor's; whether her majesty was a comely personable woman, and whether it was true, that the prince was left-handed, and the princess pock-marked. They inquired what his lordship was worth; how much he used to get, as commissary; how much he got as lord mayor; and whether her ladyship had not something handsome of her own. They were anxious to know, what his worship would turn his hand to, when he had done being lord mayor; how old he was; whether he did not mean to go back and live in America; and whether it was not very pleasant to his lordship, to meet a countryman from New-England. To all these questions and a great many more, equally searching and to the point, his lordship answered good-humoredly; sometimes with a direct reply, sometimes evasively, but never impatiently. He perceived, however, that the appetite of their curiosity grew, from what it fed on; and that it would be as wise in him to hope for respite on their being satisfied, as it was in the rustic to wait for the river to run out.

These sturdy questioners had received a hint, that his lordship was rather sensitive, on the subject of his limb, and not fond of having it alluded to. This, of course, served no other purpose, than that of imparting to them an intense desire to know every thing about it. They had never heard by what accident his lordship had met this misfortune; as indeed the delicacy, which had for years been observed on the subject, in the circle of his friends, had prevented the singular circumstances, which in early youth deprived him of his leg, from being generally known. It was surmised by some, that he had broken it by a fall on the ice, in crossing the Kennebec in the winter. Others affirmed, of their certain knowledge, that he was crushed in a raft of timber; and a third had heard a brother-in-law declare, that he stood by him, when it was shot off, before Quebec. In fact, many persons, not altogether as curious as our visitants, really wished they knew how his lordship lost his leg.

This prevailing mystery, the good humor with which his worship had answered their other questions, and the keen sting of curiosity wrought upon the visiters, till they were almost in a phrenzy. The volubility, with which they put their other questions, arose, in part, from the flutter of desire to probe this hidden matter. They looked at his worship's wooden leg; at each other; at the carpet; at the ceiling; and finally, one of them, by way of a feeler, asked his lordship, if he had seen the new model of a cork leg, contrived by Mr. Rivetshin and highly commended in the papers. His lordship had not heard of it. Baffled in this, they asked his lordship, whether he supposed it was very painful to lose a limb, by a cannon ball or a grape shot. His worship really could not judge, he had never had that misfortune. They then inquired whether casualties did not frequently happen to lumberers on the Kennebec river. The mayor replied that the poor fellows did sometimes slip off a rolling log, and get drowned. "Were there not bad accidents in crossing the river on the ice?" His lordship had heard of a wagon of produce, that had been blown down upon the slippery surface of the ice, horses and all, as far as Merry Meeting Bay, when it was brought up by a shot from fort Charles, which struck the wagon between perch and axle-tree and knocked it over; but his lordship pleasantly added, he believed it was an exaggeration.

Finding no possibility of getting the desired information by any indirect means, they began to draw their breath hard; to throw quick glances at each other and at his lordship's limb; and in a few moments one of them, with a previous jerk of his head and compression of his lips, as much as to say, "I will know it or die," ventured to take the liberty to inquire, if he might presume so far, as to ask his lordship, by what accident he had been deprived of the valuable limb, which appeared to be wanting to his lordship's otherwise fine person.

His lordship was amused at the air and manner with which the question was put; like those of a raw lad, who shuts his eye, when taking aim with a gun. The displeasure he would otherwise have felt was turned into merriment; and he determined to sport with their unconscionable curiosity.

"Why, my friends, said he, what good would it do you to be informed? How many questions I have already answered you this

morning ! You now ask me how I lost my leg ; if I answer you on that point, you will wish to know the when, and the wherefore ; and instead of satisfying I shall only excite your curiosity.

" Oh no," they replied, " if his lordship would but condescend to answer them this one question, they would agree never to ask him another."

His lordship paused a moment, musing ; and then added, with a smile, " But will you pledge yourselves to me to that effect ?"

Oh, they were willing to lay themselves under any obligation ; they would enter into bond not to trouble his lordship with any farther question ; they would forfeit a thousand pounds, if they did not keep their word.

" Done, gentlemen," said his lordship, " I accept the condition—I will answer your question, and take your bond never to put me another."

The affected mystery, the delay, and the near prospect of satisfying their own curiosity, rendered our visitors perfectly indifferent to the conditions, on which they were to obtain the object of their desire. His lordship rang for a clerk, to whom he briefly explained the case, directing him to draw up a bond, for the signature of his inquisitive countrymen. The instrument was soon produced, and ran in the following terms.

" **KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,**
That we, Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, of the town of Gossipbridge and county of Tolland, in his majesty's colony of Connecticut, in New-England, do hereby jointly and severally acknowledge ourselves firmly holden and bound to his worship, Sir Brook Watson, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs, and assigns, in the sum of one thousand pounds sterling ; and we do hereby, for ourselves, our heirs, and assigns, covenant and agree, to pay to his said worship, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs and assigns, the aforesaid sum of one thousand pounds sterling, when the same shall become due, according to the tenor of this obligation ;—

And the condition of this obligation is such, that, whereas the aforesaid Ferret and Teasewell, of the town and county, &c. and colony, &c. have signified to his aforesaid worship their strong desire, to be informed, apprised, instructed, told, made acquainted, satisfied, put at rest, and enlightened, how and in what manner his aforesaid worship became deprived, mutilated, maimed, curtailed, retrenched, damnified, abated, absconded, amputated, or abridged in the article of his worship's right leg ; and whereas his aforesaid worship, willing to gratify the laudable curiosity of the said Ferret and Teasewell ; but desirous also to put some period, term, end, close, estoppel, and finish, to the numerous questions, queries, interrogatories, inquiries, demands, and examinations of the said Ferret and Teasewell, whereby his aforesaid worship hath been sorely teased, worried, whereted, perplexed, annoyed, tormented, afflicted, soured, and discouraged ; therefore, to the end aforesaid, and in consideration of the premises aforesaid, his worship aforesaid, hath covenanted, consented, agreed, promised, contracted, stipulated, bargained, and doth, &c. with the said Ferret and Teasewell, &c. &c. to answer such question,

as they, the said Ferret and Teasewell, shall put and propound to his said worship, in the premises, touching the manner, &c. &c. truly, and without guile, covin, fraud, or falsehood; and the said Ferret and Teasewell, also, do on their part, covenant, consent, agree, promise, stipulate, and bargain with his aforesaid worship, and have, &c. that they will never propound, or put any farther or different question to his aforesaid worship, during the term of their natural lives;—And if the said Ferret and Teasewell, or either of them, contrary to the obligation of this bond, shall at any time hereafter, put or propound any farther, or other, or different question to his said worship, they shall jointly and severally, forfeit and pay to his said worship, the sum aforesaid, of one thousand pounds, sterling money; and if, during the term of their natural lives, they shall utterly forbear, abstain, renounce, abandon; abjure, withhold, neglect, and omit, to propound any such, other, or farther, or different question, to his aforesaid worship, then this bond shall be utterly null, void, and of no effect;—but otherwise in full force and validity.

Witness our hand and seal, this tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

ASAHEL FERRET. (Seal.)

RICHARD TEASEWELL. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, and delivered,
in presence of

FRANCIS FAIRSERVICE.

SAMUEL SLYPLAY.

Middlesex, ss. 10th October, A. D. 1769. Then personally appeared before me, the said Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, and acknowledged the aforesaid obligation to be their free act and deed.

Attest. THOMAS TRUEMAN, *Justice of the Peace.*

Stamp, 3s."

The instrument was executed, handed to his worship, and deposited in his scrutoire.

"Now gentlemen," said he, "I am ready for your question."

They paused a moment, from excess of excitement and anticipation. Their feelings were like those of Columbus, when he beheld a light from the American shores; like Dr. Franklin's, when he took the electric spark from the string of his kite.

"Your lordship then will please to inform us, how your lordship's limb was taken off."

"IT WAS BITTEN OFF!"

They started, as if they had taken a shock from an electric battery; the blood shot up to their temples; they stepped each a pace nearer to his lordship, and with staring eyes, gaping mouth, and with uplifted hands, were about to pour out a volley of questions, "by whom, by what bitten; how, why, when!"

But his lordship smilingly put his forefinger to his lip, and then pointed to the scrutoire, where their bond was deposited.

They saw, for the first time in their lives, that they were taken in; and departed rather embarrassed and highly dissatisfied, with having

passed an afternoon, in finding out that his lordship's leg was bitten off. This mode of losing a limb being one of very rare occurrence, their curiosity was rather increased than allayed by the information ; and as they went down stairs, they were heard by the servants, muttering to each other, " Who, do you 'spose, bit off his leg ?"

WIT AND WISDOM.

'T is long since Wit and Wisdom met,
For neither much esteemed his brother ;
Wit was a little, too, in debt,
And a small sum was due the other.

So Wisdom wore a solemn phiz,
As if he feared Wit would not pay it ;
But Wit thought gravity a quiz,
And did not hesitate to say it.

Wit had no glebe to toil upon,
Though better of the fates he merited ;
He was, you know, a younger son,
A vagabond, and disinherited.

" Fools hate," said he, " the name of Wit,
And Wisdom loves me not, I know,
Because I am no hypocrite,
But have a jest for friend and foe.

" What Wisdom hath I envy not,
But, as the bard saith, *mirror magis* ;
And, though mine is a dismal lot,
I would not change it for a sage's."

Though Wit could count but little gold,
He was, for lack of it, the prouder ;
But Wisdom's wealth could not be told,
Which made him pitch his voice the louder.

The parties quarreled in a trice,
But what was uttered—you may guess it—
For Wit could not abide advice,
And Wisdom never could suppress it.

The brothers, therefore, parted then,
Though friends or foes I know not whether ;
But this is sure,—those worthy men
Since then have not been seen together.

H.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

NO. I.

CHARACTER OF A PERFECT STATESMAN.

It is related that, at the funeral of one of the Roman emperors, when the images of all the distinguished men, who had ever flourished in Rome, were borne in procession, those of Brutus and Cassius were purposely omitted, whereby their lives and glory were made more vivid to the minds and hearts of the spectators than if they had been with the rest. For similar reasons, within the last two or three years, I have thought a good deal more of what a good statesman ought to be, than when there were more of them in the councils of the nation. Perhaps my countrymen may be pleased to view an ideal standard of statesmanship, that they may fully appreciate the extent of the blessings they enjoy in that line.

To be a great statesman, at this age of the world, requires a combination of powers natural and acquired, seldom united in one individual, and entitled to admiration proportioned to the rarity of their occurrence. He must have received from nature a large and expanded intellect, capable of originating plans which are to promote the happiness of nations and generations of men, of pointing out the channels in which the energies of a people shall flow, and of stamping the impress of his own character upon the form and body of the times. He must have a philosophical and inductive mind, capable of proceeding from individuals to groups, and from groups to the largest masses, dropping, at each step of his progress, the things in which they differ, and retaining those in which they all resemble each other, and then embracing the whole in its ample grasp, comparing their various and clashing interests, adopting those measures which will produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and adjusting their burdens so skilfully, that the weak shall not faint and the strong shall not exult. Every thing, with which his mind has to deal, is upon a large scale, and the mind itself must be sufficiently capacious to give the subject-matter ample accommodation. The influence of his acts is to continue for an indefinite length of time, and he must have the power to learn the signs of the future from the signs of the past and the present, and to cast the nativity of unborn time. He must watch the ebb and flow of the tide of popular feeling, and foresee the political storm, while it yet slumbers in its cloud. A mind thus naturally gifted must have been developed by reflection, observation and study;—it must be a full one, consequently, he must have read much; it must be a ready one, therefore he must have talked much; it must be an exact one, therefore he must have written much. He should be familiar with the events of past times and the lives of dead kingdoms; he should have pondered deeply on the changes of states and empires, and investigated the causes of their growth and decay. He must have threaded the long and labyrinthine gallery of history, and studied, with the torch of philosophy, the emblematic frescoes upon its wall and ceilings. If he direct a government, which is at all popular in its form, he must gain

the co-operation of the representatives of the people and make public opinion his ally ; and to accomplish this, he must add to the power of originating largest plans of government, which is an exercise of the pure reason, what Lord Bacon calls the *lumen siccum* of the mind, skill in recommending these plans to the favor of the people and winning the assent of their judgement and of their feelings. To accomplish this, he must be a good writer and a good speaker. He must have the gift of eloquence, which can wield at will the weapons of argument, invective and ridicule, which can enlighten all that is dark and unravel all that is intricate, which can play upon the heart as upon an instrument, and call forth all its myriad tones of music, and which, by its impetuous energy, can bear off all opposition by the roots. He must not expect an exemption from the trials incident to all men who govern. He must look, not only for the honest opposition of the high-minded, who act from conviction, but for the intrigues of the factious, the arts of the designing, and the venomous abuse of the envious. His motives will be impugned, his acts distorted, and his character vilified. Cabal will rear its dark front against him, and conspiracy sow his path with snares. He must conduct himself in all these scenes, with temper and dignity, never forgetting "stern self-respect," and he must have force of mind and character enough to disperse the most formidable array of antagonist forces. He must have sagacity enough to perceive and strength enough to crush opposition while it is yet in the bud, and must baffle the plans of his adversaries, while they are yet immature, and before they have gathered by growth and combination a power too great to be resisted. To these high intellectual qualities, which are the fruits of years of study and reflection, he must add a knowledge of the common mind and a certain household tact, without which the former will be of but little use to him ; and to gain this, he must have observed and studied men in the daily walks in the market-places and by their own firesides. He must know their hopes, their wishes and their fears, what their opinions are touching the measures and topics of the day, how much they expect and how much they have a right to demand.

But with all these intellectual qualities, an ideal statesman would be most unfit for the great office to which he is called, without an equal degree of moral elevation. His character must be one of great symmetry as well as great stature. The emphatic words of Quintilian, "*nemo orator nisi vir bonus*," apply with still greater force to a statesman. He must be governed in all the actions of his life, the smallest as well as the greatest, by an uniform principle, which, so far from ever being sacrificed, should never be even warped or bent to accommodate itself to the surface of circumstance. He must scorn every thing low, or dark, or underhanded ; he must eschew all vulgar chicanery and stale diplomatic intrigues ; he must feel a "stain like a wound," and shrink from suspicion as from a crime. His private life and conduct must be such as to wring applause even from his political opponents. He must possess that higher wisdom, which moves in virtue and turns upon the poles of opinion, which is independent of Time and Change, which is not learned of the world, nor from the maxims of worldly men, but which is an "effluence of essence increate," and whose plain promptings are always an overmatch for the most intricate wiles of cunning.

I would not have him deficient in some things which are merely on the surface ; I would not have him morose or repulsive in his manners, and with few personal friends. I would not have him greet with the same cordiality the friend of many lustrums and the acquaintance of yesterday, nor degrade himself by lavishing his smiles and favors equally upon the good and the bad, the profligate and the pure ; but he should combine in his manners the dignity that secures respect with the condescension that begets confidence. He should know how to rebuke with grace, and send away a disappointed suitor with friendly feelings.

Such is my idea of a perfect statesman. It may be said that all these qualities were never united in any one man, and that states have been governed with great ability by men who were deficient in many of them. I allow the truth of the remark, but the fact that statesmen have done well, without this or that quality, is no proof that they would not have done better if they had possessed it. As Apelles painted his Venus by combining, into one perfect whole, the separate beauties of the most beautiful women of his time, so I endeavor to form a perfect statesman by uniting all conceivable excellencies of mind and character ; and although no individual has ever been gifted with them all, yet no statesman has attained any great eminence without some of them, and those who have had most have enjoyed the most lasting fame.

HORTICULTURE.

"Let us rise up then, and plant ; I speak to encourage and animate a work so glorious, so necessary." EVELYN.

IN no period of history have such wonderful events been developed, as during a cycle of less than sixty years. It is not merely the revolutions and conquests of nations, which have excited intense interest and unremitting observation, but those of letters, science and the arts have been equally remarkable and momentous. At such an epoch as this, how natural is the inclination, and how instructive the employment, of tracing back effects to their cause,—to compare the state of society at different periods and in various countries, and to prognosticate the changes and ameliorations of the future, from those of the past ; but leaving to the Plutarchs of biography, to delineate the characters of eminent heroes and philosophers, and to the political and military Xenophons to describe the remarkable occurrences, in the annals of empires, we select a more humble subject of disquisition ;—the improvements which have been effected in the cultivation of the earth, and the means which appear necessary, for facilitating and perfecting the labors in one of the most interesting branches of rural economy, and inducing a more general disposition, for participating in that rational, pleasing and healthy pursuit.

The simple wants of nature claim the chief attention of man, when he forsakes the forest and the arms of the chase, for the occupations of the field, and the implements of husbandry. In the march of

civilization, necessity is the first, and, for a long period of rude existence, the only cause of moral and physical exertion ; but in his progress towards an exalted state of refinement, his views are enlarged, new objects of solicitude are constantly presented, and the range of employment is gradually expanded. To the demands of utility, are successively added those of comfort and embellishment, which ultimately become the most powerful excitements to vigorous action. With increasing industry, wealth is accumulated, and new sources of pleasure are rapidly multiplied, while the means of gratification are as various, as the genius, taste and acquirements of the individuals, and the climes they inhabit, and as infinite, as the gradation in the route of human improvement.

But although the cultivation of the earth was the first, and ever has been considered the most useful and honorable of the arts, still it has been slow in its progress, and surpassed by the others in perfection. The nations of antiquity were far advanced in intellectual attainments, before Horticulture was liberally patronized, and luxurious gratifications were sumptuously indulged, ere gardens were considered, as the most magnificent appendages of the regal palace and the villa of the affluent. If the humble mansion of the rustic was surrounded by a few ordinary fruits and vegetables, a taste for flowers, and a leisure to give neatness and beauty to the sequestered cottage, was not induced, before riches, intelligence and universal prosperity prevailed over the whole country. The history of the world, since the decadence of the Roman empire, presents similar results. It was not until the splendid reign of Louis XIV. that Horticulture received distinguished attention even in Europe, and the present chaste style of ornamental planting was not introduced earlier than the age of George II. ; but for many years after, the votaries were few and the examples of improved cultivation rare. It is true, that many valuable works were published in France and England, on the science and art of gardening, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and great proficiency had been made in the practical details, and the number of useful and ornamental plants vastly increased,—still, this pleasing department of tillage did not assume its appropriate station and merited consequence, till the establishment of the London Horticultural Society.

The cheering influence of that noble institution was soon experienced throughout the globe. The imposing precedent was followed in many of the states of Europe and America ; and there are, now, numerous flourishing associations in both hemispheres, which are harmoniously co-operating in the collection and diffusion of information, on the culture of esculent vegetables, fruits and flowers, and in relation to all the details of useful and ornamental planting.

If in this country the progress of improvement has not been commensurate with the general advancement of the republic, the natural advantages of soil and climate, and the intelligence and resources of the inhabitants, yet much older nations are far in our rear, while brighter prospects begin to dawn upon us. We may now confidently anticipate glorious results, from the generous spirit of inquiry, which has been awakened throughout the Union. Agriculture, manufactures and commerce have prospered to an extent, unprecedented in

the annals of nations ; mechanics has centupled the products of industry ; canals and railways have opened new and extensive lines of intercommunication ; the steam engine enables the mariner to dispense with favoring gales, and, applied to the cars of transportation, the traveler appears to triumph over distance and time ; and there cannot be a doubt, that we shall exhibit equal zeal and success, in every other pursuit, which contributes to the prosperity and happiness of the citizens, or is calculated to elevate the character of the nation.

Literature and science are the precursors of the fine arts, and if the western disciples of the former, have not, as yet, merited those high honors, which have been attained by transatlantic contemporaries, they have evinced a scope of intellect, and a profundity of research, with an ardor of genius, and a spirit of enthusiasm, which emulates the most splendid achievements of distant realms and ages. Beholding from afar, these encouraging indications, Painting, as the most adventurous of the ornamental arts, long since hastened to our shores, and numerous competitors have thronged her court, for the prize of immortality ; after a dreary and protracted interval, Architecture appeared, arrayed in the chaste, yet magnificent robes of Greece ; more recently, modest Sculpture has unveiled her peerless beauties ; and, at last, the genius of Horticulture, resplendent in the united attributes and charms of her rival sisters, claims our admiration and generous encouragement. She points to the forest, as the primeval residence of man, and designates it, as the prototype of rural decoration, in his most refined state of existence,—as the natural picture for imitation, in restoring the scenery of his highly cultivated domain, by clothing with wooded verdure the barren hill-tops, obliterating the dreary monotony of arid plains with variegated groves, winding umbrageous avenues through sequestered vales, and fringing each babbling rivulet with shrubs and flowers.

By this lovely goddess we are instructed, that the savage came forth from the wilderness, but to learn those arts, which would enable him to convert it into a terrestrial paradise. After ages of laborious research and unremitted industry, he collects, under the guidance of agriculture, the products of every region, which can subserve the purposes of food, raiment and shelter, and when manufactures, commerce, letters, and science have given wealth and erudition, he becomes the delighted pupil of Horticulture. From her he learns to combine ornament and recreation, with utility and comfort ; and commingling the plants of subsistence with those of decoration, his rude fields assume the picturesque appearance of natural scenery, while they include every object, which can administer to his wants, or multiply the sources of his happiness.

It is thus, that the vegetable treasures of each prolific zone are collected within the narrow precincts of the rural mansion ; and man, no longer doomed to wander over boundless wilds, to obtain a precarious support, assumes that dignified rank, for which he was destined, by the beneficent God of his creation.

But the divinity of Horticulture does not presumptuously obtrude within the domains of husbandry ; her counsels are not officiously volunteered ; timid and fastidious, she must be sought by advances, propitiated by kindness, and her protection secured by assiduous de-

votion. Having been graciously received upon our borders, she has gradually acquired admirers in the interior.

In the vicinity of the large maritime cities, gardening has made considerable progress, with the last twenty years, and the beneficial influence of Horticultural societies is extending over the whole country ; but all the advantages, which may be derived from them, cannot be appreciated, nor can they become of general and efficient utility, until gardens of experiment are established, and seminaries are founded, for teaching the science, art and practical operations, in all branches of rural economy. Happily for this state, a plan has been projected by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, for forming an experimental garden, connected with a rural cemetery in the vicinity of Harvard University. Of its complete success we have the fullest confidence, and look forward with sanguine hopes, that the period is not distant, when the meritorious example will be followed in all the other states.

It is to be regretted that the prospect is not equally cheering in relation to a Horticultural school. In this age of general improvement, when institutions and associations have been formed for inculcating intelligence in almost every branch of knowledge, and among all classes of society ; and when it is perceived, how successful have been the efforts, for affording instruction in the mechanic arts, it is very desirable, that measures should be taken, for extending similar advantages to the cultivators of the soil.

As a science and an art, Horticulture embraces a wide field of intelligence, requiring an extensive acquaintance with natural history and philosophy, while the practical operations are so various, and of such a delicate and difficult character, that they cannot be satisfactorily performed, without proper instruction, under the tuition of capable and experienced gardeners. Theory and practice must be taught, and science and skill acquired in a contemporaneous manner ; and this can only be done in a well managed school of instruction, combined with a garden of experiment, where all the varieties of trees and plants, commonly introduced into gardens, or which may be employed in the embellishment of estates, are collected, and constantly cultivated, by well educated and practical masters. Such an establishment has been recently founded at Fromont, under the protection of the king of France ; and among the objects which the London and Caledonian Horticultural Societies had in view, in forming their experimental gardens at Chiswick and Inverleith, was the education of young men to fill the places of gardeners ; and that is now considered one of the most important advantages, which is accruing to the public from those celebrated establishments.

The practical information and skill will be pleasantly and easily acquired under the tuition of a chief gardener, and by the aid of such assistants, as may be found necessary, for superintending the esculent, fruit, floral, ornamental, green-house, and other appropriate departments.

Whatever relates to theory, and the subservient sciences and arts, must be confided to competent professors, who should be required to deliver lectures on Botany, Vegetable Physiology, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Architecture, Hydraulics, Mechanics, and Entomology,—or the culture of fruit, forest and ornamental trees, shrubs and plants, culi-

nary vegetables, and such as are used in the arts, and in the composition of landscape and picturesque gardens.

To complete these theoretical studies, there should be a library, a cabinet of demonstrative apparatus, collections of all the various garden instruments and implements, and an herbary. Instructors should also be provided, for teaching the elements of mathematics, topographical surveying, and linear and descriptive drawing, so as to enable the students to lay out grounds in the most correct, economical, and tasteful manner, and project plans for all kinds of country edifices. Besides the advantages of drawing, for those purposes, it will be an agreeable and useful accomplishment, in the pomological and floral departments, where it is frequently necessary, or desirable, to delineate fruits and flowers, or new and remarkable plants, in an accurate and beautiful manner.

It cannot be expected, however, that the expense of creating and maintaining such an institution should be incurred by horticultural associations, but should be borne by the state or national governments; and in the latter case, the establishment should be located in the District of Columbia, and founded on such an extensive scale, as to include, not only all the departments of Horticulture, but those of agriculture, and afford ample accommodations and means of instruction, free of expense, save for board and clothing, to hundreds of students, from every section of the Union.

At least five sixths of the whole population of the United States are maintained by husbandry and gardening; it is, therefore, of the first consequence, that instruction should be universally disseminated, on all the branches of tillage; this would enable the proprietors of the soil to manage it in such a manner, as to insure the most abundant harvests, as well as to afford the greatest possible enjoyment to their households, from the variety, value, and beauty of the plants subjected to cultivation. The time has arrived when a powerful impulse should be given to these great branches of national industry; it is required by public policy, patriotism, and a just regard to the rights and interests of the people. Besides the experimental gardens and seminary which have been named, the French government has established the *Jardin des Plants*, a school of Rural Economy at Alfort, and the celebrated farm of Rambouillet. Why then should the national government hesitate to commence the foundation of like establishments in the capital of the Union? The inducements are more urgent, the demands as imperious, and the prospective advantages incalculable.

Thus far, we have been indebted to individual enterprise, for all the improvements which have been made in the various departments of Horticulture, except that of botany; and even that very useful and pleasing science, so long patronized by the kingdoms of Europe, has not yet been deemed worthy of public attention in the United States. Neither the national nor state governments have taken measures to encourage the study of natural history, or to facilitate inquiries or experiments in that vast region of science, to the full extent of its requirements. If the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms have been partially explored, and their treasures developed, it is the result of private munificence and enterprise; and while there is sufficient cause for gratulation, that so much has been accomplished, with such

limited means, we cannot but feel dishonored as a nation, that no institutions have been founded, by the general government, for the advancement of literature, science and the arts. This reprehensible indifference to intellectual pursuits,—this total negligence of measures for inculcating theoretical knowledge and practical skill, in whatever relates to the moral and physical education of the people, is inexcusable, and demands the serious consideration of the statesman and legislator.

Even in monarchical governments, which are based upon the ignorance, rather than the intelligence of the people, numerous seminaries of learning have been munificently endowed, while in this land of liberty, where the converse political theory prevails, and on the practical observance of which the stability of the republic depends, nothing has been done, for the dissemination of instruction. The illustrious patriots who established the Union, as well as those venerated sages, who have presided over its destinies, in the days of its glory, considered it of the first importance that the citizens should be universally and eminently enlightened; and that it was the sacred duty of the government to make ample provision for accomplishing an object of such vital consequence; so necessary to the prosperity of the country,—so indispensable to the maintenance of the constitution, and as the only guarantee for the perpetuity of the Union.

NEW-HAVEN.

A WINDOW in a picture shop,—it brought all back to me,
The Churches and the Colleges and each familiar tree,
And, like a sun-lit emerald, came glancing out between
Its pretty snow-white palisades, the verdure of "the Green."

O could I write an ode like Gray's, "upon a distant view
Of Eaton College,"—could I draw the pictures that he drew,
How would the pleasant images that round my temple throng
Live in descriptive dactyls, and look verdantly in song!

"*Arborescunt Collegium*"—each jurist now agrees,—
Which means, in the vernacular, "a College made of trees;"
And, "bosomed high in tufted boughs," yon venerable rows,
The maxim in its beauty, and its truth alike disclose.

Not so, when lit with midnight oil, the casements, in long line,
Where more is meant than meets the eye, like constellations shine,
And "alma-mater-like," the kine, from dairy fields astray,
Make every passage where they pass a sort of "milky way!"

I see the very window where, with motherly regard,
The deacon's cow looked down upon the students in the yard,
While they declared, with yearning look and signs of filial glee,
That cow as well as calf ought there to have admission free.

I see the old extinguisher, that crowned the Chapel tower,—
The door we daily crowded in, like monks at matin hour,—
Save when within—I see it now,—that highest corner cell,
Old Father Phil. was safely locked, and couldn't toll the bell!

"That evening bell!—that evening bell!" with its eternal tongue,
 "How many a tale its music told," unseasonably rung,
 When, dangling by the rope on high, a bag of oats and hay,
 We set some drayman's famished horse to munch all night away!

And on the green and easy slope, where those proud columns stand,
 "In Dorian mood," with Academe and Temple on each hand,
 The football and the cricket-match upon my vision rise,
 With all the clouds of classic dust kicked in each others eyes.

I see my own dear mother Church that warned me from my sin,—
 The walls so gothic all without, so glorious all within,
 And, emblem of the ancient faith its hallowed courts that fill,
 Reared of the adamantine rock from "everlasting hills."

O could the vista of my life but now as green appear,
 As when I first through Temple-street looked down thine espalier,
 How soon to thee, mine early home, would I once more repair,
 And cheer again my sinking heart with mine own native air!

ALUMNUS.

THE WORKINGMEN.

NAMES are now, for the first time, and simultaneously in France, England and this country, appropriated to that class in the community, who are distinguished from the rest, by earning their bread by labor. In France they call them Industriels, which is an entirely new word; in England, Operatives, which is an old word used in a new sense; here, simply, Workingmen, which is the plainest and most expressive word of the three. We regard this circumstance, as not the least among the "signs of the times." It is one of many indications, that a new era is at hand, that the existing system of social organization is effete, and about to be replaced by another. What are to be the characteristics of this other? A glance at the past may help us. The classical systems (we mean the systems of Greece and Rome, or of civilized Europe during the five centuries before Christ and a somewhat longer period after) conquered the old oriental civilization and ruled in its stead. This change infused into society more of free activity; and thought, art, and industry, were all the better for it; men became more individualized; and woman took one step towards the rank of an human being, for she gained something in coming out from the seraglio, although she found, in the world, rather an equivocal reception. After a while, this form of civilization ripened, decayed, and passed away before the feudal system. Then, women were elevated into an equal place in society, and men were taught to look upon laws as governing and having power independent of and over individual will; and further, men were so classified, and the classes were so arranged and connected by rights and relations, that although there was tyranny enough and slavishness enough, there was less of man-worship than before; and this was a very great improvement. But in process of time feudality came to an end; all its order and pomp and chivalry failed to keep in it the breath of life; it died, and the French revolution buried it in blood and ashes. And now, what other system

of society is coming? The law of these changes seems to be, that, during the prevalence of any great social system, no idea can be formed of the system which is to come next. Thus, no one, amid the alternating stillness and convulsion of oriental despotism, could have formed any conception of that system which grew up when Alexander had transferred the sovereignty of the world from the east to the west; and no one living under the classical systems could dream of the consequences of that deluge of barbarism which swept them away with the besom of destruction. But we are standing on the confines of two systems; or rather in the beginning of one; and the dawning light may perhaps disclose to us the great masses, the mountains, seas and forests, which will not be revealed by the full brightness of an uprisen and unclouded sun, until many generations have followed us away.

Without making any pretensions to the gift of prophecy, we venture to predict, that the sovereign element in the social system which is now at hand, will be *active usefulness*; that homage will be paid to this, as to a king; that it will be acknowledged as the fountain of all honor and the end of all legislation, and the life and soul of all government. Some four hundred years ago, Jack-Cadism was up and doing in England, and La Jacquerie (so called from the cant term Jacques Bonhomme, "Good-man James") in France, and in Germany, the Bauer-krieg, or Peasant-war. That is to say, there were delirious and convulsive efforts, throughout the substratum of the European society of that day, to burst the chains which were beginning to be felt and to be called chains every where. Now, about that time, the word *PEOPLE* began to bear something of its present signification; and the reason was, that the class was beginning really to exist and to demand recognition and a name; the *people* were beginning to be something, and their lords were ceasing to be every thing. As soon as a class of men who may rank together under some general analogies and resemblances, and who are in some sort united by common wants, aims and tastes,—as soon as this class begins to assume a positive rank in society, and to exert a positive influence upon society, it is sure to be *named*. The men and their doings are then, of necessity, subjects of consideration and observation; they are thought about, and talked about, and therefore they *must* be named; and it is on this ground that we consider the fact with which we introduced these remarks no insignificant matter.

The radicalism, or the jacobinism, or whatever else may be the name of that spirit of uprising among the low which now blackens the political sky of Europe with impending storm; and, no less, the barren and dreary utilitarianism which will, if it does not, war alike upon art, philosophy and religion, and would, if it could, leave humanity but one step above the beasts; all these things are but the wild and melancholy beginnings of that which must go forward to a glorious consummation. What earth will then be, we do not pretend to conjecture; but we believe that the disturbances and conflicts and violence which cover so much of the earth with misery, will continue, until the useful man becomes the honored man, and the notion that he is best off who has least to do, is utterly extirpated. Society may then be governed for and by something better than self-seeking, and patriotism become something more than "the last refuge of a scoundrel;" men may

cease to look upon the rule of loving one's neighbor as a very magnificent axiom, which is just in its place in the Bible, and is there worthy of all admiration, but is little better than nonsense when applied to real life. But, as we said before, we have no gift of prophecy, and so leave these matters.

The workingmen of Europe are very differently situated from our own. Between them and the men who live upon property without labor, a line is drawn, which is in many places a barrier, and, but a few generations since, was an impassable one; and from the class which stood beyond this line, that is, from among those who did no work for the sake of its returns, nearly all of the governing class were taken and most of them are taken now. Therefore, throughout Europe, the workingmen, as a distinct class in the community, have a positive reality, and limits sharply defined by the pressure of the antagonist class—we might almost say, of the superincumbent class. The question need not often occur there, whether this or that man belongs to them; the debateable land between them and their opposites is not broad; and whether their objects, their efforts or their instruments be good or ill, it is certain that they have a work to accomplish, which will require the exertion, perhaps the spasmodic and convulsive exertion of their whole strength. But little of this is true in this country. Here, we all work. The love of money is so active and universal that it never enters into the head of any body to despise another because he is in the way of earning money. Nearly all must work or want; and they who need not work, do work, to become richer and leave more for their executors to divide,—or, because if they are idle, they can find none to keep them in countenance or in amusement. Nevertheless, there is an infinite deal of folly amongst us, upon these subjects, derived from our European ancestry; and we are not sorry to see “the workies” becoming a party here also; we think it will do little and temporary harm, and much and permanent good.

They will begin with doing wrong, or rather have so begun, because it is impossible for them to have the distinctness, the positive existence, here, which they have abroad; and consequently, to get any thing like separation and party-feeling and party-strength, they are obliged to exclude some of the hardest working-men in the community. Merchants are excluded, who care and toil unceasingly, whose very sleep is busied with dreams of labor, and whose labor produces and sustains the labor of “the workies,” so called. Lawyers are excluded, although their labor is often most severe and exhausting, and of great cost to mind and body. Printers are received, because they stand before their cases handling the types, but the writers who set them to work are excluded, although that very article hanging before the printer, chained, perhaps, the editor to his table through the live-long night, while his eyes smarted with sleeplessness and his wearied heart could hardly drive along the lagging blood. Now such distinction as this is utterly unjust, and, in every respect, unreasonable and indefensible. But, on the other hand, because it is so unjust, and so entirely without truth or reality, its influence and existence must needs be ephemeral.

There is another difficulty. In this country, where the hundred eyes of Intrigue are searching every corner for prey, and her hundred

hands are every where at work, as soon as a party like that of the Workingmen begins to be, some wretched combination of unprincipled demagogues is sure to seize upon it and convert it into their instrument. Now, this party in this country, having but little to do of a definite and tangible nature, has but little of that visible unity of want, design and action, which would be a principle of conservation and defence; and, consequently, it becomes an easy prey. But this too is a small and short-lived evil; the trick is soon seen through, and there is an end of it.

But the good this party may do,—or, as we should rather say, the good which the fact of there being such a party, will do,—cannot pass quickly away. It is a very great good to lead men to look upon usefulness as the only thing to be valued; as entitled, and exclusively entitled, to appropriate the high places of society. When such an idea as this is first cast among them, it mingles with existing notions, and must produce and go through a troubled course of fermentation before its genuine results are known. Thus, one of the immediate effects of the infusion of this idea into society was that Utilitarian system, which bases *usefulness* upon *selfishness*; but this falsity is too poor and mean to live long; the love of being useful will soon work itself clear of this desolating taint; and then the mass of society will do, what few can do now—look upon fame, wealth, rank and power, as having no value and as entitled to no honor, excepting so far as they are an indication and a measure of usefulness.

When this becomes the established condition of society, the “work-ies” will have done their work, and will be no more heard of. A class of men ceases to be a *class* as soon as it embraces all; when it loses its distinct existence, its name must soon disappear and be forgotten.

LITERARY PORTRAITS.

NO. I.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WHEN a man has by any means, good, bad or indifferent, succeeded in raising himself a few inches above the average level of humanity, a strong curiosity is excited about his person, habits and manners. The expression of his countenance, the fashion of his dress, the style of his conversation, and the character of his hand-writing become immediately objects of interest and inquiry. When we are told that Dr. Johnson used to help himself from the sugar-bowl with his fingers, we feel that we are in possession of an important truth, and we never should have pardoned the biographer of Dr. Parr, had he omitted to tell us that he smoked a pipe every day after dinner. To gratify this natural feeling, it was our intention, before saying any thing about the poetry of Mr. Halleck, to give a very minute description of his personal appearance, conversation and manners, and to show that all the peculiarities of his genius might be seen in the shape of his forehead, the brightness of his eyes and the chiseling of his lips. But there

was one slight difficulty about this, which met us at the outset, which was, that we never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Halleck, even in the street; and although we feel perfectly qualified, and are ready, at a moment's warning, to review a book without ever having read it, we are not yet sufficiently "hardened into the bone" of criticism to talk about a man's looks and conversation, without ever having seen or heard of him. Some time ago, there appeared in one of the London morning papers, an elaborate and minute account of the performance of a celebrated actor, the evening before, while, in reality, owing to the sudden illness of the performer himself, another play had been substituted for the one originally advertised. The hardihood and moral courage of that critic we contemplate with admiration and despair. If ever the critics should form themselves into an order, we should vote for him to be grand-master, or president, since the former is an expression a little out of favor just now. But we are young at the trade and timid, and must confine our remarks to Mr. Halleck's poetry, and, luckily, it is a subject about which a good deal may be said, and all on the same side.

Mr. Halleck's warmest admirers have never contended that he sits upon the first form in the school of poets, and is to be ranked among those inspired masters of the art, who can strike every chord of feeling and thought, and bring forth sounds terrible as the coming on of an earthquake, or sweet as the music of birds. He has never threaded the mazes of the human heart, nor mused profoundly on the conduct and opinions of men. He does not attempt to describe the effects of strong passions upon various natures and how they sometimes exalt a low character into sublimity and degrade a great one to the clay of the meanest. He does not seem to have reflected very deeply on the workings of his own mind and the quick impulses that have shot through his own blood. He looks at nature with a poet's eye and paints its features with a poet's pencil, but he reads in its ample page none of that deep philosophy, which creates a mysterious union between the mind of man and the mute forms of the external world. Woods and mountains are to him picturesque objects, but he does not feel, in looking at them,

"A presence that disturbs him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

He has lived in the world and in the fashionable part of it, and has had occasion to observe the carriage and manners of men, rather than the native grain of their natures, and has seen more of the expression of character, than of the character itself. His poems are like cabinet pictures, or rather like paintings in enamel, where the finishing is so exquisite that we do not regret the absence of sublimity of conception, variety in expression, and breadth of manner. But it would be doing great injustice to Mr. Halleck to class him among that class of poets of which Pope is the head, who describe exclusively, artificial life and manners. His veins tingle with a true poet's love of natural beauty, both of form and of spirit, and his eye is quick to dis-

cern its presence. Probably if he had passed all his life in the woods, his muse never would have caught a single fine lady air, but have had all the wild grace of a wood-nymph, and every minute beauty and delicate grace of nature would have found a home in his heart, and a tribute in his pages. And, as it is, his "*Weewawken*" and "*Wyoming*" show that he has looked at better things than paving-stones and brick walls, and with no unheeding or unadmiring eyes.

The first thing, that strikes us in reading his poems, is the singular union we find in them of the humorous and pathetic. He seems like "two single" poets "rolled into one;" and his mind presents a singularity of formation, analogous to that of the Siamese twins. Read his serious poems alone, such as "*Magdalen*," or those beautiful verses beginning, "*The world is bright before thee*," which ten thousand albums cannot make hackneyed, and you would suppose him to be a man steeped in romance, whose common language was sighs, a stranger to mirth and smiles, and whose mind was crowded with images of tenderness and gloom. You would picture him to your mind's eye, as a pale and melancholy man, in suit of solemn black, with dark, mysterious eyes, a low and sweet voice, a woman's gentleness, and a child's simplicity, much given to serenading and repeating poetry by moonlight, and not a whit to songs and suppers. You would as soon think of a Lord Chancellor's fiddling a jig, or an Archbishop of Canterbury's dancing one, as of such a man's cracking a joke, or even laughing at one very boisterously. On the other hand, take him in another point of view, and read his "*Sketch*," or "*Domestic Happiness*," and you would think the mantle of Prior had fallen upon him, and would set him down for one of the merriest souls that ever chirped over a wine-cup, and "doffed the world aside and bade it pass." You would never suppose he knew how to sigh, or had ever talked sentiment this side of the third bottle. Harlequin's playing Hamlet would not be so wild an incongruity as such a man's being "melancholy and gentlemanlike." So readily does he slip from grave to gay, that if he ever begins a piece in a serious and pensive style, you may be pretty sure that he will fall into his comic vein, before he gets through. Take, for instance, his "*Alnwick Castle*," which begins with a stateliness of verse and a grandeur of thought, worthy of Pindar. Images of romantic beauty follow each other in rapid succession; we are carried back to the days of feudal glory and warlike emprise, we catch the gleam of armor, and the trumpet's sound makes the blood beat quicker in our veins;—the plume of Hotspur and the scarf of Lady Katharine flit, like visions, before our eyes. And through this picturesque writing there runs a sweet and tender moralizing vein, tinged somewhat with a melancholy hue, which, like the ivy clinging round a ruin, envelopes the whole with its pensive and touching beauty. While we are in the airy regions of cloud-land, and quaffing exciting draughts of poetic ether, quick as thought the scene is changed; our fairy visions vanish, the wings on which we mounted are paralysed, and we find ourselves lying flat upon our backs on the familiar earth. Since the days of the man in the Arabian tale, who went to sleep a Caliph and awoke nobody at all, there never was a more sudden and violent transition. Every thing has a villanous smack of reality. We are fallen upon the days of steamboats and Lyceums, of stall-fed citizens,

of beaver hats, and whole heads under them. We are a little provoked with the author, who has kindled up all this romantic flame, merely to have the pleasure of putting it out at once with a bucket-full of ridicule. We feel somewhat as we should, if we had been cheated out of our money (and may be our tears) by the piteous tale of a beggar, which turned out to be all humbug. This is a very curious combination of talents, and very strange to those of us who have but one of the two, and doubly so to those who have neither. In the one case, the intellectual process is directly the reverse of that in the other, and the objects are looked at, from totally opposite points of view. In the one every thing is referred to the ideal, properly so called, and in the other to the comic ideal, which is its direct antipode. But though a very curious, this is not a very rare, union. Here an opportunity offers itself (which, were we a regularly bred critic we should certainly improve) of being very learned on the subject of this mixed style of writing, where tragedy and farce succeed each other like the black and white squares of a chess-board, where sober truth is told in a merry vein, and a lurking laugh in the sleeve runs through what sets out to be serious. We might trace its history from Italy, where it took its rise, through the literatures of all the nations of Europe, and crowd our pages with great names from Boiardo to Byron; but we will be merciful to our readers, and hope they will to us; and, if they find us particularly dull, console themselves by thinking how much worse it might have been.

It would be a difficult matter to say in which of his two styles Mr. Halleck is the more successful. Our opinion would probably be somewhat influenced by which of his productions we had read last. The common mass of readers suppose that humor is his distinguishing attribute and excellence. But this arises from two causes; one is, that humor so delicate and fine as his, is a very rare thing; much more so than the power of originating thoughts of serious beauty; and the other is, that his humor is very peculiar and entirely his own; whereas, sentimental poetry must always bear a strong family likeness, though individuals will differ, of course, in their styles of thinking and writing. But the question is, whether his admirers themselves would prefer to have written his serious or his comic poems, or which of the two they would least wish to have never been written at all. For ourselves we should not know what to say to this dilemma. It is true that his humor is of the most delicate and refined kind, and it seems as if the Graces had presided over the birth of each line. There is none of the sting of wit which creates as much fear as admiration, or of that breadth of humor which distends the muscles into a loud laugh; but there are a thousand little airy graces hovering over the words, like humming-birds over a flower; new combinations, and analogies, and unexpected turns of thought, rapidly succeeding each other to the close, so that we read the last word with a new-born smile upon our lips. There is so much of honest feeling and truth about him, and so little of bitterness, and he seems to take such good-humored and just views of life, that we feel an inward glow spreading itself through us as we read, and are more reconciled to ourselves and the world for the rest of the day. We can go all lengths in our admiration with a safe conscience, for he ridicules the peculiarities of classes and not of individuals, and

his look never cuts through the skin. But while we thus do justice to his humorous poems, we do not in the least forget the admiration which his serious ones challenge for themselves. They present the undying excellence of beautiful and original thoughts, enclosed in language of the most crystal purity. There is nothing diseased in his melancholy, and when he is sentimental his good genius makes him stop this side of mawkishness. Indeed there is a very healthy tone about every thing he has written; nothing seems the fruit of unnatural excitement; he evidently does not belong to the gin-and-water school of poetry. His thoughts, if not very original and profound, are by no means commonplace; and if they were, we could forgive it, so becoming is the garb they wear, and so delicious is the cadence of his verse. Who can read his verses on Burns, or his "Magdalen," and say that humor is his distinguishing characteristic? Who can be insensible to the feeling, the sensibility, the tenderness and the imagination, that breathe from every line and hallow every word of these beautiful poems? The heart and the pulse of a true poet are here—the bright dreams, the romantic hues, the thrilling sense of the beautiful and the grand, "imagination's world of air," "the vision and the faculty divine." They strike you, too, as the productions of a man with whom poetry is the natural expression of thought, and who writes for the same reason that a bird sings, or a child frolics.

If we were asked, what is the peculiar charm of Mr. Halleck's poetry, and what it is that distinguishes him from the other poets of our country, we should answer in one word,—Grace. One of his tuneful brethren may be more reflective, another more intense and passionate, and another may translate more easily the hieroglyphics of nature, but none of them are so graceful as he. He is graceful in every thing, in his thoughts, in the appropriateness of his imagery, in the grouping of his words, and in the magic harmony of his numbers, which, from the lips of a fine reader, are as good as music. Every one must have observed how much effect he will produce by a single epithet, or by the peculiar form in which he will mould a thought, and how much novelty and aptness there is in his illustrations. To enumerate instances would be almost to copy out his poems, word for word. This uncommon gracefulness of expression, which gives the same kind of indescribable charm to fine thoughts, that the cestus of Venus is feigned to have done to a beautiful face and figure, is partly the effect of nature, and partly of art. He is evidently a careful writer, and does not belong to the school of Lucilius, who, as Horace says, would stand upon one foot and dictate two hundred lines in an hour. Mr. Halleck knows well that the most enduring works are those which are the slowest in construction, in mental architecture at least. His poetry reminds us of an antique Cameo, in which we know not which to admire most, the beauty of the material or the exquisite finish of the workmanship. Without knowing any thing of the matter, we should say from internal evidence merely, that he was a slow writer and a merciless corrector, and that he blotted, to say the least, as many lines as he left. Nothing that he has written bears the marks of carelessness or haste. You cannot say of any of his poems, "it would have been better for his fame, if he had never written this;" but every individual line has been, as it were, a drop to swell the tide that bears him on to immortality.

It is to his grace and elegance that Mr. Halleck owes his universal popularity, for, take the world through, these are the qualities most generally acceptable. Grace of manner without beauty of person, goes farther than the latter without the former, to say nothing of its wearing so much better. And in the same way, grace and elegance of expression will secure a man a greater number of readers than originality or profoundness of thought, without the charm of felicitous diction. In illustration of this remark, we never met with a person who did not read Mr. Halleck's poetry with pleasure. One man admires Pope, and another Byron, and another Wordsworth, but all are charmed with "Alnwick Castle" and "Connecticut."

His power of language is truly magical. The right words always come at his bidding, and he puts them invariably into the right places. He has cut into the very heart of the noble Saxon tongue, and his language has a racy and idiomatic flavor, worthy of English verse in other days, when it was in its early and vigorous manhood. He is uncommonly graphic in his style; he does not write merely, but he paints, and his poems are a gallery of pictures. He is free from the common and obvious faults of style. He is not obscure, nor diffuse, nor unnatural. He is never in the unhappy predicament of a man who "knows but can't express himself." Neither is there any affectation or trickery about him; he never uses quaint or out-of-the-way words, but he is distinguished by a straight-forward manly simplicity, which opens our hearts to him at once.

There is one of Mr. Halleck's poems which stands alone, and is beyond the range of the remarks we have been making. We need hardly say that we refer to the lines on Marco Bozzaris, which cannot be praised in too extravagant terms, and which make us half inclined to take back what we said in the early part of this paper, and disposed to rank their author, at once, among the first class of poets. Of this splendid poem it is not too much to say, that it has not its superior of its kind, in the English, or, we may venture to add, in any other language. It is worthy of being bound up with Pindar and Filicaja. Never did the lyric muse soar on a more vigorous pinion or reach a higher elevation. Every line is brimfull of inspiration and every word is baptized in fire. It is such a poem as might have been written by Eschylus, and sung by the Grecian army, as the setting sun bathed in his golden splendor their victorious banners upon the plains of Marathon. It is one of those poems with which the rules of ordinary criticism have nothing to do. It is above their atmosphere, if we may so say. To apply them to it would be like measuring the arch of a rainbow by trigonometry, or guaging the solid contents of the gold and crimson clouds that gather round the dying sun. It addresses itself to the senses as well as to the understanding, and it is felt in the blood no less than in the heart. It brings before us the glorious sights and sounds of war, the gleam of armor, the waving of plumes, and the streaming of banners, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting," the fierce voice of the trumpet, and the faint huzzas of dying conquerors. The eye and the cheek kindle and the heart burns as we read, and we could rise up and charge the Macedonian phalanx with a single rush in our hands. The quiet fame of a scholar, for a moment, seems poor and tame to the blaze of a hero's

glory, like the glow-worm's lamp to the sun at noonday. Though its illustrious subject died in the arms of victory and in the holy cause of liberty, we cannot but think he would have felt an additional glow of satisfaction, had he known of the glorious monument, which the genius of poetry was to rear for him in a land beyond his "sire's islands of the blest."

It is fashionable in criticising an author, to say something about his faults, and without stopping to consider Mr. Halleck's less obvious defects, (which we might have some difficulty in finding out) we propose to close our article with saying a word or two upon his great and prominent fault,—which is that he has written so little. Now, although there are many things in this world which are valuable in the inverse ratio of their abundance, we never heard that Poetry was one of them. Even if it be what one of the Fathers called it, the "Devil's wine," it cannot be denied that a small dose is as intoxicating as a large one. Perhaps it may be said, that, in these days of Souvenirs and Magazines, the infrequency of the fault should be its apology, but he has no more right to be chary of his favors than the mob of poets have to be so liberal. If he think that his own tones of finest melody will be unheard amid the tumultuous bray of the long-eared race, we will reply by a pretty fable from Lessing, which is very good and very short. A shepherd once complained to a nightingale that she did not sing. "Alas," said the nightingale, "the frogs make such a croaking that I have no wish to sing." "True," replied the shepherd, "but it is because you are silent that we hear them."

In short, Mr. Halleck owes it to himself, his country and the reading public that he should write often. He has heard, probably, of a somewhat musty proverb about a bird that can sing and wo'nt sing, and if we were the autocrat of Russia and he one of our subjects we should insist upon his writing so many lines a year, on pain of being sent to Siberia.

Since this article was commenced, we have read that Mr. Halleck is to be the editor of a Magazine in the city of New-York. We wish him as much success as he deserves, and we can say nothing more than that. We hope he may receive *golden* opinions from all men, and exchange his own notes for another sort of notes which have a very magic sound, and which, when properly arranged, form the tune of "Money in both pockets." We are sure of the success of the work, for one stanza of his would buoy up the rest of the number, were it unmingled lead.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

SWEET Fancy, golden-pinioned bird,
 Once left awhile his starry nest,
 To float upon the breeze that stirred
 The plumage of his glistening breast.
 Sometimes in gem-hung caves delaying,
 And then through spicy forests straying,
 He wandered 'mid those blessed isles
 That dimple Ocean's cheek with smiles;

A Flight of Fancy.

He dallied with the merry wave,
 And, diving through the glassy water,
 Brought, in his beak, from its shell-cave,
 A pearl, Circassia's loveliest daughter,
 In the rich clustering of her hair,
 Might blush with very pride to wear!

Then tired of sport like this, he flew
 Along the deep in beauty sleeping,
 To that sweet clime, whose sky of blue
 Is, with its chastened splendors, steeping
 A land, whose river's rosy tide
 Is blushing like a virgin bride,
 Whose mountains high and emerald vales
 Are kissed by incense-laden gales.
 And there, o'er ruins ivy-wreathed,
 He heard pure music sweetly breathed;
 O'er moss-decked arch and broken shrine,
 He saw their ancient glory shine.
 Yet here, amid his favorite bowers,
 Where once he dearly loved to dwell,
 In this delicious land of flowers,
 Where Memory, with magic spell,
 Creates new forms of joy and light,
 He could not stay his restless wing;
 But, shaking thence the dew-drops bright,
 He plucked the first red rose of spring;
 Then, blending with the heavenly blue,
 Like arrowy gleam, away he flew.

Where next did gold-plumed Fancy roam?
 He sought the bright star's brightest ray
 That decks his own celestial home,
 And bore it in his glance away.
 Then, when the sunset richly burned,
 Unto the earth once more he turned;
 And, as his wing grew tired and weak,
 He found a lovely lady's bower,
 And on her lip, and o'er her cheek
 Softly suffused the pearl and flower;
 Then in her dark eye's brilliancy
 He shot the star-gleam from his own,
 And, charmed as much as bird could be,
 Flew back to his far, starry throne!

This happened years ago—but now,
 Each pretty maiden, when she hears
 Of locks that cluster round a brow,
 Which, like the stainless snow appears;
 Of cheeks whose mingled red and white
 Are like red roses crushed on pearl;
 Of eyes whose clear and mellow light
 Gleams like a star's where clouds unfurl;—
 Looks archly up and answers you,
 "That on the very homeliest face
 Can Fancy shed his beauteous hue,
 And in a tame expression trace
 A smile as soft as heaven's own blue;
 That he will seek, through earth and air,
 For charms, to make divinely fair
 And statue-like, a little creature,
 Who has a twist in every feature;
 And deck her so (your pardon craving)
 That she might set ten poets raving!"

JUNIUS.

A WRITER in our first number, under the signature of T. sufficiently evinces that he had read Dr. Waterhouse's Essay on the Letters of Junius with attention, and passed judgement fairly, as far as he had firm ground to stand upon. He should have borne in mind, however, that the essay was on the Letters of Junius, as published under the expressed authority of the writer himself, by Henry Sampson Woodfall, the father, and not those superadded by his son, George Woodfall, many of which are, we confidently believe, spurious. Some of them, as "Poplicola," and "Anti-Sejanus, Jun." have no form, trait or savor of that superior writer. Without any hesitation we absolutely renounce, and positively abnegate the letters under those signatures, as the production of Junius. The last one contains a sentence, referring to Lord Bute, too grossly indecent to be quoted; the former is too gross in epithets ever to come from the pen of a gentleman, as Junius assuredly was.

The younger Woodfall does not tell us where his hundred and thirteen new-found letters came from. It seems as if he searched the columns of his father's Public Advertiser, and inserted in his very heavy edition such as *he guessed* were written by Junius, and among them Poplicola and Anti-Sejanus, Jun. We suspect young Woodfall committed the like mistake with another young editor in this country, who has made some ponderous volumes by an injudicious accumulation of materials, too heavy for most readers in hot weather.

Mr. John Swinden, whom we guess to be a medical man, (for he follows the late affectation of suppressing the ancient mode of additions to a writer's name, by which a reader may be informed of a man's calling or profession,)* John Swinden, who appears a sensible, and a really modest man, has very recently printed a pamphlet at Leeds, England, entitled, "An attempt to prove that Lord Chatham was Junius." From it we quote the following passages, viz.

I question the positive declaration of Mr. G. Woodfall; and it shall be my task to prove that some of the Miscellaneous Letters are spurious. It is highly important to know on what particular *fact* the younger Woodfall thought proper to call the miscellaneous letters Junius's. I was not born to be a commentator, but I have not much fear of being able to shake some of the positions advanced by the younger Woodfall.

He sets out by telling us that the private and confidential letters addressed to the late Mr. Woodfall, are now, for the first time, made public by his son, who is in possession of the author's autographs, and that it was on the 28th of April, 1767, that the late Mr. Woodfall received the first public address of this celebrated writer. [This was the infamous one signed POPLICOLA.]

Allow me to examine *what Junius himself* writes about his letters—"I sometimes," says he, "change my signature. The auxiliary part of Philo-Junius was indispensably necessary to *defend or explain* particular passages in Junius, *in answer to plausible objections.*" It is worthy of observation, that when Junius was engaged in selecting his letters for Woodfall to publish, he perceives the loss of two letters, and writes to Woodfall thus—"The enclosed complete all the materials that I can give you. I have done my part; take care you do your's. *There are still two letters wanting*, which I expect you will not fail to insert in their places; one is from Philo-Junius to Scævola about Lord Camden, the other (also a Philo-Junius) to a friend of the people about pressing."

* This absurd reform is attended with manifold inconvenience on both sides the Atlantic.

In due time the Dedication and Preface were furnished by Junius, and the Letters were printed under *his own* particular superintendency. Of course Junius *knew* what he had written, yet he never mentions a far greater portion of those denominated Miscellaneous Letters. "But," says the writer of the Preliminary Essay, [Dr. J. Mason Good, who was first a clergyman, and then a physician; to speak more correctly, a *Medical Philosopher*, and a writer by profession and practice;] "it is no objection to their being genuine that they were omitted by Junius in his own edition published by Woodfall;" and to support this strained supposition, he says that "the proofs of their having been composed by the writer denominated Junius are incontestible; the manner, the phraseology, the sarcastic, exprobratory style, independently of any other evidence, *sufficiently identify them*; these, therefore, are now added, together with others, whose genuineness is *equally* indisputable."

After this flourish, Mr. Swinden inquires if this explanation satisfies the mind of any one? or, does the phraseology in *all* the Miscellaneous Letters sufficiently identify them to have proceeded from the pen of Junius?

Let any man, (says he) compare them with Junius. He was not in the habit of calling names *before* he had distinctly proved the object of his attack deserved them. In Poplicola, Lord Chatham is called, "villain," "traitor," "profligate, lunatic, and hypocrite." He more than insinuates that Mr. Pitt aimed at the absolute destruction of the constitution of the country. He says, "the masterpiece of his treachery was to foment such discord between the mother country and her colonies, as may leave them both an easier prey to his own dark machinations. I cannot without horror suppose it possible that this our native country should ever be at the mercy of so black a villain. But if the case should happen hereafter, I hope the British people will not be so abandoned by Providence, as not to open their eyes time enough to save themselves from destruction; and, though we have no Tarpeian rock for the immediate punishment of treason, yet we have impeachments, and a *gibbet is not too honorable a situation for the carcass of a traitor*." This severe invective, says the editor of young Woodfall's Junius, is aimed against the late Lord Chatham, formerly the right honorable William Pitt. A second number of Poplicola is in the same vulgar strain of nauseous abuse. Then follows Anti-Sejanus, Jun. in, if possible, a more detestable style of *blackguardism* and indecency.

When scraping up materials to make three heavy volumes, what little discretion or mercy book-builders have for readers and purchasers! Mr. Swinden says—

I am aware that Junius wrote under different signatures, and I know also that Mr. G. Woodfall has in his possession the autographs of *two or three* of the Letters in the miscellaneous selection, but this does not prove that even *one-tenth* of these letters were written by Junius. So far I have only offered an opinion, but it is incumbent on me to assail those letters in a more determined manner.

The two first letters signed Poplicola stand foremost in the rank, ushered into our notice by a long quotation from Livy. Thus prominently stationed, he harangues us as a second Cicero, and trusts to the boldness of his language to escape detection. Professing some little knowledge of the principal characteristic always to be found in a real Junius, *I stamp the two letters signed POPLICOLA as bare-faced impostures*.

JUNIUS is invariably correct in the information he gives to the public.

The letters in question [the Poplicolas] are not only full of assertions without proofs, but they state what is *not true*. The allegations are—that Lord Chatham is "a man purely and perfectly bad—a hypocrite, a traitor, a villain, a *black villain*." He compares him to a Roman Dictator—to a Grand Vizier, and threatens him with the Tarpeian rock, or a gibbet. [And Mr. Swinden adds in a note,] The two letters of Poplicola, have internal evidence to satisfy me that they were written by Mr. Horne [Tooke.]

With the blindest, or the most wilful ignorance of historical facts, he [Poplicola] charges Lord Chatham *with having advocated the legality* of the proclamation prohibiting the exportation of corn,—with having maintained that there was a suspending power lodged in the crown. And on this *false* statement he is pleased to say, "the man who maintained those doctrines ought to have had the

Tarpeian rock, or a gibbet, for his reward. The Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but detestation and contempt."

Mark how a plain tale shall put him down. Lord Chatham, on the 9th of January, 1770, says, that "he was satisfied there was a power, in some degree arbitrary, with which the constitution trusted the crown, to be made use of, *under correction of the legislature*, and at the hazard of the minister upon any *sudden emergency*, or unforeseen calamity, which might threaten the *welfare of the people*, or the *safety of the state*." That on this principle he had himself "advised a measure which *he knew was not strictly legal* ; but he had recommended it as a measure of *necessity*, to save a starving people from famine, and had submitted to the judgement of his country." If Poplicola deal not in barefaced assertion, and for the *worst of purposes*, where must we look for deceit and impudent asseverations? Poplicola *has knowingly advanced false facts*, and by the most strange want of caution, they have been received by the *world as truths*.

By which term, Mr. Swinden doubtless means the world in miniature, LONDON; but the world of AMERICA did not receive them as *truths*. We knew better, and were never gulled by Mr. George Woodfall's ponderous volumes. The author of the Essay on Junius, that lately issued from the University Press, scouted the idea from the beginning, that all the hundred and thirteen Miscellaneous Letters were from the pen of Junius. But let us turn again to Mr. Swinden, who says, in p. 82,

To extend my inquiries into the pretensions of the rest of the Miscellaneous Letters would be foreign to the main object of my work. It is of little consequence to Lord Chatham's pretensions whether they be spurious or genuine. The stigma thrown upon his character, I have, I trust, effectually removed; and as some small reparation for the injury so long inflicted upon that great and celebrated name, I *have consigned POPLICOLA to dishonor and disgrace*.

One more remark on the spurious letters to be found among the genuine ones of Junius. An anonymous writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, commenced a review of Young Woodfall's huge edition of Junius in the latter end of the year 1812, who, after promising to continue it, stopped short. A British writer asked why Mr. *Urban* did not redeem his pledge? and adds—"perhaps somebody in the secret recommended to him to forget the Miscellaneous Letters." *Urban* declined to display them before the public, for the same reason, probably, that induced Lord Clarendon to pass over in silence the famous *Icon Basilike*, which had been palmed on a duped public as the work of *Charles I.*

After this view of the subject, it would be needless to say much of Pitt's paroxisms of gout and intermittent disorder. We shall only mention this *fact*, that in a few months after Lord Chatham was confined to his bed at Hampstead, he spoke for THREE HOURS, at the opening of the session of Parliament, and with a renewed vigor that astonished the House of Peers.

U.

TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

FAIR Mountain Brook!—thy mimic laughter sings
 Like the clear voice of Childhood, in the deep
 And sabbath stillness of this sylvan scene,
 Through whose green alleys and far-winding glades
 Thy stream leaps onward, like a blue-eyed boy
 With dimpled cheek, and bright and flowing hair.
 'T is for the quiet of thy woodland dwelling,
 'T is for a shade like thine, my soul doth pant,
 As pants the hart after the running brooks.
 For underneath thy waters, I can read
 The story of a pure and peaceful life,
 Writ in thy golden pebbles, in a language,
 Which, like the accents of a mother's tongue
 My heart hath lisped in childhood. Farther on,
 Thoughtful, thy rapid footsteps I pursue,
 With slower pace, along the pebbly marge,
 To where the woodland opens its wide arms
 To the embrace of Morning, and the light
 And breath of Heaven pour in. Thy waters there
 Slow linger in a smooth and glassy pool,
 Which, like a drop, the low reclining vale
 Holds in the hollow of its hand. And thither
 The Morning goes to braid her sunny hair
 In the clear glassy mirror, and the faint
 And breathless Noon stoops down to quench her thirst,
 And moisten the parched lip. And when around
 In the soft vapory air, with shadowy sweep,
 At day's still close, the dizzy landscape swims,
 To the dark covert of this woodland scene
 Evening repairs, and, like a dying stag,
 Lies silently beside the water's edge,
 And shuts her tearful eye, and slow expires.

Born of the April cloud, and rocked and nursed
 Upon the mountain's bosom, full in thee
 Gushes the spirit of the opening year,
 When Spring first parts the snowy hair of Winter,
 And lays his hoary temples on her breast,
 Like the fair Roman girl, that history boasts,
 Who on her gentle bosom warmed and nursed
 The second childhood of her poor old father.
 O that in me the spirit of life's spring,
 The soul of youth, with all its vernal freshness,
 May gush as freely, and the cheerful sound
 Of clear sweet voices, and the kindly balm
 Of gentle thoughts breathe round me, like the song
 Of birds, and breath of flowers that float o'er thee.
 O that my life may pass as quietly,
 And that my breast, like thine, may bear within it
 A bright reflection of the Heaven above,
 A pure and perfect image of the sky.

L.

MONTHLY RECORD.

AUGUST, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

THE President, it is understood, has at length made an appointment of a Secretary to the War Department which will be accepted, and the newly organized cabinet is therefore perfect, as follows;

EDWARD LIVINGSTON,
Secretary of State.

LOUIS M'LANE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

LEWIS CASS,
Secretary of War.

LEVI WOODBURY,
Secretary of the Navy.

WILLIAM T. BARRY,
Postmaster-General.

ROGER B. TANEY,
Attorney-General.

Of the official and semi-official correspondence, which has grown out of the dissolution of the former cabinet, which has filled the newspapers at the seat of government for two or three months, and which it were well for the country if it had never happened, it will not be expected that we should speak in any other capacity than as mere recorders of passing events. It is difficult, perhaps, to do even so much, and escape the imputation of partiality. Such is the strength of political feeling in this country, and so jealous of opposition are the respective partizans, that he must be an uncommonly arrogant man who should expect entire exemption from censure, in an attempt to relate the history of our partizan warfare.

The recent return of the anniversary of Independence has given an opportunity for a universal and simultaneous expression of political prejudices and partialities, uncontrolled and unlimited. So far as the future can be perceived in these expressions, it would not be presuming too much to predict that a year or two of bitter and uncompromising political warfare is yet before us—that

there will be, at the next presidential election, at least three candidates in the field—and that many old associations will be broken up, and probably some new and surprising coalitions formed. But ours is not the office of a prophet.

Important elections are approaching in many of the southern and western states, on the result of which may depend the organization of new plans, and the completion or total abandonment of some which have yet been but partially arranged. The parties are so nearly balanced in some of these states, that conjecture as to the result is set altogether at defiance.

The politics of the individual states present at this moment but little for comment or record. In Maine and New-Hampshire, the people are chiefly ranged on one side or the other of the line which divides the administration and its friends from the opposition, without regard to other distinctions. In New-York, Vermont, and Pennsylvania, (and, perhaps, in some other states,) there is a third party—the Antimasonic—which, though understood to embrace few if any of the partizans of the national administration, cannot be considered as a portion of that other great division of the people who are opposed to the administration, and who have been recognized by common consent as the National Republican party. The National Republican journals, proper, throughout the country, it is believed without an exception, have declared in favor of Mr. Clay as a candidate for the Presidency. The Antimasonic papers have, as uniformly, declared that some other candidate than a man belonging to the society of Freemasons (to which society Mr. Clay is known to be attached) must receive the suffrages of their party.

The general calm that pervades the political atmosphere is disturbed only in the state of South-Carolina, where the

doctrine of nullification—a doctrine as new and almost as undefinable as its name—has produced, apparently some anger and passion that may not be easily quieted.

MILITARY ACADEMY. The report of the Board of Visitors, invited by the Secretary of War to attend the general examination of the cadets of the military Academy at West Point, speaks flatly of the condition of that institution, after a full and free investigation of the course of instruction, military and scientific, and of its internal police, discipline, and fiscal concerns.

The whole number of Cadets, upon the examination roll, furnished to the Board, is two hundred and twenty-two. These are divided into four classes; *the first* consisting of thirty-three members, whose course of instruction has now been completed; *the second* of fifty-two, who have been three years in the Institution; *the third* of sixty-two, of two years standing; and *the fourth* of seventy-five, admitted since the period of the examination of the last year. These classes have been severally divided into convenient sections, arranged agreeably to the relative merits of the Cadets composing them, their grade being settled by the Academic Board, at short stated intervals, by an impartial recurrence to well ascertained and fixed rules.

The studies of the first class are directed to engineering and the science of war; to ethics, rhetoric, national and constitutional law; to infantry tactics and artillery. Upon each of those branches of science, the class have undergone a thorough examination, and the Board states that its result has been as satisfactory as its process has been searching and laborious. The studies comprehended in the course of the second class, are natural philosophy, chemistry, and drawing. The course of instruction pursued by the third class, embraces mathematics, French, and drawing. That of the fourth class is confined to mathematics and French.

The Board recommended appropriations for a building in which the library of the institution may be placed for better security; for the erection of a chapel, and for some other purposes. They also recommend an increase of the pay of the superintendent, whose services, required and performed, are extremely laborious. The zeal, talent, and industry, which have been so long and conspicuously displayed by him, in the faithful discharge of his important and arduous duties, entitle him, in the

judgment of the Board, to the favorable consideration of the government. This report is signed by the following gentlemen, composing the Board of Visitors; Winfield Scott, *Major General United States Army, President.* Pierre Van Cortlandt, Charles E. Dudley, John A. Dix, John Brockenbrough, William B. Ewing, H. Leavenworth, *Brigadier General United States Army.* John Farnum, Leander J. Sharp, John Page, I. Everett, *Surgeon United States Army.* W. S. Franklin, Simon Cameron, Frederick Hambricht, Jno. Nelson, *Secretary.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

Episcopal Seminary. At the Episcopal Convention, which assembled in June, in Boston, a Theological Seminary was established at Cambridge, to be called "the Massachusetts Episcopal Theological School." The following gentlemen were appointed trustees, with power to regulate the admission of students, establish professorships, and transact the general concerns of the institution; the Rev. Messrs. Eaton, Morse, Doane, Potter, Edson, and Coit; of the laity, Messrs. Gardner Greene, George Brinley, John C. Warren, Edward Tuckerman, Joseph Foster, and Edward A. Newton. The Bishop of the Diocese is, *ex officio*, President of the Board. There is also a Board of Visitors, consisting of the New-England bishops and secretaries of convention. At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in Trinity Church, Boston, on Tuesday, July 12, 1831, four Professorships were established, and filled as follows; 1. Of Sacred Rhetoric and the Pastoral Care—the Rev. Alexander V. Griswold, D. D.; 2. Of Ecclesiastical History, and the Nature, Ministry and Policy of the Church—the Rev. Asa Eaton, D. D.; 3. Of Systematic Theology—the Rev. John H. Hopkins; 4. Of Biblical Learning, and the Interpretation of Scripture—the Rev. Thomas W. Coit. The Rev. William Croswell was elected Secretary, and Edward Tuckerman, Esq. Treasurer of the Board.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Pennsylvania Society for discouraging the use of Ardent Spirits, has instituted inquiries calculated to develop much valuable information in reference to the subject, which engages its attention. An officer of the society, in a letter to the President, Roberts Vaux, states that the number of cases of pauperism admitted into the Almshouses in the year 1830, was—men 2219; women 1761; children 503; total 4783.

This number, it is stated, were in the house only *once*. It is said that not less than two-thirds of the men and women had been there before, and some of them twice, some thrice, some five times during the year. Not a few of them have been "*customers*" of the house for five, ten, fifteen, and a few for twenty years. The majority of those who are now in the House, will in all probability die paupers. As fast as they die, their places are more than filled up by others. Most of the children are thrown upon the public for support by the intemperance of their parents and others, who have had the nominal care of them.

The physicians to the Alms-House, in reply to inquiries from the gentleman above-mentioned, say—We have no hesitation in believing that at least three-fourths of the individuals admitted into the institution, have become its inmates from their habits of intemperance. We have known during the last six months several instances of confirmed mania occurring in individuals predisposed to the disease, which appear to have been induced by intemperate habits, as well as a great many instances of temporary insanity. We believe that four-fifths of the deaths occurring in the Alms-Infirmiry, are induced by diseases, which have either been originally produced or very seriously aggravated by the previous intemperate habits of the parents. And finally we may state in general terms, that we have often witnessed sudden death occurring in drunkards, who, to all appearance, possessed excellent physical powers; and who appeared to be unconscious of the fatal effects their habits were calculated to induce.

In a letter to Mr. Vaux, Edwin Young, superintendent of the House of Refuge, says—My official connexion with the Refuge permits me to see the effects, rather than the causes, which prepare youth for the institution; the causes and the crimes are without the walls; the effects are within and before us; consequently, my knowledge of the causes which have operated on the inmates, is what they are willing or able to relate, and as I find them frequently disposed to misrepresent or conceal their own and the errors of their parents, I shall not be able to give you that full and accurate statement which you may desire to have, and which would, (were it possible,) be gratifying to give; yet, from what I have been able to see and ascertain, I am fully persuaded that the greater number have suffered more or less through the influ-

ence of intemperance, and I am in the firm belief that it has been the principal cause, either directly or indirectly, in sending to this institution, *two-thirds of the number* which have been received since the commencement of its operations. That parental care and wholesome restraint, so necessary to be exercised over youth, is withdrawn, and they are left to be allured by temptations which lead to the commission of crimes, until the reformatory principles of this institution are rendered necessary to subdue their passions, correct their habits, and prepare them for usefulness.

Lancaster County. According to a statement recently published, this flourishing and wealthy county contains at this time, seven furnaces, fourteen forges, one hundred and eighty-three distilleries, forty-five tan-yards, twenty-two fulling mills, one hundred and sixty-four grist mills, eighty-seven saw-mills, nine breweries, eight hemp mills, five oil mills, five clover mills, three factories, three potteries, six carding machines, three paper mills, two snuff mills, seven tilt hammers, and six rolling mills.

OHIO.

In regard to internal improvements, the cry of the people of this state is "onward." The project of a Rail Road from Sandusky to Dayton is strongly urged, and a meeting was held at Sandusky, on the 23d June to take measures to advance the undertaking. Every facility is afforded for the construction of this work by the natural make of the country, the whole distance presenting but a few and slight inequalities in the surface. The people have just begun to realize the benefits of their canal system. Between the 5th of March and the 26th of May, the amount of property conveyed through the Miami canal to Cincinnati, was 778,342 dollars, consisting of the varied products of the rich valley of the Miami. Amount of tolls, 19,037 dollars. During the month of June, there arrived at Cleveland, by the way of the Ohio canal, 8,109,952 pounds of property, embracing 65,634 bushels of wheat, 12,675 bbls. of flour, 7,117 of butter, 3175 bbls. of cheese, besides a great variety of other articles. During the same month there passed up the canal 2,365,560 bls. consisting of 302 tons of merchandise, salt, fish, &c. Since the opening of the navigation, 90,510 bushels of wheat, 37,231 bbls. of flour, and 4,072 bbls. of pork, arrived at Cleveland, for an eastern market.

human arms is equal, and with such precision and exactness as almost to suggest the action of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves. Every natural agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metals work; gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action; levers are multiplied upon levers; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels; the saw and the plane are tortured into an accommodation to new uses, and, last of all, with inimitable power, and "with whirlwind sound," comes the potent agency of steam. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised. In the short compass of fifty years! Every where practicable, every where efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found, in triumphant operation, on the seas; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

"Against the wind, against the tide,
Still steadiest, with an upright keel."

It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars: it is in high-ways, and begins to assert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, "Leave off your manual labor; give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil,—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness." What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know, is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

That part of the volume which is supplied by Mr. Everett is reserved for another notice.

The History of New-Hampshire, by Jeremy Belknap, D. D. From a copy of the original edition, having the author's last corrections; to which are added notes, &c. by John Farmer. Vol. I.

The character of Dr. Belknap's History of New-Hampshire is well known to those who pretend to an acquaintance with the discovery and settlement of our country. It has long enjoyed a high reputation as an accurate and elaborate work. But this is not its only recommendation. It is not a barren skeleton—a mere arrangement of dates. Dr. Belknap was an elegant writer, and he had the happy talent which enabled him to accomplish successfully his purpose, "not barely to relate facts, but to

delineate the characters, the passions, the interests and tempers of the persons who are the subjects of his narration, and to describe the most striking features of the times in which they lived."

The present edition of the first volume of Dr. Belknap's New-Hampshire, is printed from a copy of the original edition, into which had been transcribed the marginal notes and corrections made by the author at different times in a printed copy which he kept for that purpose. The editor, Mr. Farmer, is known to the public, as secretary of the New-Hampshire Historical Society, and author of several works elucidating the early history of that state and of New-England. The value of the volume is augmented by the notes and illustrations of the editor. Some variations from the original in regard to orthography and punctuation have been introduced by Mr. Farmer, but great care has been taken to preserve the text unimpaired, and no changes affecting that have been allowed.

The volume contains a great number of interesting anecdotes, historical and biographical, and many pages might be filled with amusing extracts. The story of Capt. John Underhill and his contemporaries may be referred to as one of this character, and as furnishing also an instructive lesson in the delineation of "that species of false religion, which, having its seat in the imagination, instead of making the heart better and reforming the life, inflames the passions, stupifies reason, and produces the wildest effects in the behavior." The book abounds also in relations of a pathetic character, descriptive of the sufferings and privations of the first settlers. We make an extract of a passage from Chap. X. giving a general view of an Indian war and of the distressing incidents of that heroic period.

The Indians were seldom or never seen before they did execution. They appeared not in the open field, nor gave proofs of a truly masculine courage; but did their exploits by surprise, chiefly in the morning, keeping themselves hid behind logs and bushes, near the paths in the woods, or the fences contiguous to the doors of houses; and their lurking holes could be known only by the report of their guns, which was indeed but feeble, as they were sparing of ammunition, and as near as possible to their object before they fired. They rarely assaulted an house unless they knew there would be but little resistance, and it has been afterward known that they have lain in ambush for days together, watching the motions of the people at their work, without daring to discover themselves. One of their chiefs, who had got a woman's riding-hood among his plunder, would put it on, in an evening, and walk into the streets of Portsmouth, looking into the windows of houses, and listening to the conversation of the people.

Their cruelty was chiefly exercised upon children, and such aged, infirm, corpulent persons as could not bear the hardships of a journey through the wilderness. If they took a woman far advanced in pregnancy, their knives were plunged into her bowels. An infant, when it became troublesome, had its brains dashed out against the next tree or stone. Sometimes, to torment the wretched mother, they would whip and beat the child till almost dead, or hold it under water till its breath was just gone, and then throw it to her to comfort and quiet it. If the mother could not readily still its weeping, the hatchet was buried in its skull. A captive wearied with a burden laid on his shoulders was often sent to rest in the same way. If any one proved refractory, or was known to have been instrumental of the death of an Indian, or related to one who had been so, he was tormented with a lingering punishment, generally at the stake, whilst the other captives were insulted with the sight of his miseries. Sometimes a fire would be kindled and a threatening given out against one or more, though there was no intention of sacrificing them, only to make sport of their terrors. The young Indians often signalized their cruelty in treating captive-Indian men out of sight of the elder, and when inquiry was made into the matter, the insulted captive must either be silent or put the best face on it, to prevent worse treatment for the future. If a captive appeared sad and dejected, he was sure to meet with insult; but if he could sing and dance and laugh with his masters, he was caressed as a brother. They had a strong aversion to negroes, and generally killed them when they fell into their hands.

Famine was a common attendant on these doleful captivities. The Indians when they caught any game devoured it all at one sitting, and then girding themselves round the waist, travelled without sustenance till chance threw more in their way. The captives, unused to such extreme repasts and abstinences, could not support the selfish of the one, nor the craving of the other. A change of masters, though it sometimes proved a relief from misery, yet rendered the prospect of a return to their homes more distant. If an Indian had lost a relative, a prisoner bought for a gun, a hatchet, or a few skins, must supply the place of the deceased, and be the father, brother, or son of the purchaser; and those who could accommodate themselves to such barbarous adoption, were treated with the same kindness as the persons in whose place they were substituted. A sale among the French of Canada was the most happy event to a captive, especially if he became a servant in the family; though sometimes, even there, a prison was their lot, the opportunity presented for their redemption; whilst the priests employed every seducing art to convert them to the popish religion, and induce them to abandon their country. These circumstances, joined with the more obvious hardships of travelling half naked and barefoot through pathless deserts, over craggy mountains and deep swamps, through frost, rain and snow, exposed by day and night to the inclemency of the weather, and in summer to the venomous stings of those numerous insects with which the woods abound; the restless anxiety of mind, the retrospect of past scenes of pleasure, the remembrance of distant friends, the bereavements experienced at the beginning or during the progress of the captivity, and the daily apprehension of death either by famine or the savage enemy; these were the horrors of an Indian captivity.

On the other hand, it must be acknowledged, that there have been instances of justice, generosity and tenderness during these wars,

which would have done honor to a civilized people. A kindness shown to an Indian was remembered as long as an injury; and persons have had their lives spared, for acts of humanity done to the ancestors of those Indians into whose hands they have fallen. They would sometimes "carry children on their arms and shoulders, feed their prisoners with the best of their provision, and pinch themselves rather than their captives should want food." When sick or wounded, they would afford them proper means for their recovery, which they were very well able to do by their knowledge of simples. In thus preserving the lives and health of their prisoners, they doubtless had a view of gain. But the most remarkably favorable circumstance in an Indian captivity, was their decent behavior to women. I have never read, nor heard, nor could find by inquiry, that any woman who fell into their hands was ever treated with the least immodesty; but testimonies to the contrary are very frequent. Whether this negative virtue is to be ascribed to a natural frigidity of constitution, let philosophers inquire; the fact is certain; and it was a most happy circumstance for our female captives, that in the midst of all their distresses, they had no reason to fear from a savage foe, the perpetration of a crime, which has too frequently disgraced, not only the personal, but the national character of those, who make large pretences to civilization and humanity.

Native Bards; a Satirical Effusion. With other Occasional Pieces. By J. L. M.

Some months ago our northern bards were threatened by the southern papers with a castigation;—a satire, that was to overwhelm the most eminent of them with confusion. We felt no little alarm at the time, fearing that some of our especial friends would be wholly demolished; but we have read "Native Bards" and our fears are over. It adds one more to the list of American literary failures.

This "Satirical Effusion" consists of about eight hundred lines, most of which are pentameters. In some, the author has generously added a foot or two over and above the lawful measure. It needed no preface to inform us that the thing is the work of an unpractised writer; the structure of the versification shows great carelessness, and the matter wants method and arrangement. In short, it is being guilty of a misnomer to call it a poem; it is a mere string of truisms and common places. As a satire it has little point and no wit.

J. L. M. complains bitterly of the degradation of American literature, acknowledging at the same time, however, and very truly, that his will to disgrace our poor scribblers is greater than his power. Imitators excite his particular displeasure, affectation rouses his indignation, and rhyming in albums fills the cup of his wrath to overflowing. Yankee poets are the special objects

of his resentment. After venting his southern spleen at their expense, he says,

With a grateful heart to God,
Devour each day your pudding and your cod,
Comfort yourselves with flagons, courage!
cheer

Your maudlin spirits with besotting beer,
Go, plough your fields, teach hopeful youth,
engross,

Plant onions, notions vend, for gold sell dross,
Vote, muster, edit journals, import tea,
Make Goshen cheeses, wretched rum for sea,
Bad cloths, and flimsy fabrics for the mart
Of the poor south, that still must pay and
smart, &c.

These lines and the few others below, are rather more than fair specimens of our author's manner and powers. Heaven knows our poetasters have need of reproof, but to be rebuked by one like J. L. M. and that with sectional asperity, is too bad. However, the dullness of the book "nullifies" its ill nature, and it will probably be read by few of those for whose benefit it was written. If J. L. M. had any other object than to vent his overflowing bile, like common swearers, in hard words, we have been unable to discover it. We have been unable to discern the point or gist of a single paragraph, nor do we know a writer, or class of writers, to whom one in twenty of his reproaches can apply. He threatens, if his *soi-disant* satire does not take effect, to print another, which we advise his publisher not to make a joint stock affair. The threat concludes the piece, thus;

Ye mighty small ones, and ye little great,
I'll to the task again, and try a strain,
Which shall not, by your leave, be heard in
vain;

Again Apollo's aid I will invoke,
And ply my weapon with a closer stroke,
Each recreant rhymester shall behold his name,
And notes and illustrations speak his shame.
Now have I purged my choler, split my gall,
And feel more placid, I shall nought recall,
Write, rave, blaspheme, I do despise ye all.

We feel assured the "mighty small ones and the little great," will cordially reciprocate the sentiment in the last half line, when they shall have read J. L. M.'s book.

The first of the "Occasional Pieces" is a long epistle in verse. The others are short, and all go to prove, that, if the author's forte is not in satire, neither is it in fugitive poetry. We have given his book more notice than it deserves, and will now take leave of it.

Tales of the Puritans. The Regicides; the Fair Pilgrim; Castine.

These three stories are founded upon incidents which are among the most familiar and most interesting of all those

in which the earliest history of New-England is so rich; the concealment of Whalley and Goffe at New-Haven and Hadley, the emigration of Lady Arabella Johnson, and the War of 1702, with the Eastern Indians. Novel making cannot be the *forte* of the writer; and though credit is certainly due to the labor bestowed upon the compilation or composition of the volume, yet we think the naked historical facts far more romantic than his (or her) style or fancy are calculated to make them. We cannot believe that any but a person who was writing by the page, or the day, could have read the plain, unvarnished tales of Pilgrim life, and had the heart to *work* them up (to use a significant technical phrase) in such a tame and unattractive manner.

An Oration, pronounced before the citizens of Boston, on the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4, 1831. By John G. Palfrey.

If we were asked why,—from the multitude of orations pronounced on the late celebration of independence and since published by the civil or social communities at whose request they were pronounced,—we select this in particular as the subject of a notice, it perhaps may not be easy to give an answer that should satisfy the inquirer. But then we could abundantly satisfy our own conscience, and keep it free from any "compunctious visitings" on account of having made such selection. Without further circumlocution, we pronounce it the best—immeasurably the best—that we have seen; and *that* is the reason, and reason enough, for the choice. The style of Mr. Palfrey's oration is plain, familiar, unaffected, and appropriate. Its morals are pure and healthy. Its politics are sound and practicable. Its whole doctrine is the doctrine of life—adapted to improve the quality and increase the quantity of individual happiness, and to secure the perpetuity of national glory. Among the means of perpetuating our national freedom, Mr. Palfrey notices three, as especially prominent—a hearty attachment in the people to the union of the states—a care to have the administration in proper hands—and a literature of our own production. These topics are discussed, illustrated, and enforced in an able and unanswerable manner. It may perhaps be said that no one would be bold enough to deny the propositions, and that, therefore, no

argument on such topics was needed. Let those who think so, read the argument, and possibly they may discover that some things are admitted by common consent, which a little investigation will prove to be not quite so well established as common consent supposes. At any rate, no harm can arise from the discussion. To use the orator's own language—

There is no conquering men who are their own masters. There is no cheating men who have looked closely into themselves. A wise observer of political causes and consequences, in speculating on the probable perpetuity of our freedom, would by no means ask, with the greatest concern, what armies we could bring into the field, or what funds into the treasury, but much rather what principles we had imbibed. It is knowledge and virtue, intellectual and moral power, which a discerning patriotism will prompt us to covet by way of securities. We shall desire to see it distinguished, not only by the rectitude and wisdom of its internal and foreign administration, but by its advances in science and art, its well endowed and efficient institutions for preventing and redressing ills, to which flesh is heir, of every sort, and diffusing information suited to every condition; by the high tone of its public sentiment, its temperance in prosperity, and firmness in reverse; by the purity of its domestic manners, and the spirit of order which every where pervades it. We shall wish to see it made to every man a happy country to live in, that so it may seem to every man a worthy country to defend.

An Elementary Treatise on Geometry, simplified for beginners not versed in Algebra. By Francis J. Grund.

This work consists of two parts. The first part containing Plain Geometry, has been before the public some months, and has passed through two or three editions. The second part, which treats of Solid Geometry, with its application to the solution of Problems, has been published recently. They form, however, but one treatise; and, for the sake of economy should be sold in one volume.

In preparing this work, we think Mr. Grund has rendered a valuable service to the community, and one which must be very acceptable to teachers. Geometry is one of the most valuable and important of the sciences, whether we regard its salutary influence upon the mind, or its necessary application to the Arts. It is a science about which every man and every woman must know something, practically at least; and they would be the better for being thoroughly versed in its principles. To the mechanic, especially, it is a science of the first importance; and it ought to be taught not only in our colleges and

academies, but in all public schools. In a word, it should become a branch of common, popular education; and we think the admirable Treatise of Mr. Grund will do much towards producing this result. It is a singular fact, in this book-making age, that, three years since, not a single elementary work on the subject of Geometry,—a work fitted for the use of common schools,—could be found in the English language, it is believed,—certainly not in this country. But this deficiency has been ably and abundantly supplied by the publications of Messrs. Walker, Hayward and Grund; and if boys do not learn Geometry now, it will not be for the want of good text-books.

Mr. Grund was peculiarly qualified for the work which he undertook; and he has performed it well. He has studied simplicity, yet not at the expense of rigorous demonstration. The technical terms, *theorem*, *corollary*, *scholium*, &c. are not used. The *propositions* come as answers to *queries*, which the pupil is supposed to discover; and his *axioms* are announced as *truths*. We do not think these changes of much importance; for although they may make the book *appear* to be on the *inductive* plan, it is not the more so in fact. In some instances Mr. Grund's mode of demonstration is new to us; but it is ingenious, and perfectly satisfactory. Upon the whole, we regard the Treatise as a most excellent one, and we trust that it will be extensively introduced into the academies and schools of our country.

The Young Ladies' Class Book; a selection of Lessons for Reading, in prose and verse. By Ebenezer Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.

A Reading-book for schools, at the present day, is not much of a rarity. Scarcely a month elapses that we do not see a new one advertised, and if its author or publisher does not accompany its annunciation with a column or two of recommendations and newspaper-puffs, paid for at a stipulated price, or extorted from the writers by reiterated assaults upon their patience till patience itself becomes a vice, why then it must be admitted that such a book is a *rarity*. Mr. Bailey's selection comes before the public preceded by no brazen-mouthed herald of that sort, and appeals only to the common sense and the ordinary wants of the public for a reward for

his labor. The selection is made apparently with strict regard to usefulness, and certainly discovers the presence of a pure and refined taste and of a deep and chastened feeling in the compiler. This remark will be found especially true in reference to the articles in poetry, which are taken from the writings of the best modern poets, both English and American, yet without embracing those that have become hackneyed from the service into which they have been pressed by former compilers. There is no piece in the volume which a young person may not commit to memory, and feel that his intellectual treasure is augmented.

A Lecture on Classical Learning,
by Cornelius C. Felton, Tutor in
Greek in Harvard University.

This Lecture is contained in the volume published by the American Institute, of which we gave some account in the first number of the *New-England Magazine*. We select it as the topic of a special notice, because we believe with the writer that "the subject of classical learning is one of immense importance, when considered with all its bearings upon the intellectual culture of our times;" and because we further believe that there is much prejudice existing on this subject, which every individual who deems that prejudice injurious to the progress of intellectual improvement should assist in removing. The chief object of the lecturer is to answer the questions of those skeptics, who assert that the main reason for giving importance to ancient masters, in a course of liberal education, was, in former times, the fact, that they were the only teachers. This reply embraces an exposition of the claims that classical learning has upon our attention and respect. Mr. Felton thus reasons with these skeptics.

Much wit has been expended in ridiculing the pursuits of the philologist. But true philosophy regards every manifestation of mind, whether in the forms of language, the creations of poetry, the abstractions of science, or the godlike gift of oratory, as worthy of its study. The mind, the essential and immortal part of man, is not to be condemned in any one of its thousand-fold aspects and operations. Among the most curious and subtle of these operations, the process unfolded by the development of speech may fairly be classed. This gift, so universal, so indispensable, like the air we breathe, is scarcely valued because it flows rarely felt. But let us reflect a moment upon its infinite importance, and we cannot, with any thing like the spirit of true philosophy, scorn its study, as a puerile and trifling object. That power, by which all other powers are guided and fashioned, by which all

emotions are described, by which all the playful efforts of fancy are made distinct to the perceptions of others, by which, more than by all our powers besides, the creations of genius are illustrated—and *language*, the instrument of that power, the most ingenious and finished of all instruments—can it indeed be so small, so contemptible, as to fix justly upon those engaged in its study the scornful epithets of 'word-weavers,' and 'sawd-grinders'? Language opens a wide and curious field to the observation of those whose pursuits lead them to trace the intricate phenomena of intellect. The great difficulty in studying the philosophy of mind, arises from the impalpable nature of the objects to be scanned in that study. Language is one of the modes, and a most essential one, by which the operations of intellect are distinctly made visible. In studying language, therefore, we are in fact studying mind, through the agency of its most purely intellectual instrument. In mastering language, we not only attain the power of wielding this most efficient instrument, but we make ourselves familiar with the results, and we comprehend the compass of those gifts which make us feel, that we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Such pursuits can have no other tendency than to strengthen and elevate the mind, and prepare it consequently, to act with energy, dignity and success, upon the various objects presented to it in life. But it is said, the student of language is employed about words to the neglect of things. I cannot help calling such reasoning, or rather such assertions, for it is not reasoning, poor unmeaning cant. Wasting time upon words to the neglect of things? Are not words, realities? Have they not a separate, an independent existence? Nay, more; have they not a power to stir up the soul, to sway nations even, such as no other things ever possessed or ever can possess? Did not the words of Demosthenes carry more dread to the breast of Philip than the arms of Athens and the fortresses of her tributary cities? Have not the words of Homer touched the hearts and roused the imaginations of myriads, many centuries since the walls of Troy and the armaments of Greece perished from the face of the earth, and the site of Priam's capital was lost from the memories of men? It is true that the trifling and quibbling of some philologists give a phantasmic air to the objections raised against these studies. But would you condemn the mathematicians, because one votary of the science declared his contempt for *Paradise Lost*—a work which proved no truth by a chain of geometrical or algebraic reasoning? Would you reject geology, because an enthusiast values a stone, apparently worthless, more than a splendid product of imagination? Would you shut your mind against the beautiful science of botany, because you have seen one so absorbed in its study that he would expend more anxious care in rearing a puny hot-house plant, than in alleviating sorrow or saving life? Are you prepared to throw away the hopes of religion, because a few bigots, attaching an overstrained importance to trifles, make it appear absurd, and strip it of almost every attribute that can command your respect? Analogy, I am aware, is not argument; but the same kind of reasoning, which is aimed at philological studies, might be aimed with equal success against every science we value, every truth we hold sacred.

After stating these general considerations that recommend the study of language, Mr. Felton proceeds to mention the peculiar claims of the classical languages, without the aid of which, it is

contended, it is impossible to understand the full power of our vernacular tongue. This position, though often disputed, he assumes as incontrovertible—a fact beyond discussion and argument. The influence of the Hebrew upon its successor, the Greek language, is declared to be “as clearly perceptible as any phenomenon in physical science.” The Latin is equally indebted to the Greek; and “vain would be his labors, who should essay to comprehend the efforts of Roman genius, without first listening to the instruction of Rome’s literary writers.” Our own language is derived in part from the Latin, and so far as that part goes, Mr. Felton declares “a knowledge of Latin is essential to one who would understand it fully, and write it with certainty and effect.” Mr. Felton notices the exceptions which have been urged of such men as Dr. Franklin, who have written our language in great purity and elegance without having been trained in the classical schools; but thinks there is little argument to be drawn from an example like that of Franklin against the utility of classical learning. For

According to his own statements, his style was formed by closely imitating the best models of English composition—the papers of the Spectator—which, we all know, are from the pens of the most accomplished classical scholars England has ever produced. The purity, simplicity and beauty of Dr. Franklin’s style, therefore, is, after all, the consequence of an exquisite taste in ancient literature; although with him, it comes at second hand. Is any one prepared to say that the language of Franklin would not have been more bold, more stirring, more eloquent, had his mind, after having been cultivated and refined in the study of antiquity, given free scope to its acknowledged powers, and acted by its own resistless impulses, untrammelled by the fetters of imitation?

It is not our purpose to give an analysis of Mr. Felton’s whole argument, nor to transfer from his pages to ours his fascinating criticisms on the poetry, the oratory and the philosophy of the ancient Greeks. Our purpose will have been accomplished if we should succeed in awakening the attention of parents to a subject of some interest to them and more to their children.

Mr. Felton states in a prefatory note, that, owing to the impossibility of doing justice to the subject in a single dis-

course, he has indulged in “a rapid grouping of topics, a superficial and a hurried series of sketchings, with as much of special pleading as the occasion permitted;” and that it is his purpose “to mould these materials into a volume of moderate compass, and submit it, at some future period to the American Institute.” His book will be welcomed by all the friends of liberal education.

Haverhill; or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe. By James A. Jones.

In reading this work, we were favorably struck with the power of the author in describing the scenes and events of his hero’s youth, and his graphic manner of depicting Jamaica. There is a very pretty creature too in the gentle Mary Danvers, who first persuaded Haverhill to “become as distinguished for the knowledge that was within his means, as he was before less favorably noted for his ignorance.” The transformation was no less than that worked upon Cymon. Haverhill thus described, was picked up a waif on the sea, by one of the fleet destined for the conquest of Quebec. Wolfe gave him a commission, after which he suffered many of the hardships incident to love and war. Wolfe, however, is not drawn in the proportions of a hero—had the author’s Wolfe been “called by any other name,” it would not be thought that he was describing that lost soldier. Another character taken from history, is that of Lord Timothy Dexter, though there is no important agency given to “the greatest philosopher of the western world.”

Haverhill, as a production of genius, is unequal in different parts. The author has a very respectable talent in describing familiar scenes which have a strong and agreeable smack of New-England. Were all portions of Haverhill equal to its best parts, the author would deserve great commendation. As it is—if he will subject himself to severe discipline—his mind, we mean—he may well pass, in this line, an honorable distinction.

MISCELLANIES.

THE LATE ISAIAH THOMAS. At a meeting of the Antiquarian Society in Worcester, on the 30th of June, a preamble and sundry resolutions were adopted in reference to the late President and benefactor of the institution. The counsellors residing in Worcester were requested to cause a biography to be written for insertion in the next volume of the Transactions of the Society, and to place in the library some suitable memorial of the late President.

AFRICAN COLONY. A colony was established in the early part of 1830, at Wilberforce, in Upper Canada, by colored people, emigrating from Ohio, who were obliged to seek a settlement elsewhere in consequence of a law in that State, which took effect the preceding June, "ordering every colored person in that state not possessing a certain amount of property therein named, or giving security, to remove out of the state, under the penalty of being sold as a slave." The colony originally consisted of about two hundred persons, who purchased eight hundred acres of the Canada company, on which the settlement has been made; and on which they erected twenty-five log houses. During the last year, thirteen hundred and eighty persons joined the settlement; and during the spring, forty families, consisting of upwards of two hundred persons, emigrated there from the city of New-York, besides others from different parts of the United States. The number of emigrants arriving at the African settlement is constantly increasing. The colony has recently purchased from the Canada company, two thousand additional acres, to meet the wants of the increasing population. The number of persons in the settlement at present, exceeds two thousand, and there are one hundred and thirty log houses. Timber has been cleared off of five hundred acres of land, three hundred and fifty of which is under cultivation.

THE HORNED SNAKE. A few years ago, a young man of respectability, in passing through a wood in one of the southern states, encountered one of these serpents, which immediately attacked him without being at all provoked. His eye chanced to fall upon it, at the moment it had thrown itself into the hoop form, and having a stick in his hand, he fortunately parried the blow aimed at him, by striking the reptile as

it threw himself towards him. Not discouraged by his failure, the snake renewed the charge—the gentleman stepping backwards and defending himself with his cane; for he had heard of the danger of running from the foe. In this way he defended himself successively against eight several attempts to strike him;—the enraged creature, at every failure, immediately throwing itself into the same form and springing towards him with the tail foremost. After the eighth effort, the serpent, whether from exhaustion or the blows he had received, was unable to resume the form in which it had continued its attack,—though it made several unsuccessful attempts to do so—and was killed. It was between seven and a half and eight feet long, and seven inches in circumference—of a light ash color, with dark ash spots along the back, tapering in its form, and with a hard horny substance, about two inches long at the end of the tail, which was sufficiently pointed to inflict a wound. Under the tail, and about half an inch from the point was a slit about an inch long, through which, when the point was pressed slightly upwards, projected a small polished tube about the size of a common straw, brought, however, to a point; through this point it is supposed the virus was injected into the wound made by the horn, which pressed upon a bag or sack of poison, situated at the spot where the horn was joined to the body. When the point struck any object, it was slightly elevated, thus at the same time pressing upon the sack at the root, and protruding the tube through the slit, directly to the wound.

The gentleman who killed it, states that, as well as he could ascertain, the serpent leaped forward about a length and a half, or about twelve feet, at each effort he made to strike. The motion was quick and strong, and consisted in throwing itself from the hoop form into a straight line, while the force it employed seemed to push it forward about four feet at every exertion.

MINES AND MINERALS. A gentleman in Vermont, recently spent a leisure half hour in visiting a mine just opened in the northeast corner of Brainerd. Some specimens proved, on analysis, to be composed of iron, sulphur and arsenic, with, possibly, a slight and unimportant admixture of other metals. The vein or bed, he could not deter-

mine which it is—known to be at least a mile in length. An abundance of elegant specimens can be easily procured. An interesting locality of sulphurets has been opened in Vershire, about five miles north from the copper-works in Strafford, and nearly in a range with the vein wrought at that place. Of three specimens given for examination last winter, one was pyritous copper, containing eighteen and a half per cent. of copper; another was a magnetic sulphuret of iron; and the third was sulphuret of iron, with an extra charge of iron. Probably the copper at this mine varies considerably in its richness. In what proportion the several ores exist, is unknown. Their quantity is abundant, and their situation extremely favorable for working. In Corinth, near the place before mentioned, is a locality, from which the same gentleman obtained what appeared to be fragments of very beautiful crystals of oxid of Titanium—several varieties. Cyanite is said to be abundant and beautiful in its immediate vicinity.

NEW FOOD FOR CATTLE. The *American Farmer* contains a communication from Mr. Exum Lewis, of Edgecomb, (N. C.) detailing a new mode of fattening cattle. The food used is turnips and cotton seed, in equal quantities, boiled together, with a little salt in it. He says he has fully tried it, and that this preparation is preferable to any food he ever made use of. The turnips should be washed clean.

NEW APPLICATION OF HORSE POWER. A new mode of applying horse power to move machinery, has lately been discovered by Mr. George Page, of Keene. The horse is mounted upon a band made of leather and narrow pieces of plank and this band passes round two cylinders or drums about two feet apart, the axes of which are horizontal, and one of them higher than the other. The band is supported by small wheels, which run on a railway placed under each edge. The harness of the horse is attached to an immovable post placed near the cylinder. When made to draw, the band moves backward under him; the moving of the band causes the cylinders to revolve, and, a gear being attached to the axle of one of them, motion is thus communicated to the machinery. It can be used to move machinery constructed for almost any purpose, but will probably be most used to propel boats on rivers. It has not, as yet, been applied to any purpose but

sawing wood, and this it performs with great expedition. With two men to tend it, the proprietor says he can saw thirty cords of a mixture of soft and hard wood in a day, cutting it twice in two.

A FAIRY LAND, OR NEW EL DORADO. Accounts from the west say that the streams in the Huron country glide over pebbles of cornelian, topaz, jasper, agate, opal and quartz, and are as pure as crystal. They are cool enough for drinking in the hottest day in August. The great lead-mines are in the southern part of this district. They have been wrought but three years, by comparatively few persons, and under every possible disadvantage; yet nearly thirty million pounds of lead have been made there. Only about a mile square of surface has yet been opened, and from this thirty million pounds more might be extracted without opening a new mine. The whole of the lead district occupies a surface one hundred miles square, including, however, a district of copper ore about twenty miles long and four or five broad. The climate is fine and pure, and the soil of the prairies is admirable for grain. Among the curiosities is a sort of *vegetable compass*, the "rosin weed," from the position of whose leaves it is said that the north and south points can be ascertained.

PALM LEAF HATS. This description of hats, which have recently come into extensive use are, manufactured to a surprising extent in New England, but principally in Massachusetts. The manufacturing of them commenced in 1826, in consequence of the encouragement afforded by the duty laid on imported Leghorn straw and grass hats. It is believed that in this year alone, upwards of two millions of hats will be made, the average value of which is about three dollars a dozen, amounting to half a million of dollars. In Worcester county it is supposed half the quantity above stated will be made. The leaf is imported from the island of Cuba; last year six hundred tons, worth fifty thousand dollars, was received. The hats are all made at the dwellings of the inhabitants, by girls from four years old and upwards, are then sold to the country merchants, who collect them together and send them to the Boston, New-York and other markets. They are made of every quality, varying from 25 cents to \$2 each, and suited to the man of fashion or the laborer.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In New-York, on Monday, July 4, **JAMES MONROE**, ex-president of the United-States, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr Monroe was born in September, 1759, in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the Potomac, on land, of which, a century and a half before, his ancestor, who first migrated to this country, was the original grantee. He was educated at William and Mary College, and, in 1776, entered the revolutionary army as a cadet. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant, and in the summer of that year marched to New-York and joined the army under the command of Gen. Washington. He was engaged in the battles of Harlem Heights and White Plains, in the retreat through the Jerseys, and in the attack on Trenton. In the last he was in the vanguard, and received a ball through his left shoulder. For his conduct in this action, he was honored with a captain's commission. He was soon after appointed Aid to Lord Sterling, and served in that capacity during the campaigns of 1777 and 1778, and was engaged in the actions of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. He distinguished himself in these actions. By entering the family of Lord Sterling, he lost his rank in the line, which he was anxious to regain, but as this could not be regularly done, Washington recommended him to the legislature of Virginia, who authorised the raising of a regiment, and gave him the command. Col. Monroe having failed to raise his regiment, resumed the study of the law, under the direction of Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia. He was active as a volunteer in the militia in the subsequent invasions of Virginia; and, in 1780, he visited the southern army under De Kalb, as a military commissioner, at the request of Governor Jefferson. In 1782, he was elected a member of the Virginia Assembly, and the same year by that body, a member of the executive council. In 1783, at the age of 24, he was elected a member of the old Congress, in which he served three years. He was always at his post, engaged in the most arduous duties. He was appointed a commissioner to settle the controversy between New-York and Massachusetts. In 1787 he was again returned to the Assembly of Virginia, and, in 1788 was a member of the con-

vention of that state, to decide on the present constitution of the United States. In 1790 he was elected member of the Senate of the United States, in which body he served until 1794. In May, 1794, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary, to France, from whence he returned in 1796. In 1799, he was appointed Governor of Virginia, in which situation he served the constitutional term of three years. In 1803 he was appointed minister extraordinary to France, to act in conjunction with Mr. Livingston, the minister resident there. The same year he was appointed minister to London, and the next year to Spain. In 1806, in conjunction with the late William Pinkney, he was again appointed minister to London. Mr. Monroe having been prominently brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency, as successor to Mr. Jefferson, he returned, but withdrew from the canvass. In 1810 he was again elected a member of the Assembly of Virginia, and in a few weeks after the meeting of that body, Governor of that state. On the 26th November, 1811, he was appointed secretary of state. Gen. Armstrong having been dismissed from the War Department, Mr. Monroe voluntarily undertook the management of it. After he had reduced to order the War Department, he resumed the duties of the Department of State, which he continued to exercise, until, in 1817, he was chosen by the people of the United States the successor of James Madison, who yet survives him. In 1821, he was re-elected by a vote, unanimous with the single exception of one vote in New-Hampshire.

Mr. Monroe was so devoted to the public, and his own affairs were so much neglected, that two munificent grants, one at the last session of Congress, of thirty thousand dollars, will scarcely pay his debts. Those grants evince the gratitude of his country, and the merit of him who was their object. With talents greatly inferior to his predecessors or immediate successor, he was so fortunate, as to make his administration, on the whole, more acceptable to the people than any other individual who has filled the chair of the first magistrate.

Mr. Monroe died at the house of S. L. Gouverneur, his son-in-law. He

had been sick for some time, and his death had been, for several days, momentarily expected. He was permitted to linger till the birth-day of his country's freedom, and then expired without a struggle.

The funeral of Mr. Monroe took place on the seventh day of July. According to previous arrangements, the body was delivered into the charge of the Committee of the Corporation, at three o'clock, who, under an escort of cavalry, removed it to a platform erected for the purpose in front of the City Hall, the muffled bells of the different churches tolling, and the batteries firing minute guns. At the commencement of the funeral ceremonies, business throughout the city was generally suspended, and the shops and offices closed. When the coffin containing the remains reached the Hall, it was placed upon the platform, while W. A. Duer, Esq. President of Columbia College, pronounced, before the thousands assembled in the Park, a short and appropriate address, of which the following is an abstract—

Fellow Citizens—Another anniversary of our national independence has been consecrated by the death of another of those patriots who assisted to achieve it—of another of those statesmen who, after a long course of public service, attained the highest office in that government, to the foundation of which he had contributed by an early devotion of life and fortune to his country.

Did this event stand single in our annals—were it unconnected in our memories with the deaths on a former anniversary of the same glorious day—of two of his illustrious predecessors—even then a similar removal of the deceased would have been deemed admonitory, and would have commanded a solemn and appropriate notice. But following as it does that signal union in their flight from this world of the immortal spirits of Adams and Jefferson, the departure of Mr. Monroe must impress us with an awful sense of a Divine interposition, and awaken a livelier gratitude for the favor and protection of an overruling Providence.

Amongst our national blessings, we may indeed enumerate not merely the lives, but the very deaths of men like him whose mortal remains now lie before us. For his life was spent in usefulness to his country—and his death imparts a greater sanctity to her institutions. It would be superfluous, fellow citizens, to detain you with a narrative of events, which are interwoven with the history of this nation, and which must needs be familiar to all who have watched its prosperity, or who value its renown. It is enough on this occasion to remind you, that in the various public employments in which the deceased was engaged for half a century, he was distinguished for the ardor of his patriotism, and the uprightness of his intentions, for valor and perseverance as a soldier—for industry, caution, and fidelity as a statesman. And although before he reached the highest station to which he could be elevated by the favor or gratitude of his countrymen, he had not escaped the political controversies of the time, yet party spirit had then so far subsided, and political adver-

saries had become so far reconciled, that he was first chosen against a merely nominal opposition, and was re-elected by a unanimous vote. His administration of that high office was not only characterized for its temperate and impartial spirit, but it exhibited just and liberal views of national policy, and was signalized by the firm attitude and enlightened principles which it assumed in regard to the South American Republics, and in support of the integrity and inviolability of the Western Continent.

At the expiration of the usual term of service he retired permanently from public life; but the time he had devoted to it had prevented him from bestowing that attention to his private affairs which was essential to the comfort of his declining years. With a broken constitution, and impaired fortune, he sought for repose in the bosom of his family, and looked for his remuneration to the justice of his country; from the one, he received all the consolation which this world could afford—from the other, a grateful acknowledgement of his claims.

Upon us, however, fellow-citizens, and upon our posterity, he still has claims, which money cannot compensate—which time cannot impair—nor death extinguish. We owe to his memory a lasting debt of gratitude for the blood shed in his youth in defence of our liberties—for the vigor of manhood exhausted in his efforts to promote our national interests—and for the experience of his age devoted to extend and perpetuate our political welfare and security. And whilst we commit his body to the earth from which it sprang, and commend his soul to the heaven whence it issued, let us not forget, my countrymen, another and a higher debt due to the great Ruler of the Universe for the example of such a life, and for the glory of such a death.

The military in the meantime had formed in line on the west side of Broadway. The societies and bodies of citizens had moved to the Park from their different places of assembling. When the address was concluded, the body was carried through Broadway, into St. Paul's Church, the Tomkins Blues acting as a guard of honor, followed by the relations and mourners, the clergy, the corporation, faculty and students of Columbia College, and citizens. The funeral service was performed by Bishop Onderdonk and Dr. Wainwright. When it was concluded, the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse, which waited at the north door of the front entrance of the Church; and after a brief interval the procession commenced in the designated manner, at about half-past five o'clock. It was computed to extend two miles. The body was carried in a hearse, covered with black cloth, fringed with gold. From the centre pannels, the national flag hung reversed, and eight black feathers waved above the whole; the hearse was drawn by four black horses. On either side of the hearse, in open barouches, rode the pall-bearers, viz. The Hon. Samuel L. Southard of New-Jersey, the Hon. David Brooks, Col.

Richard Varick, Col. John Trumbull, John Watts, Esq., Gov. Aaron Ogden of New-Jersey, John Ferguson, Esq. naval officer, Thomas Morris, Esq. United States marshal. On arriving at the cemetery in Second-street, the military took open order, and the body was deposited in a vault especially appropriated for the purpose. Three volleys were fired over the grave, and the different bodies composing the procession withdrew under the direction of the grand marshal. The funeral honors paid to him by the city of New-York were worthy of his memory and of the character of that metropolis.

In Barnstable, Ms. SAMUEL SAVAGE, M. D. This eminent physician was a native of Boston, and of family connexions of distinguished rank under the provincial government. He was graduated at Harvard University at an early age, and survived all his classmates, excepting the venerable Dr. Fisher of Beverly. After pursuing his professional studies under the ablest instructors, he commenced the practice of medicine in Barnstable, nearly sixty years since. During this long period, till the infirmities of age came over him, he was actively and usefully occupied in the labors of a very extensive practice. Enjoying the highest reputation in his profession, his aid was often called for in the most important cases, and his opinion regarded as the last authority. His reputation was founded upon a solid basis, and constructed of durable materials. Possessing a mind of uncommon vigor, he added to its strength and beauty by a classical and professional education. Strong as were the powers of his mind; rich as were its own resources, he sought knowledge wherever it could be found, and brought it to the bed of sickness to minister to the good of his patient. An accurate observer of nature, he noted her changes and discriminated with wonderful nicety the varying hues of disease. Cool and deliberate in forming an opinion; reflecting well before he decided; his penetrating judgement traced disease to its hiding place, and he prescribed with remarkable felicity and success. His kind attention and unwearied exertions for his patients were returned by devoted reverence, and unlimited confidence in his superior skill. On all subjects connected with his profession he was justly tenacious of his opinions, for they were the fruit of much study and profound thought; hence he was impatient of contradiction, and but little respected sentiments opposite to his

own. The love of truth was a prominent trait in his character, and the slightest deviation from it he regarded as an essential injury to society. Frank and open in all his concerns; without disguise or concealment in his words or actions, he sternly rebuked hypocrisy and bodily censured the least semblance of deception. He was sometimes accused of severity, but it was only when his generous feelings were provoked by meanness, or his kindness repaid by ingratitude. He was indulgent to the poor; and during his long and distinguished professional career of more than half a century, he never called in the aid of the law for the collection of a debt. He was a warm and firm friend, placing the ardor of his affections where he gave his confidence. He was an accomplished gentleman of the old school, happily blending ease with dignity, and freedom with urbanity of manners. His views of religion were altogether practical; believing that life to be most acceptable to God, which is most fruitful in acts of beneficence to man. In the gentle decay of age he calmly waited the termination of his course, confiding in the mercy, and resigned to the will of Heaven.

In Lowell, Ms. July 7, PAUL MOODY, Esq. aged 52. The death of Mr. Moody (says the Lowell Journal) was one of those startling occurrences, in our community, that seem to scorn the calculations of human presumption, and make a mockery of the affections and associations that hold in alliance such fragile beings as are we all. The suddenness and magnitude of this loss made it overwhelming. In the fulness of health and vigor, the centre and soul of enterprise and activity, the object of affection, of confidence and respect among all classes, Mr. Moody was struck down like lightning, as if to show men in the height of their prosperity, that they are not to place trust in man. Not in health or the life of man, for in the talents, the integrity and the benevolence of such a man as Mr. Moody, it would be an offence against Heaven if we did not trust.

Mr. Moody was descended from William Moody, who emigrated from England and settled in Newbury in 1634. Mr. Moody's father was a respectable farmer in Byfield, a parish of Newbury in the county of Essex. His own education was obtained in a common school; after having occupied himself in a Woollen Factory in his own native town long enough to acquire a general knowledge of the business, he sought

and obtained employment from the celebrated Jacob Perkins of Newburyport. He had previously, when quite a boy, in some subordinate station in his nail works, strongly attracted the attention of Mr. Perkins. Mr. Perkins discovered and knew how to value the uncommon talents of Mr. Moody and almost immediately entrusted him with his machine shop. When the Boston manufacturing company commenced their establishment at Waltham, they asked the assistance of Mr. Perkins in the conduct of their works. This assistance he promised, and this promise was most amply fulfilled by his recommendation to them of Mr. Moody as a head mechanic. The gentlemen engaged in the works at Waltham were not slow to discover the value of the acquisition they had made, and were prompt to acknowledge it. Soon after similar establishments were commenced at Lowell by the same persons, Mr. Moody transferred his residence from Waltham to that place, as that destined to be the seat and centre of his future enterprise and activity. It is not certainly to him alone that are to be attributed the rapid and strong growth of Lowell, but his agency in it was so important that he will need no other monument;—his name must be associated with that of the town of Lowell as long as the town shall stand, as in his labors also he was associated with the distinguished man from whom it derived its name. Mr. Moody has been called a self-taught mechanic;—he was not self-taught in the first step of his art, certainly, for he was under more than one celebrated master. But without going through the usual routine of a scientific education, he made himself master of all the great principles of mechanics, and of natural science as connected with them. He combined the greatest accuracy and nicety in the mode of conducting the operations of the machine shop, with a thorough knowledge of the principles on which those operations are founded. His imagination, like his other powers, was of the strongest character; so that he could arrange in his mind all the parts of a complicated machine, whether described by others or invented by himself, without the aid of a model, or of any sensible exhibition of it. In his conversation he listened patiently and his mind seemed to embrace the whole matter fully, and if he made a remark it showed that he clearly comprehended the subject and that his thoughts went deeply and accurately into it. But while the talents of Mr. Moody excited

admiration, and while from these his fame has been derived, among those who were near him, his moral qualities were more highly prized, and cause his loss to be most deeply felt. Single-minded, true to his trust, and ardent, he pursued the business confided to him as if it were his own; he co-operated with other men in common labors and rejoiced in the common success without a particle of selfish anxiety for fame; and always took pleasure in according to every one his full share of credit. Like most men of strong minds, he was possessed of a very lively sensibility and strong passion. But though most sensitive of injury, his temper was not easily ruffled, and his feelings were habitually under perfect control. This was one of the most striking traits in his character. In common he was distinguished by the mildness of his demeanor and by a disposition to oblige all around him. Quick in perceiving the errors of others, he was gentle in correcting them; sagacious in detecting all attempts to deceive or overreach him, he was calm but sure in defeating them. He felt his powers both physical and intellectual, and never spared himself in the use of them, but he seemed instinctively to guard against the injury which the weight of that power might inflict on those against whom it might be brought to bear.

In Paris, France, on the 18th of March last, Col. JAMES SWAN, formerly of Boston. This gentleman belonged to a generation, and to an age, of which there are but few remnants. It may seem useless to recall him even to the memory of the very few, who were his early associates. If there be any such, they can bear witness, that Mr. Swan was a merchant, a politician, a whig, a soldier, and an author, before he was twenty-two years old. He had published a work against the slave trade;—he had helped to destroy the tea in Boston harbor;—he accompanied General Warren upon Bunker Hill, as his aid, on the 17th June, 1775. The year 1787 found Mr. Swan bereft of fortune, and deeply a debtor. He went to France, and there made himself known by a volume on the Commerce of the United States with France. He acquired reputation and confidence, and before the year 1794, he had gained an immense fortune, and had paid off all debts, principal and interest, not excepting those from which he had been fully discharged. In 1795 he came to the United States and renewed his former associations. There are many who re-

member him at this period; and who knew that he was charitable, and munificent. He returned to Europe in July, 1798, and was engaged in different places in arranging many complicated affairs, which had been probably more extensive than any man but himself would have undertaken to manage. Among other persons with whom he had dealt was a German gentleman, who claimed to be a large creditor of Mr. Swan, and, on the other hand Mr. Swan claimed to be creditor of him. On this claim Mr. Swan was imprisoned, in the St. Pelagie in Paris, in 1808; and there he remained till July 1830, during all which time a most zealous and indefatigable litigation was kept up between them, in the Courts of France. In March, 1830, Mr. Swan's prosecutor died, debtor to Mr. Swan, on judgement, according to his representation. It was expected that he would have returned to the United States on being liberated, but he had still great purposes in view, and remained in Paris till his decease. Few men have lived as private citizens, who have seen such remarkable vicissitudes as Mr. Swan. He had gigantic views in business, and may be supposed to have been more enterprising than judicious. In his private life he was noble-minded, generous, and affectionate. He was distinguished by the manliness of his figure, the dignity of his manners, and the kindness of his expression.

In Rochester, N. Y. May 17th, Col. NATHANIEL ROCHESTER, aged 79. His family was of English descent, and, for three generations, resided in Westmoreland county, Vir. where he was born, Feb. 21, 1752. The opportunities for a liberal education were, at that time, extremely limited. The varied and accurate information for which Mr. Rochester was distinguished in private intercourse, as well as in the public trusts he so honorably filled, was the fruit of the application of a vigorous and clear mind, in the intervals of leisure afforded by a life of no ordinary activity and vicissitude. At the age of twenty he commenced his mercantile career, in company with Col. John Hamilton, who afterwards held the Consulate for the British Government, in the middle States. The struggle of the Colonies with Great-Britain was then at hand, and his military title of Lieutenant-Colonel, was the well earned badge of of those stern days—nobly borne among the officers of the distinguished staff, which guided the operations of the North-Carolina militia, in that eventful

period. By these political changes, his commercial plans were broken up, and he threw himself, at once, actively into the service of his country. At the age of twenty-eight, he was called to the responsible and hazardous station of one of the Committee of Safety, for Orange county. It was the business of this committee to promote the revolutionary spirit among the people—to procure a supply of arms and ammunition—and to make collections for the people of Boston, the harbor of which was blocked up by a British fleet, and to prevent the sale and consumption of East-India Teas. In August, 1775, Col. Rochester's legislative career commenced, as a member of the Provincial Convention of North-Carolina. From this Convention his first commission as Major of militia emanated; and the rapid progress of hostilities did not leave him long without an opportunity of signaling himself. The immediate call upon his services, resulted from the secret mission of the British General, Alexander McDonald, to the Highland Scotch^h in Cumberland county—refugees from their native land, for adherence to the disastrous fortunes of the Pretender. The schemes of this officer were executed so carefully, that before his intentions were known, one thousand men had been raised and were marching to Wilmington. When intelligence of this reached Hillsborough, Colonel Thackson immediately went in pursuit to Fayetteville, (then called Cross Creek.) The enemy had left before they arrived, and Major Rochester was despatched by his commanding officer to overtake them by forced marches, before General McDonald should gain the transports, waiting at the mouth of Cape Fear River, to convey them to New-York. At daybreak, after a march of twenty miles, the General and five hundred of his Scotch recruits, were met on the retreat, having been turned at Moore's creek bridge by Colonel Caswell, afterwards the first Governor of the state. Major Rochester captured the whole—but from scarcity of provisions, was compelled to release all but about fifty officers—binding the discharged not to serve again during the war against the colonies. On his return to head-quarters, he found that Colonel Martin of the Salisbury minute-men, had arrived with 2000 men, and to him the credit of the capture is by mistake ascribed, by Chief Justice Marshall, in his Life of Washington.

In 1776 Major Rochester was again a

member of the convention at Halifax, and by that body was promoted to the rank and pay of a colonel, for the North Carolina Line, and appointed commissary general of military stores and clothing. That convention organized the state government, by the appointment of a governor, and other officers, and ordered an election of members of a state legislature. In the exercise of his office as commissary, Colonel Rochester was exposed to severe fatigue and being compelled to travel with great rapidity between all the sea-port towns in Carolina and Virginia—until his health gave way under its pressure of duty—and by the advice of his medical friends he reluctantly submitted to a resignation of his office. His extrication from immediate military duty was hailed by his townsmen at Hillsborough, with a claim upon him for renewed legislative exertions, and before he reached home his election was secured as member of the assembly. In this body Nathaniel Macon was a cotemporary. After the war, and the resignation of the office of clerk of the court, (which had in the mean time been given to him,) Colonel Rochester embarked again in mercantile pursuits, first at Philadelphia, and afterwards at Hagerstown, Maryland. At this place, for many years, he held the office of Postmaster, until his nomination as one of the Judges of Washington county obliged him to resign it, in 1807. The strong integrity, which was so decided a feature of this venerable man's character, displayed itself here; and, from conscientious scruples, growing out of his ignorance of the law, he abandoned the bench. The office of Sheriff engaged him for the next three years, after which the Presidency of the Hagerstown Bank secured his experience for that institution, until the period of his removal to the state of New York. His first purchase had been made in 1800, in connection with three other gentlemen. In 1802, the site of the flourishing and enterprising village of Rochester, then called "the hundred acre lot," was purchased by the same company, at the rate of seventeen dollars and fifty cents per acre. To the place, which had thus re-

ceived his name, after a residence of eight years in Steuben and Ontario counties, Colonel Rochester removed; and which will be, to late posterities, a proud mausoleum for his honored memory.

As a public man, Colonel Rochester's labors were not terminated by his removal to the western world. He was summoned to act as Presidential Elector in 1817; in 1822 he was a member of the legislature. Oppressed by age and increased infirmities, much against his own inclination, he held for a few months the Presidency of the Bank of Rochester. Its successful organization permitted him to gratify himself by retiring, and he drew back altogether from active life, to spend his few remaining years in the quiet of his own family. Long will the surviving cherish the remembrance of the venerable form and silvered locks, and easy dignity of the Patriarch. Filial affection may build for him the marble tomb, public gratitude may grave the recorded eulogy; but they are not needed. He has erected his own monument; splendid and enduring, it is sculptured by his own hand.

In Burlington, Ver. the Hon. JOHN C. THOMPSON, one of the assistant justices of the Supreme Court of that state, aged 41 years. Judge Thompson was a native of Westerly, R. I.; received his legal education and was admitted to the bar in Hartford, Ct.; emigrated to Vermont in 1813, and commenced practice in Windsor county. For the last nine years he had been a resident of Chittenden county, and extensively and arduously engaged in professional business. As a lawyer he stood among the first in the profession, and although he had occupied a seat on the bench but a few months, he had given sufficient proof of a thorough knowledge of legal principles, of a powerful and discriminating mind, and of sound judgement, to render the state sensible that in his death it has sustained a severe loss. For the last four years he had been a member of the Executive Council of the state, the duties of which office he discharged with distinguished ability and uprightness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

By J. & J. Harper, New-York—The Plays of Philip Massinger, adapted for Family Reading and the use of Young Persons, by the omission of objectionable passages; 3 vols. 18mo. [These volumes form the first three numbers of the Dramatic Series of the Family Library.] The Incognito, or Sins and Peccadilloes, by the author of the Castilian, Romance of History, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Haverhill; or Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe. By James A. Jones, author of Tales of an Indian Camp.

By John Grigg, Philadelphia—Essays on School-keeping, comprising observations on the qualification of Teachers, on School Government, and on the most approved methods of instruction, in the various branches of a useful education, by an experienced Teacher.

The American Journal of Geology and Natural Science, exhibiting the present state and progress of knowledge in Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, Meteorology, Physical Natural Agents, and the Antiquities and Language of the Indians of this continent, conducted by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, is published monthly at Philadelphia, by H. H. Potter.

By Lincoln & Edmands, Boston—Roman Antiquities and Ancient Mythology, for Classical Schools, by Charles K. Dillaway, instructor in the Boston Public Latin School; 1 vol. 12mo. with plates.—The Young Ladies' Class Book; a Selection of Lessons for Reading, in prose and verse, by Ebenezer Bailey, Principal of the Young Ladies' High School, Boston.

By J. H. Eastburn—An Oration, delivered before the Citizens of Boston, on the Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, July 4, 1831, by John G. Falfrey.

By Carter, Hendee & Babcock, Boston—Lectures on Witchcraft, comprising a History of the Delusion in Salem, in 1692, by Charles W. Upham, junior pastor of the First Church in Salem. An Oration delivered before the 'Young Men of Boston,' on the Fourth of July, by William F. Otis.

IN PRESS.

A System of Universal Geography, popular and scientific, comprising a

physical, political, and statistical account of the world and its various divisions; embracing numerous sketches from recent travels, and illustrated by four hundred engravings, of manners, costumes, curiosities, cities, edifices, remarkable animals, fruits, trees, plants, &c. by S. G. Goodrich, 1 vol. 8vo.—Boston, Richardson Lord & Holbrook.

The Animal Kingdom, arranged in conformity with its organization; by Baron Cuvier, perpetual secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c. &c. The Crustacea, Arachnides, and Insecta, by P. A. Latreille, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, &c. &c. Translated from the French, with notes and additions, by H. M'Murtre, M. D. &c. In four volumes 8vo. with plates. New-York. G. & C. & H. Carville.

Dr. Troost, and Mr. Le Sueur, now residing at Nashville, Tennessee, are about to commence the publication of a periodical work, in which they intend to describe the natural productions of that state. They propose to describe its Geology and Mineralogy, and particularly its fossil organic remains; also its animals of various classes, accompanied with colored engravings.

Gray & Bowen, publishers of the Token, announce to the trade, that the volume for 1832 is in a state of great forwardness, and will be ready for publication at an early date. They also state, that it will entirely surpass the volumes of former years in every respect. The size of the work in length, width and thickness, is increased so as to be nearly equal to the London Keepsake. In the literary department there is an accession of strength—many of the first writers in the country have furnished contributions. It will be bound in morocco, with a beautiful Arabesque cover, the plates for which have been got up with great care and expense. They represent two figures, drawn by H. Inman, and executed by C. Gobrecht, of Philadelphia. The number of engravings will be twenty, seventeen of which are on steel, a greater number than has ever appeared in any annual, whether American or European. The publishers are determined to produce the most splendid volume that can be executed in the country, and rely upon a liberal public for their reward.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAP. II.

A l'issue de l'hiver, que le joli temps de primavère commence, et qu'on voit arbres verdoyer, fleurs épanouir, et qu'on oit les oisillons chanter en toute joie et douceur, tant que les verts bocages retentissent de leurs sons, et que cœurs tristes, pensifs y dolens s'en esjouissent, s'émeuvent à delaisser deuil et tristesse, et se parforcent à valoir mieux.—*Plaisante Histoire du très preux et vaillant Guerin de Montglave.*

It was early in the "merry month of June," that I traveled through the beautiful province of Normandy. As France was the first foreign country I visited, every thing wore an air of freshness and novelty, which pleased my eye, and kept my fancy constantly busy. Life seemed like a dream. It was a luxury to breathe again the free air, after having been so long cooped up at sea : and, like a long-imprisoned bird let loose from its cage, my imagination reveled in the freshness and sunshine of the morning landscape.

On every side, valley and hill were covered with a carpet of soft velvet green. The birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the landscape wore that look of gaiety so well described in the quaint language of the old romance, making the "sad, pensive, and aching heart to rejoice, and to throw off mourning and sadness." Here and there a cluster of chestnut trees shaded a thatch-roofed cottage, and little patches of vineyard were scattered on the slope of the hills, mingling their delicate green with the deep hues of the early summer grain. The whole landscape had a fresh, breezy look. It was not hedged in from the high-ways, but lay open to the eye of the traveler, and seemed to welcome him with open arms. I felt less a stranger in the land : and as my eye traced the dusty road winding along through a rich cultivated country, and skirted on either side with blossomed fruit trees,—and occasionally caught glimpses of a little farm-house resting in a green hollow, and lapped in the bosom of plenty, I felt that I was in a prosperous, hospitable, and happy land.

I had taken my seat on top of the Diligence, in order to have a better view of the country. It was one of those ponderous vehicles, which totter slowly along the paved roads of France, laboring beneath a mountain of trunks and bales of all descriptions, and, like the Trojan horse, bearing a groaning multitude within it. It was indeed a curious and cumbersome machine, resembling the bodies of three coaches placed upon one carriage. On the pannels of the doors were painted the *fleurs-de-lis* of France, and all along the side of the Diligence emblazoned in golden characters: "*Exploitation Générale des Messageries Royales des Diligences pour le Havre, Rouen et Paris.*" A French Diligence is the most truly aristocratic of anything I saw in France. Its three divisions represent the three great divisions of society. The *cabriolet*, or front, is the place of honor, for those who were "born to fine linen and the silver spoon;" the *intérieur* represents the middle class—the *Bourgeoisie*; and the *rotonde*, or hindermost division, seems made for the *sans culottes*, or in other words the sovereign people.

In the present instance, the cabriolet was occupied by an Englishman, who, having paid for all the seats, had shut himself in, and sat, growling defiance from the window. It would be useless to describe the motley groups, that filled the interior and the *rotonde*. There was the dusty tradesman, with green coat and cotton umbrella; the sallow invalid, in skull-cap, and cloth shoes; the priest in his cassock; the peasant in his frock; and a whole family of squalling children. My fellow-travelers on top were a gay subaltern, with fierce mustaches, and a nut-brown village beauty of sweet sixteen. The subaltern wore a military undress, and a little blue cloth cap in the shape of a cow-bell, trimmed smartly with silver lace and cocked on one side of his head. The brunette was decked out with a staid white Norman cap, nicely starched and plaited, and nearly three feet high; a rosary and cross about her neck; a linsey-woolsey gown, and wooden shoes.

The personage who seemed to rule this little world with absolute sway, was a short pursy man, with a busy, self-satisfied air, and the sonorous title of *Monsieur le Conducteur*. As insignia of office, he wore a little round fur cap, and fur-trimmed jacket; and carried in his hand a small leather portfolio, containing his *feuille de route*, or way-bill. He sat with us on top of the Diligence, and with comic gravity issued his mandates to the postillion below, like some petty monarch speaking from his throne. In every dingy village we thundered through, he had a thousand commissions to execute and to receive: a package to throw out on this side, and another to take in on that: a whisper for the landlord's wife at the inn: a love-letter and a kiss for his daughter: and a wink, or a snap of his finger for the chambermaid at the window. Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered, while changing horses! Every body had a word to say. It was *Monsieur le Conducteur* here! *Monsieur le Conducteur* there! He was in complete bustle, till at length crying *en route!* he again ascended the dizzy height of the *impériale*, and we lumbered away in a cloud of dust.

But what most attracted my attention was the grotesque appearance of the postillion and his horses. He was a comical looking little fellow, already past the heyday of life, with a thin, sharp countenance, to which the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of wine had given the

dusty look of wrinkled parchment. He was equipped with a short jacket of purple velvet, set off with a red collar, and adorned with silken cord. Tight pantaloons of bright yellow leather, arrayed his aether members, which were swallowed up in a huge pair of wooden boots, fastened with iron, and armed with long, rattling spurs. His shirt-collar was of goodly dimensions, and between it and the broad brim of his high, bell-crowned, varnished hat, projected an eel-skin queue, with a little tuft of frizzled hair, like a powder-puff at the end, bobbing up and down with the motion of the rider, and scattering a white cloud around him.

The horses which drew the Diligence, were harnessed to it with ropes and chains, in the most uncouth manner imaginable. They were five in number :—black, white, and gray ; as various in size as in color. Their tails were braided and tied up with wisps of straw ; and when the postillion mounted and cracked his heavy whip, off they started, one pulling this way, another that ; one on the gallop, another trotting, and the rest dragged along at a scrambling pace, between a trot and a walk. No sooner did the vehicle get comfortably in motion, than the postillion, throwing the reins upon the horse's neck, and drawing a flint and steel from one pocket, and a short-stemmed pipe from another, leisurely struck fire, and began to smoke. Ever and anon some part of the rope harness would give way ; Monsieur le Conducteur from on high would thunder forth an oath or two ; a head would be popped out at every window : half a dozen voices exclaim at once, " what's the matter ? " and the postillion, perfectly calm and unconcerned, thrust his long whip into the leg of his boot, leisurely dismount, and drawing a handful of packthread from his pocket, quietly set himself to mend matters in the best way possible.

In this manner we toiled slowly along the dusty highway. Occasionally the scene was enlivened by a group of peasants, driving before them a little ass, laden with vegetables for a neighboring market. Then we would pass a solitary shepherd, sitting by the road-side, and with his shaggy dog at his feet, guarding his flock, and making his scanty meal on the contents of his wallet ; or perchance a little peasant girl, in *sabots*, (wooden shoes,) leading a cow, by a cord attached to her horns, to browse along the sides of the ditch. Then we would all alight to ascend some formidable hill on foot, and be escorted up by a clamorous troop of sturdy mendicants,—annoyed by the ceaseless importunity of worthless beggary, or moved to pity by the palsied limbs of the aged, and the sightless eyeballs of the blind.

Towards the close of the afternoon, we stopped at the last relay. The postillion drew up in front of a dingy little cabaret, completely overshadowed by wide-spreading trees. A lusty grape-vine clambered up beside the door ; a pine bough was thrust out from one window by way of " tavern bush," and upon the yellow wall of the house was painted in large black letters, "*Aux Rendezvous des Bons Enfants. M. Pèlerin—Marchand de Vins, donne à boire et à manger—loge à pied et à cheval :*" which may be paraphrased thus ; " Good Entertainment for man and beast, kept by Mr. Pèlerin, Wine Merchant, at the Rendezvous of Good Fellows." Around a small table in front of the cabaret were seated a company of wagoners, and an old soldier, who was *entre deux vins*,—Anglicé, " superbly corned." The wagoners

were dressed in long, blue frocks, and wore the *sabots* of the Norman peasantry. They were making merry over a flagon of Normandy cider, striking their glasses together, and boasting of the excellence of their beverage. The old soldier sat with his head on one side, a broken pipe in one corner of his mouth, one hand grasping a bottle of red wine, and the other hanging loose at his side.

"*Ah ça ! Mon ancien !*" said one of the wagoners, in broad *patois*, at the same time slapping him familiarly on the shoulder : "*Comment que ça vous en va ? Allons, buvons v'l à du cidre de Normandie. Pen ai-t-y bu de bon chez Monsieur Pèlerin ! V'là-z-en donc.*"—(Well, my old worthy, how now ! come, drink away. Here's Normandy cider for you. I have drank it very good here at Mr. Pèlerin's ; so here goes.)

Saying this, he filled the soldier's tumbler to the brim with the muddy liquor ; and then tossed off his own at a draught, smacking his lips, and exclaiming : "*c'est-y donc là du bon !*" (that's what I call good cider.)

The soldier took his tumbler in his right hand, and holding on to the table with his left, arose half way from his bench, and shouted :—"*Eh bien, mon brave ! Vive le Roy !*" But no sooner had he tasted the liquor, than he dashed the tumbler down, sunk back to the bench again, and wiping his mustaches with the back of his hand, and then giving them a fierce curl upwards, he smote his fist upon the table till the glasses rang again, and exclaimed :

"*Sacré tonnère ! V'là ton chien de cidre ! Ah mille diables ! Il me semble qu'on me bout du lait, quand on me donne ça !—Sacré matin !* (Thunder and lightning ! There goes your vile cider ! Thousand devils ! You use me like a child—you are making a fool of me with your weak potations !—Hound !)

This burst of eloquence produced a shout of laughter from the wagoners.

"*C'est-y pas beau là !*" (Is not he a queer one,) cried one.

"*V'là un farceur !*" exclaimed a second : "*N'entend-y point-z-à dia, ni-z-à hurhau !*" (There, now, he's a droll : he'll neither gee nor whoa !) And a third began singing the following old song in praise of "*Le Cidre de Normandie* :

At us the Southern Frenchman laughs,
But, whatsoever sayeth he,
Verily the cider of Normandie
Is better than the wine he quaffs.
Down, down ; and rest, rest !
How it strengthens throat and breast !

Thy own merits, golden liquor !
Still to drink thee do invite me ;
Yet, I priethee, to requite me,
Fuddle not my brains the quicker.
Down, down ; and rest, rest !
How it strengthens throat and breast !

Neighbor ! from all law-suits flee,
Take the goods the god's present ;
Man should alway be content,
For alway enough hath he.
Down, down ; and rest, rest !
How it strengthens throat and breast !

This *Apologie du Cidre* is a very ancient song ; as old as the fourteenth century, though a little retouched in the original, which runs thus :

De nous se rit le François ;
 Mais vraiment, quoy qu'il en die,
 Le cidre de Normandie
 Vaut bien son vin quelquefois.
 Coule à val, et loge, loge !
 Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Ta bonté, ô sidre beau,
 De te boire me convie ;
 Mais pour le moins, je te prie,
 Ne me trouble le cerveau.
 Coule à val, et loge, loge !
 Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Voisin, ne songe en procez ;
 Prends le bien qui se présente ;
 Mais que l'homme se contente ;
 Il en a tousjours assez.
 Coule à val, et loge, loge !
 Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

The refrain of the last stanza was lost in the sound of wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement.

Had I been like many travelers in our country, who draw sweeping conclusions from a solitary fact, which they may chance to observe from the windows of a stage-coach, I should instantly have inferred, from seeing this poor helot of the grape, that the French were all slaves to inebriation, and I should have written it down so in my note book. But I called to mind the many misrepresentations of America, which have gone abroad in books, and so merely noted down the fact, and drew no inference. Further observation showed me, that I was right ; as I afterwards found that a drunkard was seldom seen either in the villages or cities of France. The reader will pardon me for presenting him this little picture of the Flemish school ; for if he studies it aright, he will draw from it both a truth and a moral. At all events, I did ;—but the train of thought it threw me into was soon interrupted by others of a more agreeable nature, and ere long we entered the broad and shady avenue of fine old trees, which leads to the western gate of Rouen, and, in a few moments more, were lost in the crowds and confusion of its narrow streets.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

In a preceding lecture, Gentlemen, I took a rapid survey of the principal events and characters of the French Revolution from its commencement until the period of the fall of Napoleon. I shall now invite your attention to a few observations of the same cursory description upon the subsequent progress of this great action, up to the present day.

The real cause of the French Revolution, as I had the honor of reminding you on the occasion just alluded to, was the inconsistency between the condition of the people and the existing forms of government. The forms of government, which had been established centuries before, and by which the whole political power of the state was committed to a few hereditary rulers, remained unaltered; while the people, on the other hand, having in the interval gradually risen in the scale of civilization, felt their importance, and deemed it proper, that, as they possessed the wealth and knowledge which constitute the substantial elements of power, they should also have some share in the formal administration of the government. This pretension was obviously just; but it was nevertheless quite natural, that it should be strenuously resisted by the privileged classes, who owed their personal importance to the existing system; and this conflict of interest, and, consequently, of opinion and feeling between the established authorities on the one hand, and the body of the people on the other; although it might, under more auspicious circumstances, have been quietly adjusted by mutual concession, terminated,—as the case actually turned,—in violent convulsions and open war.

The same state of things which I have now described as existing in France, prevailed substantially, though under great varieties in form, in other parts of Europe; and hence the French Revolution had no sooner obtained its full development at home, than it lost its exclusive character, and became a European concern. The war that commenced in France became at once general. The established governments on the one hand, and the body of the people on the other, were the parties to it, and these parties extended themselves throughout all Europe, without regard to territorial or national divisions. Their respective forces were, however, exceedingly various in different countries. In all the western nations, where the body of the people had long been comparatively well informed, civilized, and wealthy, they possessed of course a vast superiority of real power. In the Eastern nations, particularly Russia and Austria, the body of the people were still for the most part in the same condition in which they had been in the West five or six hundred years before; I mean, that of actual slavery; and the political power was almost wholly, both in form and reality, in the hands of the government. The strength of the aristocratic, or, as it has sometimes been called, *legitimate* party, lay therefore in the East of Europe, and particularly in Russia, while that of the *liberal*, or democratic party, was to be found in the West. The British government, however, which, like all the others that had not been revolutionized, joined the legitimate standard, was able, from its immense pecuniary resources, to become a most important member of the alliance.

The war that grew up between these great European parties, and of which some of the principal movements were detailed in my preceding lecture, was carried on nearly twenty years in various quarters and with various success. For a long time, the advantage was entirely in favor of the people. It was found on trial, that the enthusiasm for independence and liberty, which inspired their armies, was more than sufficient,—as a principle of strength,—to counterbalance the superiority of discipline, and generally numbers, on the other side. In France—in Portugal and Spain,—in Italy and a great part of Germany,—in short, throughout the whole West of Europe, where, as I have just remarked, the people possessed the real power, they succeeded in abolishing the ancient governments, and establishing others on their ruins. Great-Britain alone forms an exception to this remark. The reason was, that the form of the British Government had, a century before, at the Revolution of 1688, been in a good degree accommodated to the condition and wants of the community; so that there was less pretext for complaint, and consequently less enthusiasm and power on the popular side.

* Mr. Everett's Second Lecture before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

For a long time, however, the people prevailed throughout the whole West. At length the scene changed. The legitimate armies obtained a complete ascendancy,—carried back the war into the enemy's country, and displayed their victorious standards at the head-quarters of the whole revolution in Paris. This triumph was, however, rather apparent than real, and the means by which it was effected are worth considering, as they serve to explain the events that followed, and that gradually brought on the second Revolution.

The change of fortune, to which I allude, was effected by a change of opinion and feeling in the body of the people respecting the proceedings and character of their own champion. Napoleon,—essentially a mere soldier, but rendered by circumstances the leader of the popular party,—forgot entirely, in his professional passion for war,—the duties that belonged to his political station. Instead of relieving the people from the burdens that formerly oppressed them, and allowing them a share in the administration of the government, he monopolized the whole power in his own person, and practised on the people an extent of oppression which they had never experienced, even from their old rulers. At the close of a struggle for liberty, equality and a just and upright system of government, in which they had obtained an apparent triumph, they found themselves crushed to the earth with intolerable taxes,—decimated by conscriptions,—totally deprived of the liberty of speech and of the press,—hampered in all their private movements by the intermeddling of a lawless and unprincipled police,—debarred from the ocean,—subjected, in a word, to all the terrors of a most ruthless military despotism. For a time, they cherished the delusive hope, that all this was a merely temporary arrangement,—that Napoleon had assumed the state and titles of an arbitrary monarch for the purpose of aiming his blows with more effect at the common enemy; but that when the triumph of the people should appear to be complete and final, he would resign his titles,—throw away his staff of office, and, like the old Roman heroes, sink the dictator in the private citizen. Considering him as their leader and virtual representative, they consoled themselves for a time under all their privations and inflictions, with the pride they felt in his splendid military achievements, and the humiliation he inflicted on their old oppressors, from all which they fondly anticipated a speedy arrival of better times. But when they found matters, instead of mending, growing worse from year to year,—when the yoke under which they were laboring, instead of being taken off, was constantly rendered heavier and heavier, they at last lost patience, and opened their eyes to the true state of things. They then saw, that they had been duped by their own champion,—that the only object for which Napoleon was employing his splendid talents and the advantages of his position, was the aggrandizement of himself and his family,—that he had confiscated to his own personal profit the prize which he had bought with their blood, and that instead of securing to them the enjoyment of their liberty, which was the object of all their efforts, he intended to found another despotism, more brilliant, perhaps, but also more relentless and rigorous, upon the ruins of the one which they had overthrown. When they saw these things, they lost of course, their attachment to his person and their interest in his success. The tide of popular favor turned against him. For many years before his fall, he had no friends in France excepting his army; and even his own Marshals at length grew weary, and complained with bitterness that he would never be easy until he had slaughtered them all to the last man. In the foreign countries under his influence, the feeling of disgust was still more intense. Throughout Germany, in particular, the young and ardent formed associations for the purpose of encouraging each other, in the name of Honor and Virtue, to assist in shaking off the yoke. The position and character of the two parties to the great struggle were now precisely the reverse of what they had been at its commencement. The party claiming to be liberal had nothing to depend upon but a superior military organization, while the power of the established governments consisted, in a good degree, in the enthusiasm for independence that prevailed among their subjects. Experience proved a second time,—as it ever will,—that the effect of moral motives will always outweigh that of merely physical ones. The same flood of popular feeling which had carried the French in triumph to every part of Europe, no sooner flowed in the opposite direction, than it brought the allies with equal rapidity and facility to the capital of France. Victory in both cases followed the standard of the people, and the only difference was, that, in the first instance, the popular standard was displayed in the camp of liberty, while in the last, it had been transferred to that of the established governments.

Such were the means by which the change of fortune in the war between the body of the people and the established governments, was at last effected. The nature of these had,—as I remarked before,—a good deal of influence upon the results of the victory. If the allied monarchs had succeeded in any preceding period, or in any other way, they would doubtless have crushed the Revolution at every point where it had obtained the ascendancy, and in France, particularly, its head quarters and principal seat, would have restored the ancient system in all its purity. But as they had finally effected their object in a great degree by the aid of the popular feeling and in the name of independence, justice, and the rights of man, they could not, with consistency, nor did they, under the impressions of the moment, desire to keep them entirely out of view in making their arrangements for a general pacification. These arrangements were accordingly founded, in some of their leading parts, upon the principle of a compromise between the two great parties. In France, the banished royal family were restored, but the most important alterations in the form of government, which had been demanded by the deputies of the people, in the first National Assembly, and which were the ostensible objects of the popular party, were embodied in a written Constitution, denominated the Charter. This document provided for a participation by the people, through their representatives, in the exercise of the legislative power, for the liberty of speech, writing and action within the limits prescribed by fixed laws, and for the equality of individuals for every political and legal purpose. It was well fitted,—if faithfully executed,—to satisfy the desires of the rational friends of liberty. A similar arrangement took place in the Netherlands, and the sovereigns composing the German confederacy bound themselves by the act of union to establish representative constitutions in their respective States. Even in Poland, where the condition of the people was hardly such as to render the measure expedient, the Emperor of Russia,—as a pledge of his disposition to do even more than might appear strictly necessary or politic in favor of liberty,—freely conceded the form of a representative government.

Such, Gentlemen, were the origin and character of the celebrated French charter. It has formed, ever since its adoption, the rallying point of the friends of liberty in France. By the effect of it, the people became, if not everything, at least something, in the State; and, when executed in the spirit in which it was conceived, it afforded all the necessary securities for the personal and political rights of the citizen. It was, however, in the nature of a compromise or contract, between the people on the one hand, and their sovereign on the other; and considered as a compromise, was not particularly favorable to the people, a vast majority of whom would probably have preferred a representative republic to any other form of government, and were only induced to acquiesce in the charter by their inability to withstand invasion from abroad. Under these circumstances, it was quite natural, that they should watch over the manner in which this instrument was executed, with extraordinary jealousy, and that an undignified attempt by the king to set it aside, should have produced the violent convulsions and the disastrous reaction against himself which we have lately witnessed. A rapid review of the intervening period will shew you the steps which led to this great catastrophe, and the persons who were chiefly instrumental in bringing it about.

It was said by a celebrated French statesman of the exiled race of French kings, that, on their return to France, they proved by their conduct, that they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They had brought back all the antiquated notions and personal animosities which they carried away with them, and had derived no lessons for their future conduct from their long tuition in the school of adversity. The remark was in general but too true in its application both to them and the principal persons of their court; but it is no more than just to admit, that the prince who first occupied the throne under the name of Louis XVIII. formed in some degree an exception to it. At the outset of the revolution, he had declared himself in favor of the popular party, and though compelled, soon after, to emigrate, he had remained through life a known adherent of the liberal political opinions. He was also much superior in talent, taste, and literary accomplishments, to most persons of his rank. In his youth, his propensity for study had been so remarkable, that he was commonly called, by the other members of the Royal Family, the *Pédant*; and he occasionally published, under feigned names, literary works, which evinced a cultivated and accomplished mind. In the long and dreary period of his exile, he had had ample leisure to mature his judgement by reading and reflection; and on his accession to the crown, was, on the whole, very able, and

very well disposed to estimate correctly the nature of the situation in which he was placed, and the course which it was his policy to pursue. His personal opinions, disposition and character, have always been considered as among the principal causes which contributed to give a liberal aspect to the new government, and he has ever since been commonly spoken of as the author of the Charter. Hence it was, that when, during the progress of the late revolution, the people invaded the Tuileries, and tore from their pedestals the busts of several of the French sovereigns, they spared that of Louis XVIII. and threw a black veil over it, as if to intimate that the author of the Charter was mourning for the violation of his favorite work. It may be added that the person of Louis formed a strange contrast with the rich and gorgeous exterior which we are apt to connect in our imaginations with the notion of a sovereign. He was originally not well constituted, and in the later years of his life was the victim of a complication of diseases, which reduced his body to a living mass of corruption. When he gave audience to his court, he was moved about on a rolling chair, incapable, even when he spoke, of lifting up his head, which rested like a dead weight upon his breast. When the people beheld this repulsive object, they could not help contrasting it with the brilliant image of his predecessor at the head of his army; and sometimes significantly remarked, in allusion to the name of both upon the coin of the country, that eighteen Louis were not worth one Napoleon.

At the time of his return, he was, however, still in tolerable health, and was disposed,—as I have remarked,—by character and principle, to pursue the true line of policy. During his first short reign of less than a year, he was diverted from this course by the importunity of his courtiers; but the fatal consequences of his errors,—the return of Bonaparte,—the hundred days,—and another general convulsion throughout Europe, were sufficient to prevent a repetition of them. We find him accordingly on his second assumption of the royal power in 1815, inviting some of the principal adherents of the popular party to his councils, and giving, on the whole, a liberal aspect to the administration. The adoption of this policy excited, of course, a very strong disgust among the violent partisans of arbitrary principles, at the head of whom stood the Count D'Artois, the heir apparent of the crown, who has since held and lost it under the name of Charles the Tenth.

This prince was in almost every particular, intellectual, personal and moral, the reverse of his brother. He was tall and well-formed, with a prepossessing countenance, elegant manners, and a sprightly wit. In earlier life, he had figured at the court of Louis XVI. as one of the most graceful and accomplished gentlemen of the day, and had won all hearts by his affable demeanor and polished manners. He was then a man of pleasure and gallantry, and gave but little attention to political affairs; but he was regarded even then as a most decided opponent of the new political theories. When the reign of terror came on in France, he was one of the first to adopt the very doubtful policy of emigration, and during the earlier part of the war, he served against his country in the army of the emigrant nobles. In later life, when the age of gallantry was over, he became religious, and wanting the strength of mind to direct and govern his devotional feelings, he fell much under the influence of designing men, who abused the name and office of the Priesthood for selfish purposes, and whose evil counsel contributed greatly to his downfall. Had his political character been different, his personal advantages would have rendered him a very popular king. These he retained to a remarkable degree up to the close of his public career. On my return from Spain last year, I had the honor of seeing and conversing with him an hour in his cabinet, and have rarely witnessed so fine a specimen of hearty, cheerful, and vigorous old age. He was then nearly seventy-five years old, but still erect, fresh, and active, retaining the exercise of all his faculties, and evidently in the full enjoyment of life. At this time he regularly hunted twice a week on horseback, in the royal forests, and this practice, which he had pursued through life, had probably contributed very much to the preservation of his health and vigor. He still exhibited the affability and gracefulness of manner which distinguished him in youth, nor did he appear by any means to want intelligence and information. He conversed with freedom and ability on political subjects, and the opinions which he expressed were judicious, and even liberal. He blamed the king of Spain for his refusal to acknowledge the independence of the colonies, and spoke with interest and approbation of the institutions of our country. I was satisfied from his conversation, that he had more talent than his ministers, and that if he had felt sufficient confidence in himself to trust his own judgement, he would have

avoided the fatal course upon which he had entered, and which,—as was already but too evident,—if not speedily retraced, must end in his ruin. It was truly painful to see a Prince possessed of so many advantages and accomplishments, after having been almost miraculously restored, from a hopeless exile of twenty years, to the height of earthly prosperity,—now under the influence of evil counsels, plunging headlong again into the same gulf from which he had just escaped, and from which there would evidently be no second return.

In this way, Gentlemen, was the royal family divided, as it were, against itself; the king on one side, and the heir apparent of the crown, with his two sons, the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri on the other. With such dissensions among these Princes, you will readily conclude, that there was no great harmony among the people. There grew up immediately a war of parties, which was carried on, however, in a much milder form than that which raged during the former revolution. The pen was now the principal weapon, and it was managed on both sides with an ability which did great credit to the respective champions. Among them were to be found, in fact, some of the very best writers of this or any other period. Madame de Staël, undoubtedly the greatest of all female authors,—Benjamin Constant, then only known as a man of letters, but who has since become illustrious as a powerful orator,—the Abbé de Pradt, the most prolific and elegant of mere pamphleteers, and a host of others of less notoriety, figured in defence of the popular party. On the other side were found the names of Haller, de Bonald, de Maistre, de la Mennais, and especially the Viscount de Châteaubriand. This distinguished person, who has since acquired new glory by his great exertions in favor of liberty, was then a conscientious and ardent advocate of the opposite opinions. He had already rendered himself dear to the young and feeling, by his beautiful romances, to the wise by his *Genius of Christianity*, and to all by his splendid and classical style. With such leaders, it is easy to conceive, that the quarrel was pursued with ample spirit, and there is no record in the annals of literary warfare of a controversy which has called forth a more brilliant exhibition of taste and talent, or of which the monuments will be read with more interest in future times, when the party feelings of the present day shall have passed away forever.

While this war of words and ink was going on in France, there broke out very suddenly, in several other parts of Europe, a war of a different and far more serious character, which ultimately had much influence in bringing about the late events in France. I allude to the military revolutions of 1800, which took place almost simultaneously in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Sardinia. All these countries had been, through the whole period of the first French revolution, directly under the influence of France, and the active part of the population had become thoroughly imbued with the feelings and principles that naturally resulted from this state of things. When the restoration took place, the benefit of the compromise which had formed the basis of the new government in France was not extended to them. Although the state of society admitted and even required the introduction of great reforms in the administration of the government, no change whatever had been made,—no charter,—no representation of the people,—no freedom of speech,—no security for personal liberty. In some cases, the sovereigns had given the most direct and positive assurances, that they would reform the government in a manner agreeable to the people; but at the first moment of ease, had recanted their engagements as violent and void. The king of Spain, for example, formally promised, immediately after his return, to establish a representative constitution; but, instead of keeping his royal word, restored in every particular the ancient system, and persecuted, with unrelenting vigor, all persons who had rendered themselves prominent among the friends of liberty. The divine Arguelles was sent to the galleys like a common malefactor. In Germany, also, although some of the members of the confederacy very honorably fulfilled the promises they had made to the same effect, others, and those the most important and powerful, particularly Austria and Prussia, either neglected this duty altogether, or performed it in an illusory manner. At a period when insurrections and revolutions had become so frequent as to be almost habitual, the consequences of all this might have been easily foreseen, and were not slow in manifesting themselves. Troubles in Germany,—attempts at military insurrection in France,—secret associations for political purposes in all parts of Europe,—these were the first indications of the hidden mischief. Finally, on the 1st of January, 1800, the expedition of 10,000 men, which had been assembled at the Isle of Leon in Spain, for the purpose of proceeding to America, to the conquest of the revolted colonies, openly declared

against the government, and proclaimed the constitution that had been adopted by the Cortes in 1812. So entirely was this proclamation in accordance with the public sentiment, that it was echoed instantaneously from every part of the Peninsula. The government hardly retained a single adherent, and on the 8th of March, the king himself found it necessary to his safety to take the oath. Nor did the expression of sympathy stop here. The example of Spain was imitated in the course of the year in Portugal, Naples, and Sardinia: and so eager were the people to enjoy the benefit of the proposed changes in the forms of their governments, that, without giving themselves time to frame constitutions, they adopted everywhere the identical Spanish constitution of 1812. At Naples, it is said, that they had not even a copy of this instrument before them at the time when they proclaimed it the supreme law of the land. Such was the manner in which the reign of liberal institutions was established, as it were, by acclamation through the whole Southwest of Europe.

These mushroom liberal Constitutions, as you are well aware, Gentlemen, were suppressed by the armed intervention of the Allied Powers, almost as promptly as they were formed. In the mean time, however, they excited great alarm in all the courts of Europe, and particularly in that of France, where they did much to change the prevailing current of feeling, and to occasion the adoption of a policy unfavorable to the charter. But another occurrence, in itself of much less importance, probably did more than these revolutions to produce this effect,—I mean, the assassination of the Duke de Berri, the son of the Count D'Artois, and one of the presumptive heirs to the crown. It so happened, that, about this time, a journeyman saddler, named Louvel, in a fit of political fanaticism, or more properly insanity, attacked this prince one night at the door of the theatre, and inflicted upon him a mortal wound. You would hardly suppose, Gentlemen, that any one could have suspected the king's confidential servants of being privy to an outrage of this description; but such is the force of party feeling, that the next day a member of the House of Deputies moved an impeachment of the Prime Minister for high treason, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Duke de Berri. This proposal was not encouraged in the House, but the court appear to have acted on the supposition that it was conformable to fact. The ministers, though not impeached, were immediately removed, and a new line of policy adopted, unfavorable to the charter and to the progress of political improvement.

Thus, Gentlemen, did a single act of an obscure and isolated individual contribute more, perhaps, than any other circumstance, to determine the course of events in one of the greatest monarchies in Europe. This happened during the life of Louis XVIII. but after the total decay of his health had in a great measure incapacitated him from exercising any influence upon the conduct of the public affairs. His death, which happened soon after, in the year 1823, transferred the crown from the head of the author of the charter to that of a known enemy of liberal principles, and of course confirmed the new direction that had been given to the national policy. The first result of the change of ministry had been the despatch of an army of 100,000 men into Spain, for the purpose of crushing the Constitution. This measure was followed at home by others of a similar character. The influence of the government was now regularly exerted at all the elections against the liberal party, and with such effect, that, for a time, the number of opposition deputies was reduced to fourteen out of more than four hundred. Had the court at this juncture silenced the press, they would probably have succeeded in their purpose, and rid themselves after a while without much difficulty of the obnoxious charter. But whether from mere neglect, or undue confidence in their own strength, the court, while they were constantly engaged in making new attempts on the chartered rights of the people, permitted the opposition journals to comment on their proceedings with perfect freedom, and it must be owned that they performed the office with signal ability. Châteaubriand,—the ablest writer of the time,—had joined the popular party, and with a host of other powerful men, kept up in all the papers a constant battery upon the government. The effect was prodigious, and soon became apparent in the character of the elections. The friends of liberty began to reappear in the House of Deputies. Lafayette and his son were again elected. The Abbé de Pradt and Benjamin Constant took their seats. At every accidental vacancy, some new member was added to the opposition, until finally, at the next general election in 1827, the minister was left in a minority. At this decided indication of the feeling of the people, the king at first recoiled. He removed the obnoxious ministers, and for the next two years pursued a vacillating course, which gave satisfaction to neither party. Compelled

at length to come to some decision, he reverted in an evil hour to his former policy,—made up his mind to brave the people, and on the 8th of August, 1830, placed the Prince de Polignac,—a personal favorite of his own, and whose name was the known symbol of arbitrary principles,—at the head of the government.

The news of this appointment was received by the people with astonishment and indignation. I happened at the time to be travelling in France, and heard the first intelligence of the change of ministry at Bordeaux,—a city renowned for its loyalty, but which looked with no eye of favor upon this measure. Proceeding thence to Paris, I found the public mind inflamed everywhere with a kind of fury. The gravest and most judicious persons spoke of the conduct of the king in terms which are rarely used, excepting by the young and ardent in their feverish transports of passion. It was apparent to all, excepting the misguided monarch and his immediate counsellors, that the ground he had taken was not tenable, and that if he did not immediately withdraw from it, he would expose himself to be blown up by some tremendous explosion.

How fortunate would it not have been for Charles the tenth, if some of his counsellors or friends in whom he reposed confidence had at this critical moment opened before him the book of the history of the Stuart kings of England, and pointed out to him the striking similarity between the fortunes of that unhappy race and those of his own family! He would there have seen in the first Charles the prototype of the unfortunate Louis XVI. the victim alike of his virtues and his faults,—in Cromwell another Napoleon, the admiration, terror and scourge of his country,—in the exiled Stuart Princes, himself and his relations wandering from city to city, and eating the bitter bread of beggary successively in every corner of Europe,—in the second Charles, an easy prudent Prince, like the author of the Charter, content to follow where the current of circumstances led, and too well pleased with the throne he had miraculously recovered, to risk it by any dangerous experiment on the public feeling. When he had traced the parallel to this point, could he have failed to see in the second James, attacking with a fool-hardy rashness the established institutions of the kingdom, himself and the mad project in which he was engaged? And when he looked farther and beheld the royal bigot dethroned by a member of his own family,—driven a second time into exile, and dragging out a wretched old age at St. Germain's, amid the scoffs and sneers of the young French courtiers,—would he have failed to anticipate the fate that awaited him if he persisted, and take warning? Yes, Gentlemen, this book of instruction would have been, and was, opened to him in vain. M. de Châteaubriand, whom I have repeatedly mentioned as the most eloquent French writer of the day, while these affairs were in progress, wrote and published, in the hope of exciting his attention, a most powerful and striking statement of this remarkable parallel, under the title of the History of the Four Stuarts. Every eye but the King's could see the application from first to last; he could see it himself, in every particular, excepting that which forewarned him of his own destiny. Alas! Gentlemen! how many of us are there, that are willing, that are able, under any circumstances, to gather wisdom from the experience of others?

We come then, Gentlemen, to the last scene in this eventful history. All the counsels of wisdom,—all the lessons of experience,—all the pregnant indications of public feeling were lost upon Charles the Tenth and his ministers. They had made their calculations and were resolved to stake every thing on the issue. But even for the purpose of attaining the end they had in view, their proceedings seem to have been arranged with very little judgement. It was impossible to govern under the forms of the Charter without the concurrence of the chambers; it was also well known that the majority was decidedly against them, and that the measures, in which they were engaged, would render this majority still more powerful at any new election. It was then impossible that any good could result from assembling the chambers, and the proper course would have been to revoke the charter, and appeal at once to the army, which was to be, at all events, the last and only dependence. Instead of this, however, the King, in the spring of last year, assembled the chambers. The majority, as was expected, declared against him, and presented an address requesting the removal of the ministers. At this period, it was not too late for Charles the Tenth to retrace his steps. Had he complied with this request, he could have kept his throne. Instead of this, he dissolved the house of deputies, and ordered a new election. The result proved that the strength of the opposition party would be greater in the next chamber

than it was in the last. There was still time for reconsideration, and it is really wonderful that this new and decisive demonstration of the public sentiment did not at last unseal the King's eyes. But it seems to have been written in the book of fate, that the fortunes of the Bourbons should correspond in every point, from first to last, with those of the Stuarts. The opposition he met with, instead of enlightening him in regard to his policy, only provoked him to precipitate his course; and on the 26th July, he finally took the decisive step, by publishing the famous *ordonnances* which dissolved the new house of deputies before it had even been assembled,—abolished the freedom of the press, and deprived a great part of the voters of the right of suffrage which was given by the Charter. It was admitted by the ministers, in the report which accompanied these decrees, that they were all illegal, and the only excuse they could allege, was that of state necessity,—the ready apology, which has regularly served as the pretence for every attempt at usurpation, in every age and country. It was plain, in fact, that the Charter was violated in its two most essential provisions,—those which secured to the people the liberty of the press, and a representation in the government. If they acquiesced in this proceeding, the securities they had obtained for their personal rights were lost forever.

Consider, Gentlemen, for a moment, what would be the effect in this country, if the President of the United States (who has just as much right so to do as the King of France had) were to publish, of his own mere motion and authority, an act to disfranchise a great part of the voters throughout the country, and to prevent the publication of the newspapers. You will then have some idea of the effect produced by these ordinances upon the minds of the French people.

It was necessary, however, to act as well as feel. The publication of these ordinances imposed upon the population of the city of Paris a high and trying duty. The great Charter of the liberties of France was trampled under foot; and if the violation was not resisted, the dearest rights of the people were sacrificed forever. But who was to set the example of resistance? France, Gentlemen, is not, like this country, a cluster of contiguous sovereignties, each of which is represented by its own capital,—acts to a certain extent on its own views of policy, and would make a separate stand against any attempt at usurpation on the part of the government. France is a consolidated kingdom, containing more than thirty million inhabitants; and of this vast body, Paris, with its population of from seven to eight hundred thousand souls, is, for all political purposes, the virtual representative and head. The political movements of the city of Paris have always, for centuries past, regulated and governed those of the whole kingdom. If effectual resistance were made, the example must be set by the capital, and on the conduct of the citizens of Paris, at this conjuncture, depended the success or failure of the cause of French liberty. There was even more than this at issue. The French Charter is,—as I remarked at the outset,—not merely the formal security of the rights of the French people, but an act of compromise between the two great parties of the established governments, and the friends of liberty which pervade the whole European Commonwealth. After the late suppression of all the representative constitutions in the two Peninsulas, the people throughout Europe looked up to the French Charter as their only remaining security; and it depended on the conduct of the citizens of Paris at this crisis, whether this security should be retained, or whether the last vestige of a liberal constitution of government should be swept from the continent.

Such, Gentlemen, was the high and arduous duty which devolved, at this juncture, on the citizens of Paris, and it must be owned, that they have discharged it with signal fidelity. Their preparations for resistance were incomplete,—their enemies were numerous and well disciplined, but they entered on the struggle without flinching for a moment, and carried it on with heroic firmness at every hazard, and under the most painful sacrifices, until it was crowned with complete success. All the highest qualities that can adorn our nature, were exhibited on this occasion by the whole population of that great city, to an extent,—I am bold to say, unparalleled in the annals of the world;—courage,—constancy, heroic self-devotion,—a genuine enthusiasm for justice and liberty,—contempt for gain and even life,—and especially, the last and most difficult of all the virtues, self-government amid the flush and triumph of victory. What, Gentlemen, was the highest encomium which the most eloquent orator of antiquity could bestow upon the most accomplished and illustrious of her military chieftains? That of moderation in success. “No power of genius,—no pomp or flow of language,”—says Cicero, in his flattering address to Cæsar in return for the pardon

granted to one of his dear friends—"no power of genius,—no pomp or flow of language, can do justice to the greatness of your military achievements. I have often said, and shall ever repeat, that they far transcend those of any other General of this or any other age or country. You have conquered innumerable nations of the most ferocious and warlike character,—but in sparing and restoring to his fortunes and family a fallen enemy, you have this day achieved a more glorious conquest than any of these. It is much, no doubt, to succeed in a great and decisive battle; but to govern the passions,—to quell the rage of combat,—to moderate the insolence of victory,—to forgive, comfort, and even crown with gifts and honors a prostrate foe;—these are actions that elevate a man above the sphere of vulgar greatness; that raise him, as it were, to a sort of similitude with God himself." Gentlemen, these sublime virtues, the display of which in a single instance, by one of the most accomplished characters of antiquity, was looked upon by Cicero as something almost miraculous, were exhibited on this occasion in thousands of instances by the whole body of the mechanics of Paris. During these three days of carnage and confusion, not only was there no abuse of power, for any unworthy purpose,—no intemperance,—no excess,—no cold-blooded massacre or plunder,—but the people displayed a disinterestedness and a delicate sense of honor, which would not have discredited the age of chivalry. Whenever they found any articles of value, they carried them to a place of deposit. In numberless instances, individuals refused the gratuities that were offered them. The young heroes of the Polytechnic School, who contributed so much to the success of the struggle, declined the honorary badges which the government proposed to confer upon them. They fought for principle; and when the battle was over, they returned to their workshops, their parlors, or their studies, and left it to the deputies to settle the details of the Constitution. This, Gentlemen, was something really admirable; and whatever may be the result of the present convulsions, as long as there is a friend of liberty or virtue alive in any corner of the world, he can never look back without the strongest sentiments of delight and wonder, upon the conduct observed upon this occasion by the truly heroic inhabitants of Paris.

It is impossible, Gentlemen, to enter at present into a minute detail of the transactions of this memorable week, and they are so fresh in your minds that it would probably be unnecessary. I shall barely recapitulate the leading incidents.

The obnoxious ordinances were published in the official paper on Monday the 26th of July; but as this paper circulates but little among the body of the people, they were not generally known till the day after. The editors of the newspapers, who were prohibited from publishing them without a license, were the first to feel the effect of the measure, and they published on the same day a vigorous protest, in which they declared that they should not yield obedience to them, and exhorted the deputies and other citizens to follow their example. A similar protest was published the next day by the deputies then at Paris. In the mean time, most of the liberal papers appeared on the morning of the 27th, notwithstanding the prohibition, and the agents of the police were immediately despatched to seize their presses. The publishers refused to submit, and fastened their doors upon the police officers. This was the beginning of open resistance, or as Talleyrand said of the invasion of Spain by Napoleon, the beginning of the end. The police attempted to force the doors of the printing offices, and sent for some locksmiths to give them assistance. These in general declined the service. At last, they found a single man who was willing to undertake it,—and who was he, Gentlemen? He was the workman habitually employed by the superintendants of the state prison to rivet the irons on the galley slaves. What a commentary on the nature of the work in which they were now engaged!

Monday and Tuesday were days of preparation. The streets were barricaded,—the pavements torn up,—the lamps broken,—the citizens supplied with arms and ammunition, and every practicable arrangement made for a desperate resistance. Wednesday and Thursday were the great days of battle. The whole population of Paris was in arms, and acting in general under the command of the students of the Polytechnic School. It was a strange thing, Gentlemen, to see these young men leaving their books to take the direction of a movement, which was to decide the political character of the country, and perhaps of Europe. But there are some cases, in which the warm and bold impulses of youth are more natural and perhaps more useful guides of action than all the calculation and experience of riper age. In the mean time, the ministry had put their army into motion,—but they seem to have acted with very little spirit. The troops of

the line generally refused to act on the offensive, and left the brunt of the battle to the Swiss and the armed agents of the Police. On Wednesday, the fighting was mostly in the neighborhood of the City Hall,—which was taken and retaken several times by the adverse parties, but finally remained in possession of the people. On Thursday, the scene of action was transferred to the Palace, which was vigorously attacked by the people, and both the two principal divisions,—denominated respectively the Louvre and the Tuileries—were, after much loss on both sides, successively carried. This result seems to have been regarded as decisive; and the Royal troops made no farther efforts. On Friday morning the city was tranquil, and the tri-colored flag waved in triumph over all the public buildings.

In the mean time, steps had been taken for effecting a new political organization of the city and kingdom. During the night of Wednesday, the municipal authorities were named, and the National Guard, which had been suppressed by the King three years before, invited to appear in arms, according to the old divisions. These arrangements took place on Thursday. On Friday, the deputies, then at Paris, appointed General Lafayette Commander in Chief of the National Guard. He was thus brought back by the force of circumstances to the same station which he had occupied forty years before, on the first organization of that body at the opening of the Revolution. On the same day, the deputies formed a provisional Government for France, and placed at its head the Duke of Orleans, with the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom. Finally, on Saturday the King abdicated, and his son the Duke of Angoulême renounced his pretensions to the crown, reservation being made by both of the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux, a child of ten years old, who was the next in succession in the same line.

Such, Gentlemen, is the outline of the military and political transactions of this busy week. The deputies refused to acknowledge the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux, and completed their civil arrangements by declaring the Duke of Orleans King, and reforming, in some important parts, the constitutional charter, which was now accepted and acknowledged as the irrevocable fundamental law of the kingdom. Charles the Tenth, finding that the claim of his grandson was not acknowledged, attempted at first to withdraw his abdication; but the march of ten thousand troops from Paris towards the place of his retreat at Rambouillet, again changed his purpose. After much hesitation and reluctance, he consented to an unconditional surrender; and at length, with "many a longing, lingering look behind," withdrew slowly and sadly from the abode and dominions of his royal ancestors. He was once more received on the hospitable shores of England, where he has finally taken up his residence for the second time at Holyrood House, in Edinburgh,—the ancient palace of the Kings of Scotland, and the scene of some of the most tragical incidents in the early history of the unhappy Stuart family, to whose fortunes those of his own bear so striking a resemblance.

Misfortune, Gentlemen, is sacred, and I should do injustice to your feelings and my own, if I added a word that should appear disrespectful to a fallen man, however directly his fall may be traced to his own errors. Let us rather turn our eyes from this mournful example of the frailty of our nature, and the instability of fortune, to contemplate for a moment the character of his successor, which seems to offer all the securities that are wanted of a firm, prudent and liberal administration of the government, as far as this may depend upon the wishes and conduct of the King. Louis Philip the First, unlike most of the hereditary sovereigns of the old world, is an able, well-informed and liberal man. He was placed very early in life under the care of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, and he is probably one of the best educated persons in Europe. The adherence of his father to the popular party at the commencement of the revolution naturally placed him on the same side, and he served with great distinction in the armies of the Republic for two or three years. At the celebrated battle of Jemappes, in 1792, he and one of his brothers acted as aids to General Dumouriez. When the reign of terror came on, he was compelled to emigrate, and at this time he exhibited in a very striking manner the independence and manliness of his character, by resorting at once for his support to his own talents and resources, instead of depending, like most of his fellow-emigrants, upon charity. He offered himself under another name as a teacher of mathematics, in a small college at Coire, in Switzerland; and having regularly passed examination and been received, attended to the duties of the place for fifteen months with exemplary assiduity and great success. During this period, Gentlemen, though residing in a very severe climate, he rose every morning at all seasons at four o'clock, and repaired to his post, without the intermission of a single day. At one of the subsequent changes in the political

situation of France, the fortune of his family was in part restored, and he was enabled to retire from his respectable and arduous office. The moral lessons, which he received himself while he exercised it, were probably not less valuable to him than were to them the scientific ones which he gave to his pupils. He now traveled extensively in foreign countries, and afterwards fixed his residence in the island of Sicily, where he had formed a matrimonial connexion with the royal family; until finally, on the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne, he resumed his rank at the Court of France. But though re-instated in his fortune and social position, his known political opinions have always rendered him an object of dislike and jealousy to the reigning family. Although the Princes of the blood royal were entitled by the Charter to seats in the House of Peers, they were all prohibited by a special decree from taking them; for the purpose of excluding the Duke of Orleans, who,—it was anticipated,—would give his countenance to the liberal party. He has consequently passed his life unconnected in a great degree with public affairs,—occupied in the exercise of a liberal and unceremonious hospitality, and in the manly studies in which he has ever taken pleasure. He has always been looked up to by the friends of liberty as the person under whom they should rally, if any not wholly unforeseen emergency should make it necessary to set aside the reigning family; and we find accordingly, that on the occurrence of the late Revolution, they called upon him with remarkable promptitude and unanimity to occupy the throne. A representative republic would probably have suited better with the principles and feelings of the majority of the people, than a monarchy under any form or family; but they felt that the adoption of such a system would place them at once in open collision with all the great powers of the continent, and they prudently acquiesced in the nearest approach to their favorite theory which circumstances would admit. Lafayette himself,—a decided republican in principle,—felt no scruple about recommending this course. ‘This excellent Prince,’ said he to his friends on some public occasion, as he stood with them by the side of the Duke of Orleans, ‘this excellent and liberal Prince is, for us, the best of Republics.’

The mention of the name of our illustrious and beloved fellow-citizen reminds me, Gentlemen, that I ought not to close without adverting particularly to his character, and to the influence which he has exercised at this momentous crisis. No one cause has, perhaps, contributed so much to the moderation which has been so signally displayed by the people, as the confidence they felt in the purity and patriotism of this venerable friend of liberty. No political character of this busy and active period holds out a finer example of all the civic virtues; and the singular success of Lafayette serves,—like that of Washington, to which I adverted in my preceding lecture,—to reconcile us with the world, and to brighten our views of the future progress of society. At a time when a loose and temporizing course of conduct had become almost universal among political men, and seemed to be in some degree excused by the difficulties of every kind by which they were surrounded, Lafayette has pursued, from first to last, a perfectly consistent career; and now, in reward for his honesty, we find him at the age of more than three-score and ten, by far the most powerful and eminent citizen of his country,—virtually placed, in fact, by general acclamation, at the head of the Government. Contemplate for a moment the successive epochs of his long and active life. Behold him figuring in the pride of rank, youth and fortune, in the splendid circles of the Court of Versailles. Suddenly the flag of independence is unfurled on a remote, and, as it doubtless appeared to him, half-civilized region. Will this unattractive and almost desperate enterprise seduce a young and gallant French Marquis from the palaces of Princes and the blandishments of beauty? One would think not; but he flies without hesitation to the ends of the earth to encounter danger and perhaps disgrace, by the side of Washington. Success crowns his efforts, and we next behold him figuring again at the same brilliant court in the pride of well-earned glory. The body of the people in his own country are endeavoring to obtain a redress of grievances; but of what consequence is this to a young nobleman of the first rank? Will he risk his name, his fortune, the reputation he has already won, in such a struggle? One would think not,—but again we find him quitting his elevated social sphere, and appearing among the first and foremost of the champions of the people. He has been true to his principles through good report; will he stand the trial of adversity? The cause of the people is disgraced by false friends; Lafayette in the fervor of inexperienced youth will perhaps give way to them. Not he;—the youngest and most ardent of the friends of liberty is also the most prudent. He

wishes to be free, but he knows how to be just. Again he sacrifices rank and fortune, quits his country, and endures the horrors of an Austrian dungeon rather than disgrace, by any act of inhumanity, the cause to which his life is devoted. A young conqueror opens the door of his dungeon, and proposes to him and all the other prominent friends of the people to place them on the pinnacle of earthly greatness if they will but fall down and worship him. Most of them accept the proposal;—perhaps the weakness of human nature, combined in his case, with the nobler motive of gratitude, might induce Lafayette to join the number. Oh no! The friend and pupil of Washington can never be the tenant of the anti-chambers of Napoleon. Lafayette almost alone rejects the offer; reads the usurper a lesson in his own cabinet,—and then retires to the country,—like another Abdiel,—to pass twenty years of the most active part of his life in repose, seclusion and poverty, rather than compromise his principles. This, Gentlemen, was a hard trial, but our noble fellow-citizen endured it to the end. At length the usurper falls, and the standard of freedom is once more erected in France; but Lafayette is now old; he has survived the illusions of early life; he has long ago awakened from the young dream of improvement and liberty; he is doubtless far too wise to sacrifice the ease and comfort of his old age in the idle pursuit of these unsubstantial phantoms. Gentlemen, the earliest and most ardent of the friends of liberty is not only the most prudent and consistent, but also the most persevering. At the age of sixty, he quits his retreat, and repairs to the post of honor, and danger, with the same promptitude as he had done at one and twenty, and, after fifteen years of unremitted effort, finds his last labors crowned with the same success that attended the first. We have been told, Gentlemen, that Lafayette wants talent,—that he is not a first rate man. Gentlemen, is not effect the test of talent? Can a man be hailed with acclamation as the most deserving citizen and virtual chief of the most enlightened and civilized nation in Christendom without talent? Can a man pass through the twenty-four States of our Republic, and be welcomed every where on his passage as a sort of incarnation of the Divinity, without talent? If we mean by talent the cunning of a Talleyrand, Lafayette has never shown it, because his principles would not permit him to employ such means. But the high inspirations of a noble heart are the sources of every thing truly great in thought, speech or action; and impartial posterity, which will judge the character of Lafayette by the test of this principle, will pronounce him one of the greatest men of the age.

But, Gentlemen, the time admonishes me that I must draw to a close. What will be the end of all these movements? Will the government now established in France be permanent? Will the people settle down quietly under the present constitution and the present King, or will they move round a second time through the same vicious circle of anarchy, despotism, conquest by foreigners and domestic tyranny, which they travelled before? Gentlemen, the issues of events are in the counsels of Providence. He must be a bolder man than I am, who will pretend to conjecture even, what may be the final consequences of the late change of Government. In the present state of things, there are very few symptoms of permanent tranquillity. Almost every arrival from Europe brings us intelligence of some new revolution;—changes of Ministry in France and in England;—the bombardment of Antwerp and the flight of the Prince of Orange;—Belgium revolting against the King of the Netherlands;—Poland essaying to shake off the yoke of the Colossus of the north;—the Russian armies in full march toward the West, and the whole West ringing with the dreadful note of preparation of other armies, making ready to meet them. Under all these circumstances, we may look upon another general war as exceedingly probable. Should this in fact happen, how will it terminate? Will the armies of the people succeed in breaking up the alliance of the military monarchs of the East of Europe, or will the latter carry back the war into the enemy's country, and occupy for the third and last time,—for they would never relinquish it again,—the capital of France? Here too, Gentlemen, we must be content to rest in uncertainty. Who can undertake to calculate the respective forces of the moral enthusiasm on the one side, and the military masses on the other, that would enter the field in such a contest? It has been our fortune to live in the age of revolutions. Our own emancipation from the government of the mother country was the first of the series. The late events of the memorable week at Paris, which have formed the subject of this lecture, will probably not be the last.

However this may be,—whatever may at last be the fruits of the present busy and eventful epoch, we cannot but applaud the heroic self-devotion and sublime

moderation displayed on this occasion by the citizens of Paris, because we know that these qualities are good ; we cannot but condemn the attempt at usurpation by the King, because we know that such attempts are bad. In selecting these events as the subject of my lectures, I have proceeded on the supposition that the mechanics of Boston were not less patriotic and generous than those of Paris, and that they would be willing to hear of what their brethren abroad have done. Your kind attention, Gentlemen, for which I beg you to accept my grateful acknowledgements, has sufficiently shown me that I have not been mistaken.

GONELLO.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

THERE lived in Florence, many years ago,
A merry citizen, by name Gonello,
Whose wit was ceaselessly upon the flow,
Especially when wine had made him mellow
And o'er his visage spread an honest glow ;
He was indeed a very pleasant fellow,
And could not ope his mouth but out there flew
Extempore a racy jest or two.

But sometimes 'tis a crime to be too witty ;
And having ridiculed some dunce of rank,
He was without delay expelled the city—
(A hard return for such a harmless prank !)
Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
And all his friends looked very cool and blank,
And when he came to ask them for assistance—
They told him, civilly, to keep his distance.

He turned away in loneliness of heart,
Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those,
Who drove him houseless from his native mart,
To seek elsewhere a haven of repose ;
Compelled from all endearments to depart
By faithless friends and miserable foes ;
It was indeed a cruel thing to pester
With banishment so capital a jester !

Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,
And wandered on in undiminished glee ;
Though cut by Fortune, still he did not lose
The mirth which buoyed him on Life's changing sea ;
"The world was all before him where to choose"—
Soon he determined what his course should be ;
The Marquis of Ferrara, said report,
Wanted a Fool to entertain his court.

Thither he went to seek the situation,
And backed his prayers with such a comic face,
That he was duly made, by installation,
Prime fool and jester to his royal Grace ;
And having taken up this occupation,
He put on motley, as became his place,
And thenceforth passed his precious time in joking,
Punning and quizzing, reveling and smoking.

His jests were all both laughable and new,
 Possessing a most rare and sparkling flavor;
 And, being witty and kind-hearted too,
 He soon arose to universal favor,
 And, from all quarters, loud applauses drew,
 Which did not in the least of envy savor;
 The Marquis was delighted with his choice,
 And hung with rapture on his jester's voice.

In every public question or debate,
 His highness made Gonello a partaker;
 And not a law was broke within the state,
 Of which he was not judge against the breaker;
 'Twas an odd combination of his fate—
 That of a politician and pun-maker!
 But still he was a very good adviser,
 And there was no one in the senate wiser.

It was indeed a doubtful question, whether
 He best became the motley or the gown;
 He was as just a judge as e'er trod leather,
 And there were none excelled him as a clown;
 So filling these two offices together,
 He lived, the admiration of the town—
 Until, one day, the Marquis grew unwell,
 And then his spirits evidently fell.

His Grace's illness was a quartan ague,
 Which the physicians said they could not cure;
 I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you,
 Doubtless 't is quite unpleasant to endure.
 Here I am puzzled for a rhyme—put Tagu—
 And if you find a better one, be sure
 To send it to me—for you know, "sometimes,
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

There was one remedy, which no one dare
 Apply, through terror of his Grace's wrath—
 It was, to seize him wholly unaware,
 And throw him in the ocean's chilly bath—
 A thing they thought he would by no means bear,
 But strangle the first one who crossed his path;
 Since the physicians would not then apply it,
 Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

He had no great respect for wealth or rank;
 And with his Sovereign walking out one day
 Along the margin of the river's bank,
 He plunged him headlong in the flashing spray;
 Then, seeing him drawn out before he sank,
 Took to his heels and ran with speed away;
 Presuming that, unless he quickly vanished,
 He would most probably be whipped and banished.

The Marquis was pulled out all wet and dripping,
 Enraged at having been so vilely treated;
 Albeit his health was mended by the dipping,
 And his recovery almost completed.
 He swore the jester should receive a whipping—
 In this he shortly found himself defeated,
 For then they told him he had just decamped,
 At which he bit his lips, and raved, and stamped.

The courtiers were all filled with indignation
 Against the graceless and uncivil prater ;
 And the next day went forth a proclamation
 Denouncing poor Gonello as a traitor.
 The edict filled him with much perturbation ;
 But his chagrin and misery were greater
 On hearing that he would be killed, if found
 Ever again upon Ferrara ground.

Yet he resolved, in spite of this decree,
 Again to enter the forbidden place,
 Believing that his presence could not be
 But welcome and agreeable to his Grace ;
 He would at least go for himself and see ;
 And, with a lightsome heart and merry face,
 He came, with strong provocatives to mirth,
 Standing upon a cart of Paduan earth.

By this device he hoped to have evaded
 The myrmidons and bloodhounds of the law ;
 But ah ! he did not view the thing as they did,
 Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw ;
 But pulled him down unpitied and unaided,
 And threw him in a prison's ponderous maw ;
 Then coolly told him, for his consolation,
 The platform was in hasty preparation.

A priest came shortly after to his cell
 To shrieve his soul and give it absolution ;
 And lower yet his weary spirits fell,
 When he beheld this reverend intrusion ;
 But then the turret's melancholy bell
 Gave out the signal for his execution,
 And he was led forth to the public square,
 Duly to be decapitated there.

The crowd is gathered, and the accursed block
 Stands thirsting for the awe-struck victim's blood ;
 His neck uncovered waits the impending shock,
 Which shall unseal the hot and crimson flood.
 An interval succeeds, which seems to mock
 The horror of the gasping multitude—
 When lo ! the grinning minister of slaughter,
 Dashes upon the block a pail of water !

Shouts in the air and thunderous applauses !
 Long live the Marquis, and Gonello long !
 Joy to the ransomed, and to him who causes
 Right only to assume the mask of wrong !
 Hats tossed on high fill up the joyous pauses,
 And all is mirth amid the assembled throng ;
 And boisterous Laughter with repeated peals,
 Treads close on Sorrow's swift-receding heels.

But soft—the jester—why does he remain
 Motionless on the uncrimsoned platform still ?
 Has agonizing terror stunned his brain,
 Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill ?
 Faints he from rapture, or excess of pain ?—
 His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
 Light from his eyes—heat from his limbs has fled—
 Jesu Maria ! he is dead—is dead !

Alas, poor Yorick ! 't was a cruel jest,
 A tragic ending to a life of fun—
 To be thus driven by a mock behest,
 From the bright glances of the blessed sun,
 To the dark chambers of the place of rest ;—
 Tripped up before his natural course was run,
 And finally extinguished by a hoax
 Made of the remnants of his cast-off jokes !

'T is said, the Marquis was an altered man,
 And very dark and gloomy for a while,
 Losing all relish for the flowing can,
 And frequenting the chapel's sombre aisle ;
 His countenance grew miserably wan,
 And some say he was never seen to smile
 After Gonello thus destroyed his jest,
 And played, himself, his last one and his best.

THE LIMPING PHILOSOPHER.

NO. I.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambition ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ; nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these ;—but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplations of my travels, on which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.—SHAKESPEARE—*As you Like it.*

It is wittily observed by the Spectator in the first of his celebrated papers, that we never read a performance with any sort of satisfaction, till we know the exact cut of the author's phiz, the town and parish in which he was born, and the whole course of his life and adventures. If any confirmation were needed of a remark, so obviously just, all will recollect that a volume is never considered complete, which has not a portrait of the author prefixed, together with a copious biographical memoir. The Spectator accordingly begins with an account of himself ; and his example has since been very generally imitated, till it has come to be almost the established custom of all who undertake a series of periodical papers, to begin as regularly with a specimen of their own history, as the Epic Poets do with invoking the aid of the gods and the muses. And this custom, it must be conceded, is attended with several agreeable circumstances ; it gratifies the reader's curiosity ; it gives the author the dear delight of talking about himself.

Not to vary from precedents so long and so well established, I have made a great effort to overcome my natural diffidence, and, in conformity with the custom of the brotherhood, shall preface my intended speculations, with a brief history of my previous life. The facts are few, the incidents are common-place ; but I hope the candor and simplicity of my narrative will, in some measure, compensate for its other defects.

I was born in the town of Rocksbury, at the foot of the White Hills of New-Hampshire. How, in the days of my boyhood, I wandered

among the cliffs, and contemplated, with ardent aspirations, the snowy summits,—how I delighted to dwell in the midst of nature, and to hold communion with the Spirit of the universe, as it hovered amid the rude grandeur and wild magnificence of the mountains,—had I turned out a poet, I might be admired for relating ; but as I do not aspire above a very humble kind of prose, I have not the least pretence in the world for talking nonsense.

I was educated at the ancient and respectable seminary of Dartmouth college, and, having graduated with some eclat, I commenced the study of the law,—in those days there were no law schools,—in the office of Timothy Underground, Esquire, a learned counsellor, resident at Fairport, in the state of Connecticut. Methinks I see him now before me,—that same “Squire Underground,” as he was always called,—with his tall, spare figure, his little red nose, his twinkling, gray eye, and more than all, that grave, sanctimonious, and plausible air, which deceived the whole world, and gained for Mr. Underground the reputation of an honest lawyer. Goodheavens ! an honest lawyer !—Not that a lawyer cannot be honest. I have myself known several of most unimpeachable integrity. I am sorry to add, that these good men had no clients ; perhaps they were too honest for their business ; my friend, Mr. Underground, suffered under no such disability.

With such an instructor, my progress in the divine science of jurisprudence was sufficiently rapid. By the time I had resided at Fairport two years and a half ; I was quite at home in Coke upon Littleton ; at leisure moments, I read novels ; and in the evenings, made love to Miss Jemima Wilkins, the belle of the village. Making love, at least to a beginner,—to a young beginner, who has no gross and vulgar cares to torment and perplex him,—is indeed quite delightful ; and the days and hours of my residence at Fairport slipped away, almost imperceptibly. Let me recall some faint shade of pleasure long departed, whilst I paint,—not in a lover's flattering colors, but with the pencil of truth,—the person of my mistress. She had hair, such as the Spaniards and Italians call golden ; she insisted it was auburn ; I thought it divine ; but the malicious world pronounced it—red. I complimented her in a notable sonnet for her rose-colored complexion ; indeed, her pure blood spoke eloquently, not in her cheeks only, but over her whole face, neck, and bosom ; and the ladies of Fairport insisted that, when I wrote my sonnet, there must have been damask roses blossoming under my windows. Miss Jemima was well enough satisfied with my compliment, though it must be confessed, I was quite conscientious, and left the imagination full play, with the liberty of fixing on any shade it might prefer, between milk white and full blown crimson.

Whatever my readers may think of her beauty, Miss Jemima was the goddess of my idolatry, and few ladies ever receive a homage so devoted as that I paid to her. Her attractions, for aught I know, might have been in her manners ; for she had all that graceful and elegant simplicity, which a country boarding-school inevitably imparts ;—or perhaps, rather in her temper, which was soft and flexible ; or else, in the sweetness of her voice, and that placid smile, with which she listened to everything that any body said to her. At any rate, I loved her ; and when she heard so patiently all my fine speeches, responded

my glances, and re-echoed my sighs,—how could I help supposing that she loved me? Yet mark the mutability of a woman's affections.

On a sunshiny day in September, there was held, on Fairport common, a grand military muster. The twenty-seventh regiment of Connecticut militia paraded in full force; and the buckskin breeches and red epaulets of the gallant Major M'Grabbit completely won the heart of the faithless Jemima.

Major Caleb M'Grabbit was the only shopkeeper, or, by the courtesy of New-England, the only merchant, in the town of Fairport. One side of his store showed a formidable array of rum barrels; but the other was indifferently supplied with a stock of calicoes, and other female finery, which I am inclined to suspect was not wholly guiltless of Miss Jemima's infidelity. The major was a thriving man, of five and thirty, or thereabouts, who had been for some time on the lookout for a wife, and who was just the sort of a husband a prudent father would select for his child. Miss Jemima, however, as I have been credibly informed, did the whole business; and the praise of effecting so prudent a match belongs entirely to her. She gave the major a gentle hint, which he did not fail to understand; refused him at first, for form's sake, but in a way to invite a second attack;—and ended with engaging to marry him the month following.

In the mean time, I visited, sighed, and whispered; and Miss Jemima smiled and listened, as before. Judge then my horror and surprise, when, the very second Sunday following the muster, as I was sitting in church, just before the commencement of morning service, leaning pensively on a psalm-book, and watching with a languishing air, to catch a glimpse of the dear Jemima, as she entered the church; judge my horror and surprise, when just at this interesting moment, up rose the town clerk, and bawled out at the top of his voice—“Major Caleb M'Grabbit, and Miss Jemima Wilkins, both of this place, intend marriage!” My blood froze at the sound; and it was only the stiffness of congelation, that kept me upright upon my seat. I felt my heart break within me; nor have the cracked pieces ever yet entirely coalesced, for I have ever since been of a melancholy turn, much given to solitary musing, and very shy of the ladies. I sat through the service as best I could, heard a long sermon, as it happened, on the forgiveness of injuries, but without abating a particle of my indignation; was the very first person, who gained the church door, which I solemnly vowed never to enter again; reached my own room, and threw myself upon the bed in that strange mixture of agony and relief, which the first burst of emotion long restrained, ever produces. My next step was, to load a little pair of pocket pistols,—but not to do anything rashly, I waited three days, that my passion might have time to cool, and that my conduct might carry with it, the marks of reasonable deliberation. I should certainly have challenged Mr. M'Grabbit, had it not been that the laws of New-England regard with such peculiar malignity, this expeditious and genteel mode of avenging one's injuries. Besides, the major was likewise a deacon, joining, like the knight templars of old, theology with arms, and notwithstanding he bore a military commission, might have declined fighting, on the score of his semi-clerical character. But though I could not shoot my rival, my pistols still remained loaded, and my own bosom, at any rate,

was pervious to a pistol shot. I accordingly wrote to Jemima a most cutting letter, in which I bid her an eternal farewell,—paid up my bills for cigars and horse-hire, and, in order to die with decency, shaved, put on a clean neckcloth, and, early on Thursday morning—set off for Boston.

A few months ago, I had occasion to make a journey to Fairport, and, while there, I took courage to call on Mrs. M'Grabbit. Her hair was as red as ever; her face redder; her manners still retained some traces of their ancient elegance; but some how or other, the charm was gone. It might have been on the principle of sour grapes; but, on the whole, I believe I did not much transgress the tenth commandment, by coveting any of the possessions of Mr. M'Grabbit. The lady, however, seemed still to retain a modicum of her youthful good humor; and though the major did not always wear his buckskin breeches and red epaulets, I was told he had made her an affectionate husband, and the happy mother of ten promising children. But this is a digression.

Shortly after my arrival in town, I was admitted to practise law, at the bar of Suffolk. Like the rest of my brethren, I took an office in Court-street, and, in the course of three or four years, succeeded in obtaining three or four clients. At length, I had the fortune to be retained in an important case, for which I made very great preparations. I covered no less than three quires of foolscap with legal authorities and heads of argument; and, in imitation of Mansfield and other celebrated orators, practised my exordium before a large mirror. The day fixed for the trial arrived, and things went on swimmingly, till it became my duty to open the cause for the defendant.

I placed myself in a firm and imposing attitude, stretched out my right arm in the most graceful style, and began, as other pleaders do, with "May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury—" but here my eloquence came to a sudden stand; a cloud swam before my eyes; my brain grew dizzy; my tongue became stiff and immoveable; and I sat down in the greatest confusion.

Thus were my hopes of rising at the bar completely frustrated; and the ardent zeal I had hitherto professed for the glorious science of the law entirely quenched. Misfortunes, they say, never come single, and so it chanced in my case. For the very evening after my unsuccessful attempt at juridical eloquence, as I was walking pensively up Marlborough-street,—meditating on the deceitfulness of human expectations, and less attentive than I should have been, to the management of my lower extremities,—it happened, by some unlucky chance, that I made a rapid descent through an open cellar door, and awoke to the realities of life, amid old hoops, decayed staves, and broken bottles. My descent, however, had not been effected without a severe sprain of my right foot, which, aggravated by vexation, fever, and an attempt to walk before I was well cured, resulted at last in a permanent lameness. This unlucky circumstance has obtained for me, from some quizzical friend, the appellation of "the Limping Philosopher." As to the title of philosopher, I have no great objections to it; but though I use a cane, and do not pretend to deny that there is a slight obliquity in my walk, I do not think it amounts to an absolute limp.

I had an unmarried uncle, who had gone, early in life, to the West-Indies, where he had succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune.

Just as I had expended the last dollar of my paternal inheritance, and, crippled in body and dispirited in mind, began to contemplate the future, not altogether with the most agreeable sensations, this West-Indian uncle of mine was good-natured enough to die, and, better still, to leave me heir to his whole estate. I never saw the old gentleman in my life, but I hold his memory in the most grateful remembrance.

This seasonable accession of estate was no sooner publicly known, than I observed that my acquaintance began to pay those occasional diatribes, in which I am in the habit of indulging,—an attention they had never before received. The Limping Philosopher was received in certain circles with marked respect; and, from certain indications, I see reason, from day to day, to conclude, that it would not be absolutely impossible—lame foot notwithstanding—to supply the place of the lost Jemima. But, being of a romantic turn, I have continued firm in my first love, and hope, with Heaven's blessing, to die as I have lived, an old bachelor.

Such is the brief epitome of my history. Being weaned from the world by my early misfortunes, and raised above its business and its cares by the bounty of my uncle, I have ever led a contemplative life, devoting myself to the study of philosophy. What particular views I have embraced, and to what school of philosophy I belong, I will more fully explain in my next number.

P. S. In looking over the paper, I find, that, by some unaccountable forgetfulness, I have omitted all mention of that important particular,—“the author's phiz.” Time, alas! makes sad havock; Jemima once whispered, I was handsome, but she proved so false, that I hardly dare to believe her. I am of a pale Byronical complexion, with a light blue eye. I wear a dark brown scratch, and my front teeth, with the dentist's aid, are in very tolerable preservation. If the curiosity of any one extends further, I may be seen, every fair day, walking leisurely up Washington-street, with an air and manner that cannot be mistaken.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

My little friend, 't is a stormy day,
 But we are left together;
 I to listen, and thou to play,
 So we 'll not heed the weather!
 The clouds may rise, and the tempest come—
 The wind and the rain may beat—
 With thee to gently play “Sweet Home!”
 I feel that home is sweet!

The yellow leaf, from the shivering tree,
 On Autumn's blast is flying;
 But a spirit of life, enshrined in thee,
 While all abroad is dying,
 Calls up the shadows of many a year,
 With their joys that were bright as brief;
 And if, perchance, it may start a tear,
 'T is not the tear of grief.

'T is a hallowed offering of the soul,
 From her richest fountain gushing—
 A warm, live drop, that has spurned control,
 To the eye for freedom rushing—
 As Music's angel, hovering near,
 To touch thy tender key,
 The numbers of a higher sphere
 Is pouring forth from thee.

And while I feel his powerful hand
 O'er the chords of Memory sweeping,
 To waken, and bring from a spirit-land
 The things that had else been sleeping,
 It lifts my thoughts to a world to come,
 Where the parted here shall meet,
 Secure from the storms of life, at home,
 And sing that home is sweet !

REVOLUTIONARY ADVENTURE.

THE leading events of the War of Independence are familiar to every American ; but many incidents, full of interest and adventure, yet remain to be disclosed. There are those yet living who remember the following story :

The American authorities found much difficulty in disposing of their prisoners. They had no posts regularly fitted for the purpose ; and they could suggest no better means for securing them, than to place them under guard in a thickly settled part of the country, where the inhabitants were most decidedly hostile to the English. The town of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, was of those selected for this purpose. The prisoners were confined in barracks, enclosed with a stockade and vigilantly guarded. But in spite of all precautions, they often disappeared in an unaccountable manner, and nothing was heard of them till they had resumed their place in the British army. Many and various were the conjectures as to the means of their escape ; the officers inquired and investigated in vain ; the country was explored to no purpose ; the soldiers shook their heads, and told of fortune-tellers, pedlers and such characters, who had been seen at intervals ; and sundry of the more credulous could think of nothing but supernatural agency ; but whether man or spirit was the conspirator, the mystery was unbroken.

When this became known to Washington, he sent General Hazen to take this responsible charge. This energetic officer, after exhausting all resources, resorted to stratagem. He was convinced that, as the nearest British post was more than a hundred miles distant, the prisoners must be aided by Americans, but where the suspicion should fall he could not even conjecture ; the reproach of Toryism being almost unknown in that region. Having been trained to meet exigencies of this kind in a distinguished career, as colonel in the British army, his plan was formed at once, and communicated to an officer of his own, upon whose talent he relied for its successful execution. This was Captain Lee, whose courage and ability fully justified the selection.

The secret plan concerted between them was this. It was to be given out that Lee was absent on furlough or command. He, meantime, was to assume the dress of a British prisoner, and, having provided himself with information and a story of his capture, was to be thrown into the barracks, where he might gain the confidence of the soldiers, and join them in a plan of escape. How well Captain Lee sustained his part may be inferred from the fact that when he had disappeared and placed himself among the prisoners, his own officers and soldiers saw him every day without the least suspicion. The person to whom I am indebted for most of these particulars was the Intendant of the prisoners, and familiar with Lee; but, though compelled to see him often in the discharge of his duty, he never penetrated the disguise. Well it was for Lee that his disguise was so complete. Had his associates suspected his purpose to betray them, his history would have been embraced in the proverb, "dead men tell no tales."

For many days he remained in this situation, making no discoveries whatever. He thought he perceived at times signs of intelligence between the prisoners and an old woman, who was allowed to bring fruit for sale within the enclosure. She was known to be deaf and half-witted, and was therefore no object of suspicion. It was known that her son had been disgraced and punished in the American army, but she had never betrayed any malice on that account, and no one dreamed that she could have had the power to do injury if she possessed the will. Lee watched her closely, but saw nothing to confirm his suspicions. Her dwelling was about a mile distant, in a wild retreat, where she shared her miserable quarters with a dog and cat, the former of which mounted guard over her mansion, while the latter encouraged superstitious fears which were equally effectual in keeping visitors away.

One dark stormy night in autumn, he was lying awake at midnight, meditating on the enterprise he had undertaken, which, though in the beginning it had recommended itself to his romantic disposition, had now lost all its charms. It was one of those tempests, which in our climate so often hang upon the path of the departing year. His companions slept soundly, but the wind, which shook the building to its foundation and threw heavy splashes of rain against the window, conspired with the state of his mind to keep him wakeful. All at once the door was gently opened, and a figure moved silently into the room. It was too dark to observe its motions narrowly, but he could see that it stooped towards one of the sleepers who immediately rose; next it approached him and touched him on the shoulder. Lee immediately started up; the figure then allowed a slight gleam from a dark lantern to pass over his face, and as it did so, whispered impatiently, "not the man—but come!" It then occurred to Lee that this was the opportunity he desired. The unknown whispered to him to keep his place till another man was called; but just at that moment some noise disturbed him, and, making a sign to Lee to follow, he moved silently out of the room.

They found the door of the house unbarred, and a small part of the fence removed, where they passed out without molestation; the sentry had retired to a shelter where he thought he could guard his post without suffering from the rain; but Lee saw that his conductors put them-

selves in preparation to silence him if he should happen to address them. Just without the fence appeared a stooping figure, wrapped in a red cloak, and supporting itself with a large stick, which Lee at once perceived could be no other than the old fruit woman. But the most profound silence was observed; a man came out from a thicket at a little distance and joined them, and the whole party moved onward under the guidance of the old woman. At first they frequently stopped to listen, but having heard the sentinel's cry, "all's well," they seemed reassured and moved with more confidence than before.

They soon came near to her cottage under an overhanging bank, where a bright light was shining out from a little window upon the wet and drooping boughs that hung near it. The dog received them graciously, and they entered. A table was spread with some coarse provisions upon it, and a large jug, which one of the soldiers was about to seize, when the man who conducted them withheld him. "No," said he, "we must first proceed to business." He then went to a small closet, from which he returned with what seemed to have been originally a Bible, though now it was worn to a mahogany color and a spherical form. While they were doing this, Lee had time to examine his companions; one of whom was a large quiet looking soldier, the other a short stout man with much the aspect of a villain. They examined him in turn, and as Lee had been obliged formerly to punish the shorter soldier severely, he felt some misgivings when the fellow's eye rested upon him. Their conductor was a middle-aged harsh-looking man, whom Lee had never seen before.

As no time was to be lost, their guide explained to them in few words, that, before he should undertake his dangerous enterprise, he should require of them to swear upon the Scriptures, not to make the least attempt to escape, and never to reveal the circumstances or agents in the proceeding, whatever might befall them. The soldiers, however, insisted on deferring this measure till they had formed some slight acquaintance with the contents of the jug, and expressed their sentiments on the subject rather by actions than words. In this they were joined by Lee, who by this time had begun to contemplate the danger of his enterprise in a new and unpleasant point of view. If he were to be compelled to accompany his party to New-York, his disguise would at once be detected, and it was certain that he would be hanged as a spy. He had supposed, beforehand, that he should find no difficulty in escaping at any moment; but he saw that their conductor had prepared arms for them, which they were to use in taking the life of any one who should attempt to leave them—and then the oath. He might possibly have released himself from its obligations, when it became necessary for the interests of his country; but no honorable man can well bear to be driven to an emergency, in which he must violate an oath, however reluctantly it was taken. He felt that there was no retreating, when there came a heavy shock, as of something falling against the sides of the house; their practised ears at once detected the alarm gun; and their conductor, throwing down the old Bible, which he had held all the while impatiently in his hand, directed the party to follow him in close order, and immediately quitted the house, taking with him his dark lantern.

They went on with great despatch, but not without difficulty.

Sometimes their footing would give way on some sandy bank or slippery field ; and when their path led through the woods, the wet boughs dashed heavily in their faces. Lee felt that he might have deserted his precious companions while they were in this hurry and alarm ; but he felt, that, as yet, he had made no discoveries ; and however dangerous his situation was, he could not bear to confess that he had not nerve to carry it through. On he went, therefore, for two or three hours, and was beginning to sink with fatigue, when the barking of a dog brought the party to a stand. Their conductor gave a low whistle, which was answered at no great distance, and a figure came forward in the darkness, who whispered to their guide, and then led the way up to a building, which seemed, by the shadowy outline, to be a large stone barn. They entered it, and were severally placed in small nooks where they could feel that the hay was all around them, except on the side of the wall. Shortly after, some provisions were brought to them with the same silence, and it was signified to them that they were to remain concealed through the whole of the coming day.

Through a crevice in the wall Lee could discover, as the day came on, that the barn was attached to a small farm-house. He was so near the house that he could overhear the conversation which was carried on about the door. The morning rose clear, and it was evident from the inquiries of horsemen, who occasionally galloped up to the door, that the country was alarmed. The farmer gave short and surly replies, as if unwilling to be taken off from his labor ; but the other inmates of the house were eager in their questions, and, from the answers Lee gathered that the means by which he and his companions had escaped were as mysterious as ever.

The next night, when all was quiet, they resumed their march, and explained to Lee that, as he was not with them in their conspiracy and was accidentally associated with them in their escape, they should take the precaution to keep him before them, just behind the guide. He submitted without opposition, though the arrangement considerably lessened the chances in favor of his escape. He observed, from the direction of the stars, that they did not move in a direct line toward the Delaware, but they changed their course so often that he could not conjecture at what point they intended to strike the river. He endeavored, whenever any peculiar object appeared, to fix it in his memory as well as the darkness would permit, and succeeded better than could have been expected, considering the agitated state in which he traveled.

For several nights they went on in this manner, being delivered over to different persons, from time to time ; and as Lee could gather from their whispering conversation, they were regularly employed on occasions like the present, and well rewarded by the British for their services. Their employment was full of danger ; and though they seemed like desperate men, he could observe that they never remitted their precautions. They were concealed by day in barns—cellars—caves made for the purpose, and similar retreats, and one day was passed in a tomb, the dimensions of which had been enlarged, and the inmates, if there had been any, banished to make room for the living. The burying grounds were a favorite retreat, and on more occasions than one they were obliged to resort to superstitious alarms to

remove intruders upon their path ; their success fully justified the experiment, and, unpleasantly situated as he was, in the prospect of soon being a ghost himself, he could not avoid laughing at the expedition with which old and young fled from the fancied apparitions under clouds of night, wishing to meet such enemies, like Ajax, in the face of day.

Though the distance to the Delaware was not great, they had now been twelve days on the road, and such was the vigilance and suspicion prevailing throughout the country, that they almost despaired of effecting their object. The conductor grew impatient, and Lee's companions, at least one of them, became ferocious. There was, as we have said something unpleasant to him in the glances of this fellow toward him, which became more and more fierce as they went on ; but it did not appear whether it were owing to circumstances or actual suspicion. It so happened that, on the twelfth night, Lee was placed in a barn, while the rest of the party sheltered themselves in the cellar of a little stone church, where they could talk and act with more freedom, both because the solitude of the church was not often disturbed even on the sabbath—and because even the proprietors did not know that illegal hands had added a cellar to the conveniences of the building.

The party were seated here as the day broke, and the light, which struggled in through crevices opened for the purpose, showed a low room about twelve feet square, with a damp floor and large patches of white mould upon the walls. Finding, probably, that the pavement afforded no accommodations for sleeping, the worthies were seated each upon a little cask, which seemed like those used for gunpowder. Here they were smoking pipes with great diligence, and, at intervals not distant, applying a huge canteen to their mouths, from which they drank with upturned faces expressive of solemn satisfaction. While they were thus engaged, the short soldier asked them in a careless way, if they knew whom they had in their party. The others started, and took their pipes from their mouths to ask him what he meant. "I mean," said he, "that we are honored with the company of Captain Lee, of the rebel army. The rascal once punished me, and I never mistook my man when I had a debt of that kind to pay. Now I shall have my revenge."

The others hastened to express their disgust at his ferocity, saying, that if, as he said, their companion was an American officer, all they had to do was to watch him closely. They said that, as he had come among them uninvited, he must go with them to New-York and take the consequences ; but meantime, it was their interest not to seem to suspect him, otherwise he might give an alarm, whereas it was evidently his intention to go with them till they were ready to embark for New-York. The other persisted in saying that he would have his revenge with his own hand, upon which the conductor, drawing a pistol declared to him that if he saw the least attempt to injure Captain Lee, or any conduct which would lead him to suspect that his disguise was discovered, he would that moment shoot him through the head. The soldier put his hand upon his knife with an ominous scowl upon his conductor, but seeing that he had to do with one who was likely to be as good as his word, he restrained himself, and began to arrange

some rubbish to serve him for a bed. The other soldier followed his example, and their guide withdrew, locking the door after him.

The next night they went on as usual, but the manner of their conductor showed that there was more danger than before; in fact, he explained to the party, that they were now not far from the Delaware, and hoped to reach it before midnight. They occasionally heard the report of a musket, which seemed to indicate that some movement was going on in the country. Thus warned, they quickened their steps, and it was not long before they saw a gleam of broad clear light before them, such as is reflected from calm waters even in the darkest night. They moved up to it with deep silence; there were various emotions in their breasts; Lee was hoping for an opportunity to escape from an enterprise which was growing too serious, and the principal objects of which were already answered; the others were anxious lest some accident might have happened to the boat on which they depended for crossing the stream.

When they came to the bank there were no traces of a boat on the waters. Their conductor stood still for a moment in dismay; but, recollecting himself, he said it was possible it might have been secured lower down the stream, and, forgetting every thing else, he directed the larger soldier to accompany him, and, giving a pistol to the other, he whispered, "if the rebel officer attempts to betray us, shoot him; if not, you will not, for your own sake, make any noise to show where we are." In the same instant they departed and Lee was left alone with the ruffian.

He had before suspected that the fellow knew him, and now doubts were changed to certainty at once. Dark as it was, it seemed as if fire flashed from his eye, now he felt that revenge was in his power. Lee was as brave as any officer in the army; but he was unarmed, and though he was strong, his adversary was still more powerful. While he stood, uncertain what to do, the fellow seemed enjoying the prospect of revenge, as he looked upon him with a steady eye. Though the officer stood to appearance unmoved, the sweat rolled in heavy drops from his brow. He soon took his resolution, and sprang upon his adversary with the intention of wresting the pistol from his hand; but the other was upon his guard, and aimed with such precision, that, had the pistol been charged with a bullet, that moment would have been his last. But it seemed that the conductor had trusted to the sight of his weapons to render the use of them unnecessary, and had therefore loaded them only with powder; as it was, the shock threw Lee to the ground; but fortunately, as the fellow dropped the pistol, it fell where Lee could reach it, and as his adversary stooped, and was drawing his knife from his bosom, Lee was able to give him a stunning blow. He immediately threw himself upon the assassin, and a long and bloody struggle began; they were so nearly matched in strength and advantage, that neither dared unclench his hold for the sake of grasping the knife; the blood gushed from their mouths, and the combat would have probably ended in favor of the assassin, when steps and voices were heard advancing, and they found themselves in the hands of a party of countrymen, who were armed for the occasion, and were scouring the banks of the river. They were forcibly torn apart, but so exhausted and breathless, that neither could make any explanation, and they submitted quietly to the disposal of their captors.

The party of armed countrymen, though they had succeeded in their attempt, and were sufficiently triumphant on the occasion, were sorely perplexed to determine how to dispose of their prisoners. After some discussion, one of them proposed to throw the decision upon the wisdom of the nearest magistrate. They accordingly proceeded with their prisoners to his mansion, about two miles distant, and called on him to rise and attend to business. A window was hastily thrown up, and the justice put forth his night-capped head, and, with more wrath than became his dignity, ordered them off; and, in requital for their calling him out of bed in the cold, generously wished them in the warmest place which then occurred to his imagination. However, resistance was vain; he was compelled to rise; and, as soon as the prisoners were brought before him, he ordered them to be taken in irons to the prison at Philadelphia. Lee improved the opportunity to take the old gentleman aside, and told him who he was, and why he was thus disguised; the justice only interrupted him with the occasional inquiry, "Most done?" When he had finished, the magistrate told him that his story was very well made, and told in a manner very creditable to his address, and that he should give it all the weight which it seemed to require. All Lee's remonstrances were unavailing.

As soon as they were fairly lodged in prison, Lee prevailed on the jailer to carry a note to Gen. Lincoln, informing him of his condition. The General received it as he was dressing in the morning, and immediately sent one of his aids to the jail. That officer could not believe his eyes when he saw Captain Lee. His uniform, worn out when he assumed it, was now hanging in rags about him, and he had not been shaved for a fortnight; he wished, very naturally, to improve his appearance before presenting himself before the Secretary of War; but the orders were peremptory to bring him as he was. The General loved a joke full well; his laughter was hardly exceeded by the report of his own cannon; and long and loud did he laugh that day.

When Captain Lee returned to Lancaster, he immediately attempted to retrace the ground; and so accurate, under all the unfavorable circumstances, had been his investigation, that he brought to justice fifteen persons, who had aided the escape of British prisoners. It is hardly necessary to say to those who know the fate of revolutionary officers, that he received, for this hazardous and effectual service, no reward whatever.

THE MERRY HEART.

THE merry heart, the merry heart,
Of Heaven's gifts I hold the best ;
And he, who feels its pleasant throb,
Though dark his lot, is truly blest.
His mind, by inborn power sustained,
Upon the poles of reason turns,
And, in his breast, the flame of joy
Diffuses incense, as it burns.

And Glory's wreath, and Valor's plume
Have not a charm to banish care ;
And oft the purple decks the breast,
Whose heart Promethean vultures tear.
The chain will gall you none the less,
Because its links are massy gold,—
In vain you deck with gems the nest,
Whose threads have been in poison rolled.

"Gold frets to dust," and Beauty's bloom
Is slowly filched by pale Decay ;
And Genius feeds a wasting fire
That eats its master's heart away.
The poet's laurel oft is twined
With branches of the cypress tree—
Let others choose these glittering toys,
But O! the merry heart for me.

From youth to age it changes not,
In joy and sorrow still the same ;
When skies are dark and tempests scowl,
It shines a steady beacon flame ;
And in the laughing noon of joy,
This, this is still the better part ;
For light and bloom and azure heavens
Address in vain the heavy heart.

It gives a wisdom plain and good,
Worth all the Sages' learned laws ;
And, from the rubs and cares of life,
Some food for comfort still it draws.
When darkness reigns, some short-lived power
But intercepts the general light ;
And in the shadow's deep obscure,
It sees a proof that suns are bright.

It gives to Beauty half its power,
The nameless charm worth all the rest—
The light that flutters o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If Beauty ne'er have set her seal,
It well supplies her absence too,
And many a face looks passing fair,
Because a merry heart shines through.

If Fairy times should e'er return,
To bless this dull prosaic earth ;
And some bright shape should proffer me
Her wondrous gifts of magic birth ;
I would not ask Aladdin's lamp,
Nor yet Fortunio's purse of gold,
But something better far than these,—
The merry heart that ne'er grows old.

THE LEAD MINES OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THE earliest French traders soon discovered that the lands of the Saques and Foxes were rich in lead. The celebrated Du Buque was the first who taught the Indians to collect the ore, and to make an article of trade of it. Tradition tells strange tales about this man, and his memory is still cherished by the Saques and Foxes. He led them to battle, was a valiant warrior himself, and gained an authority over them which none of their own chiefs have ever possessed. He had the faculty of handling rattlesnakes and copper-heads without injury, and was thence esteemed a potent sorcerer. He lived on the west bank of the Mississippi, about twenty miles above the mouth of Fever river, and an orchard planted by his hands is still to be seen about the site of his dwelling. When on his death bed, he desired that his remains should be deposited on the summit of a perpendicular bluff, three hundred feet high, which hangs over the river; the savages complied with his request. They built a hut on the top of the cliff, secured it with a leaden door weighing more than a ton, and shut up the body of Du Buque in it. There the trader slept unmolested till the Americans came into the country. Some of them, with that disregard to the feelings of the Indians, which, I am sorry to say, has always characterised my countrymen, broke into the sepulchre, hewed the door in pieces, and carried it away. The savages replaced it with a wooden one, and Du Buque has not since been molested. His grave is still a land mark well known to all who have travelled on the Mississippi.

When it became known that this then remote district contained mineral wealth, the Saques and Foxes were importuned to sell it. They did finally convey to government a tract on the eastern side of the Mississippi, about the mouth of Fever river. The tract was eighteen miles square. Some say it was sold by the Winnebagoes, and not the Saques and Foxes. As I have not the record by me, I am unable to settle this point or the date of the treaty. I believe, however, that I am right, and that the transactions took place about the beginning of the present century.

For a long time the tract was much neglected; the attention of the borderers was chiefly directed to the mines of Missouri. Some, however, broke ground about the mouth of Fever river; some very rich mines were discovered, and some fortunes were made. Such occurrences becoming more frequent, toward the year 1820, swarms of adventurers began to pour in. The town of Galena was built—in the most filthy, inconvenient spot that can be imagined. It stands on the side of a steep hill, six miles from the mouth of Fever river, and at the head of its navigation. Whenever the river overflows, which it does very often, it washes the lower street of Galena. Whenever it rains, boots cannot defend the legs from pollution; the town is a quagmire. It is proper to state that I left the country three years ago, and that my remarks apply to its condition then. I do not think, however, that much improvement has been made. When I saw Galena last, it contained two rough stone buildings; all the rest were of logs; some hewn, some rough. It had three taverns, and a great many shops or stores. It was not then known whether it belonged to Michigan or Illinois; consequently, there was no provision for the administration of justice.

The miners, or as they called themselves, diggers, soon spread all over the tract owned by the United States, and so vexed the soil as to give it the appearance of having been ploughed with a team of earthquakes. A very rich mine was found, I believe in 1825, by three brothers of the name of Gratiot. They erected smelting furnaces, and employed a great many laborers. Others were attracted to the spot by their success, and in a short time, a log village was built, since known as Gratiot's town. This is on or very near the boundary line of the tract. One Schull having made a similar discovery two miles further, similar results ensued. The town founded by him was called Schullsburgh.

The diggers continued to penetrate deeper and deeper, and farther and farther into the bowels of the land. They did not go far from the Mississippi, but spread along its eastern bank. In 1826, they had encroached fifty miles upon the Winnebagoes. The advanced guard built two log huts opposite the mouth of Turkey river, sixty miles above Galena, and the city in embryo was christened Turkeytown. Afterwards, when it contained a dozen huts, it received the dulcet appellation of Cassville, in honor of the governor of Michigan.

The Winnebagoes beheld the invasion of their hunting grounds with jealousy and alarm, but offered neither resistance nor complaint. They were soon to be roused to more active exertion.

There was a French inhabitant of Prairie du Chien, Bribois by name, who had traded with the Winnebagoes many years, and knew of the existence of a mine high up the Wisconsin. He asked permission of the Winnebagoes to search for this mine, promising, if he could find and work it, to pay them a stipulated price. The savages accepted his terms, and he began to dig, in the spring of 1827. He found no mine, but appearances were so flattering, that a host of adventurers hurried from Galena to the spot, and began to break up the ground. The prairies rang from morning to night with the strokes of the mattock and the report of the western rifle. The Winnebagoes saw that they had lost their lands forever.

I must go back a little. The year previous, a barbarous murder had been committed near Prairie du Chien by a party of Winnebagoes. They slew a man named Methode, with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Two of the culprits were apprehended and committed to prison in Prairie du Chien. They broke jail, were retaken, and, as the civil authorities had little or no power, were delivered to the military for safe keeping. In the course of the year the post at Prairie du Chien was broken up, and the troops were removed to St. Peter's, two hundred miles above. The prisoners were carried to St. Peter's as a matter of course.

In the summer of 1827, a party of Chippeways, coming to St. Peter's on business with the Indian agent, were attacked under the walls of the fort by the Dahcotahs, on ground belonging to the United States, and lost two men. Several more were wounded. The last treaty had promised protection to each of these tribes while under the American flag, and, in pursuance of that stipulation, the commanding officer seized four of the aggressors, (all he could catch,) and delivered them to the Chippeways for punishment. They were shot forthwith, to the great displeasure of their tribe. Not daring to avenge themselves,

they sent a messenger to the Winnebagoes to inform them that the two prisoners of their tribe had been put to death by the Chippeways in the most cruel manner, at the instigation of the whites.

The Winnebagoes have ever held the name of American in utter abhorrence; and this piece of false intelligence roused their ire. Four of them repaired without delay to Prairie du Chien, where they killed two persons and dangerously wounded another. Two days after, a large party attacked two boats on the river, and killed and wounded several Americans.

These hostile acts put a stop to all mining in every part of the country. The utmost confusion ensued. The inhabitants of Prairie du Chien prepared to defend themselves, but the diggers thought of nothing but escaping. Hundreds fled down the Mississippi, and hundreds wept because the means of escape were insufficient for all. Those who remained crowded together at Gratiot's and Galena, where they heard the war whoop in every breeze, and the Winnebago rifle in every sound. The diggers might have amounted to six thousand fighting men in all, yet they were thrown into this panic by a thousand Indian warriors, no better armed than themselves, and not so well provided.

At last General Atkinson appeared at Prairie du Chien with a brigade, and, lest this force should prove insufficient, raised a corps of mounted men at Galena. These last were divided into companies, consisting each of the least possible number of men, but each provided with the full number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers. This was done to increase the demand for compensation, as was afterwards found by the disbursing officer.

General Atkinson proceeded up the Wisconsin with his forces, which were farther augmented by a detachment of regulars and a body of friendly Indians, which met him at the portage between the Wisconsin and Fox rivers. The Winnebagoes, having no adequate means of resistance, submitted, delivered up the most prominent actors in the late outrages, and promised to molest the whites no more. One of the captives obtained a temporary notoriety. He was a chief, named The Red Bird, a warrior of approved courage, and had till then ever been friendly to the Americans. He gave himself up voluntarily, and so did his fellows. To make an end of the history of the Red Bird, he died in prison of a dysentery before his trial came on.

The Indian war being thus ended, things returned to their usual course. The fugitives returned to their "digging," and more came in their train. The heroes of the war received their pay, and reposed in the shade of their laurels. As there was no farther danger from the savages, they extended their operations still farther. Cassville increased in magnitude, and could boast of its tippling shop and tavern. Large bodies squatted upon the Upper Wisconsin, and the Indians dared not interfere. The ignorant pioneers of civilization were not without official example for their encroachments. They had divided the land at Cassville, into building lots, and allowed each man to take as many as he could build houses upon. It was understood that each lot must be occupied and furnished with a building, and he that could comply with this regulation might take as many as he pleased. The Winnebago sub-agent at Prairie du Chien took a lot on these terms. Farther inland, one Dodge, who had been a major-general of militia, con-

ducted a party of fifty well armed men to the vicinity of the portage, where they built a stockade fort, resolved to resist all attempts to remove them, by whomsoever made. All these things were done in open contempt of the Indian right, which had not then been defined to be a right of occupancy. Moreover, a clamor arose, which was soon heard at Washington, that the Winnebagoes ought to relinquish their lands as an indemnification for the expenses of the late war. They, poor creatures, were daily complaining of their increasing wrongs to General Street, their agent at Prairie du Chien, who, though a good man, gave them no redress—he could not. All he could do, he did. He called on the military to remove General Dodge and his people, and a small party was sent for that purpose. Dodge heard of their approach, manned his works, and bade them approach at their peril. So the matter ended.

The state of affairs induced President Adams to invite the Winnebagoes to send a deputation of their chiefs to Washington in order to hold a "talk." They did so, and the chiefs reached the seat of government during the winter of 1823. Their first request was that those of their people who had been convicted of the outrages before mentioned, and sentenced to death, might be pardoned. Mr. Adams granted their request, saying, at the same time, that he did so in the expectation that they would give up the lands in question in gratitude for the favor. They replied that they had no power to make the desired cession, but would use their influence to effect their great father's object. They then returned home.

Those who had co-operated with the Red Bird in his first aggression had slain persons who had never injured them, in the most barbarous manner. It appears to me, that their pardon, granted on such an implied condition, was a bargain for the blood of our citizens.

In the mean while the markets were glutted with lead. The British exporters, seeing that the United States would soon supply themselves with the article, sent over great quantities; and, much having been obtained at the Lead Mines of the Mississippi, the price fell to almost nothing. The consequence was that great numbers of the "diggers" gave up their pursuit, and the business became stagnant. It has since revived.

In the first year of the administration of President Jackson, a treaty was held with the Winnebagoes, who made a merit of necessity, and ceded a tract extending along the Mississippi from Rock river to the Wisconsin, and about a hundred miles inland. They received forty thousand dollars in hand, one fourth of which they were to pay to those who had suffered by their depredations, and were promised an annuity of eighteen thousand dollars for thirty years. This was not a fair equivalent, nor was the bargain favorable to the Winnebagoes, in any respect. Five hundred thousand dollars worth of lead, at the very least, may easily be raised annually from a fourth part of the land they ceded, for a hundred years to come, estimating the article at its lowest market price. The ore is inexhaustible; the land appears to be one vast bed of metal. As a mere hunting ground, the tract would have supported the whole tribe. It would have supported a population of millions subsisting by agriculture. The sum they received could be of little consequence distributed among so many, and could have been of no permanent benefit. As-

nuities appear to me to have been an invention of the devil, intended to destroy Indians. It takes away the habit of depending on themselves for subsistence. When an annuity is about to be distributed, hundreds of unprincipled whites hurry to the spoil, as crows do to carrion. Booths are erected, and the unfortunate savage, who enters one of them, does not leave it while he has a cent or an article of value remaining. When all is gone, he is thrust out of doors, with outrage and insult. When he has slept off the effects of the debauch, he wakes poorer than he was before, and degraded in his own eyes. While the money is changing owners, a scene of riot, drunkenness, and degradation, is exhibited, which those only who have seen can imagine. The morals of the females suffer most.

The lands opposite those now in possession of the whites, belong to the Saques and Foxes, who have steadily refused to sell them. They are more valuable than those we have already, if possible. It seems, by the latest advices, that a dispute has arisen relative to the title to certain lands on the Mississippi. I know not which party has the best claim, but I was certain that a pretext to deprive the Indians of their mineral district would not long be wanting. A staff, it is said, is quickly found to beat a dog, and here we have the adage exemplified. The papers state that General Gaines has led an overwhelming force against them, and driven them across the Mississippi. These proceedings will, in some way or other, eventually cost them their lands.

So much for the history of the Lead Mines. I will now proceed to other matters. The soil of the whole country is good; well adapted to grain. Timber would grow, did not the biennial fires keep it under. At present, there is little; just enough for the wants of the settlers, and no more. On the prairie, or high lands, the trees are principally oak; in the bottoms or strips of low ground on the borders of the streams, are oak, ash, elm, many varieties of maple and walnut, ironwood, hackberry, or *bois inconnu*, and many others. The only fruits I have seen are several varieties of plums, all very good, and nuts. Very deep ravines run up from the Mississippi into the country, and serve to drain away heavy rains and the melted snows. The face of the country is what is called *rolling prairie*, that is, it is agreeably diversified with hill and dale.

The tract is very well watered. Beside the Mississippi, there are the Rock river, the Wisconsin, and the River du Grand; all navigable streams. The name of the last is corrupted by the inhabitants into Grant river, and by this it will ultimately be known, probably. The Fever river is a deep, stagnant pool, through the whole of its navigable course, which only extends six miles. There are a great many smaller streams, which fall into those already mentioned. Most of them are nearly dry in summer. All that have sufficient water abound in fish. Carnelians and fortification agates are as common as other pebbles on the borders of some of them. These, with small rock crystals, are the only precious stones I ever saw in the territory.

The ore that has so much excited the cupidity of the borderers is very pure. Smelted in the slovenly fashion of the country, it yields about seventy per cent. of pure metal. It is found in different situations and at different depths. The Gratiots discovered their prize at the depth of one foot, at a single stroke of the spade. Some shafts have

been sunk two hundred feet. Sometimes the mineral is found in a solid, isolated body, sometimes in a horizontal sheet, but most frequently in veins, or, as they are called by the diggers, *leads*. About Galena the ore is imbedded in clay, but, at the River du Grand and some other places, it is necessary to penetrate into the solid rock, often very deep. In all cases, the diggers abandon the search when they come to water, and thousands of tons of lead have thus been relinquished, that may, some day, be recovered by the application of machinery. The first formation of rock is lime, below which is a formation of siliceous, so hard, in many places, that, after laboring all day, a man may carry home his chips in a bucket.

Where clay only is to be removed, trenches are cut, and the shovel and spade are the only tools required. Where the diggers penetrate the rock, they use sledges, picks, stone chisels, and wedges. When the shaft is sunk so low that the fragments cannot be thrown out by hand, a windlass is placed over it, and the earth or stone is drawn up in a tub. Two men always work in one shaft, in partnership, for hired labor is difficult to procure. These operations are carried on at all seasons, though in summer the weather is as warm as in Massachusetts, and in winter the cold is much more severe.

These remarks apply to the order of things that obtained three years since, and I believe there has been little change since.

There were three agents for the United States, who granted licenses to the diggers. A man, who had observed indications of ore, surveyed a small tract, I believe a hundred yards square, and obtained permission to dig in it, to the exclusion of all others. The condition was, that he should pay to the United States the tythe of all minerals he might obtain, as rent. This was not exacted of him, but of the smelters.

The smelters were the most considerable of the settlers,—that business requiring some capital. They were obliged by a bond to keep the necessary cattle, laborers, &c., and to deliver to the agent the tythe of all metal smelted. The operation is performed in a very clumsy manner. A huge, thick stone wall is built, with recesses resembling chimneys. These are filled with oak logs, the interstices filled with small sticks, and the whole loaded with lead. The whole is then fired, and the metal drains off through a hole in the wall below. This business destroys the health of those employed in a year, or in two years at most. The climate is fine, and the inhabitants are healthy everywhere but in the bottoms, where intermittent fevers prevail. The smelters, on the contrary, from fatigue, watching, and inhaling the fumes of arsenic, soon fall victims to their dreadful trade.

About a third of the metal is obtained from the ore by the first rude operation. The residuum is then passed through what is called an ash furnace, after which the dross is thrown away.

No capital nor even character was needed by a digger. Every shopkeeper was ready to furnish any man with tools and provisions, and trust to his success for payment. This system has, I am informed, been changed, and Trust is dead. The digger went forth and dug in one place till he was satisfied that there was no prospect of success, and then tried another. I believe I may state as the average rate of success, that a digger found enough lead in the course of a year to

pay his debts and leave him something more than the wages of an ordinary laborer. There were some, who, in a very short time found fortunes, but these were very few. Nevertheless, the news of these prizes induced swarms to adventure eagerly in the lottery, in which there could indeed be no total blanks. Sometimes a digger labored a whole year without finding as much lead as would pay for his toil; but in such cases, most persevered, till a lucky chance made up their losses.

The agents permitted very little timber to be cut. Consequently, agriculture was wholly neglected, and the settlers depended on the arrival of boats for food, as well as every thing else. The Indians seldom came near them.

I believe that, when the Indian war broke out, the savages might easily have destroyed the diggers to a man, without any loss on their own part. They had only to scatter over the country on some fair day and throw stones into the several shafts, and the intruders must have perished miserably. This done, the shopkeepers, smelters, &c. were too few to have offered much resistance.

About one fourth of the settlers were foreigners, principally Irish. The rest, as classified by themselves, were Missourians, Suckers, and Pukes;—the latter name implying natives of Kentucky. The Suckers were from Illinois, and so called because most of them, like the fish of the same name, came up the river in the spring and returned in autumn. Here were seen the extremes of society. The scholar and gentleman were seen at the same table with the blacklegs and the half-horse half-alligator, vulgar, fierce, overbearing, and scarce farther advanced in civilization than the Winnebago, with whom he was like to contend for a home. There were very many shopkeepers and an abundant supply of quacks. As there was no code of law established, there were no attorneys, but as the country has been discovered to form a part of Illinois, it is to be presumed the evil has been remedied. Every man had a title, either Doctor, General, or Captain at the very least. At ordinaries and other places of assemblage, this caused much confusion. If any one cried, "Doctor," or "General," a dozen answered. I once observed a teamster in the street of Galena crying for assistance to extricate his wagon from the slough in which it was engulfed, and a person soon came to his aid. This personage was dressed in a butcher's frock, and armed to the teeth, with rifle, dirk, pistols and broadsword. Such a ruffianly looking kill-cow, I never saw before but once. He laid his rifle aside, put his shoulder to the wheel, while the owner of the vehicle directed him with such exhortations, as "A little forward, General—a little backward, General—lift a leetle, General, if you please." On inquiry, I found the object of my attention was a bona fide Major-General of Militia, and had been a member of a western legislature. He went thus armed because he was at deadly feud with another person, and expected a meeting.

Most of the buildings at Galena were shops, taverns, or boarding houses. Of the latter there were some respectable, and others where the landlord threw their portions across the table to his guests, and where the guests wiped their knives on the dogs that ran about and under the table. I saw few cases of actual drunkenness at Galena, but a great quantity of whiskey was consumed, and the first salutation to a visiter was the offer of a dram.

All difficulties were settled by arbitration necessarily ; now the miners may enjoy the luxury of a lawsuit. There was less quarreling than might have been expected where the bonds of the law were loosened. Strife often occurred, indeed, but it seldom went to the length of shooting or stabbing. Biting, gouging and fisticuff were the worst enormities of which I was an eye witness, and I only saw the two former operations performed in one instance.

Altogether, though the tone of society was coarse, and most of the miners much given to "bullragging" or bullying, the Americans had a pride and sense of self-respect that made them tolerable, and savored of something sound at the core. Thus, though the lowest of them entered any house without knocking or doffing the hat, they were seldom, when sober, guilty of any downright incivility. A barefooted Irishman was addressed as "Sir," or "Stranger," and a tatterdemalion without coat or shirt was referred to as "that gentleman." They took fire immediately at a blunt address or any other want of courtesy, real or supposed. So great was their jealousy of their personal rights, that, in the Winnebago war, it was very difficult to drill them. I am convinced that this trait of character would have made them wholly useless on any emergency.

Such is the Lead Mine district, and such are its inhabitants. The sketch will not be complete without a brief notice of their neighbors, the Saques and Foxes and the Winnebagoes.

The Saques lived on the Fox river about a century since, where the Winnebagoes do now. They were in the habit of pillaging every trader who passed through their country, till the French governor of the Canadas sent a force to reduce them. They were beaten—almost exterminated at the *Butte des Morts*—but about a score of individuals escaped. The bones of the slain still cumber the field of battle. At the treaty before mentioned, the commissioners pointed them out to the notice of the Winnebagoes, as an example of the fate awaiting those who might resist the United States. The few remaining Saques fled to the Mississippi and incorporated themselves with their relatives the Foxes. Since that time they have multiplied prodigiously, and the united tribes can bring upwards of a thousand warriors into the field. They are the only tribe of the Algonquin stock who dwell east of the Mississippi, and, by a strange coincidence, the Winnebagoes, who till 1829 dwelt opposite them, are the only tribe of Dahcotah origin on the eastern side of the great river.

From a long inactivity the Saques and Foxes were taunted by their savage neighbors with cowardice, but unjustly, as will be seen. When the late war broke out, the governor of Missouri cut off the trade with them, for fear they should turn our own arms against us. This measure was equivalent to a declaration of war ; it deprived the united tribes of the means of existence. They obtained arms of the British traders, fought gallantly through the war, and proved, to our cost, that they were men. They took a gun-boat at the Rock river rapids, burned her to the water's edge, slew every man on board, and sent her consort back to St. Louis, riddled with bullets, to show the governor the wisdom of his policy. Not to dwell on their exploits, the Saques and Foxes and Winnebagoes did the United States more damage during the war than all the rest of the Indians, collectively. At the close

of the contest, the former obtained peace at the expense of a portion of their land, according to the laudable custom of our government in such cases.

The Saques and Foxes have made some slight progress in civilization since the war. They have a distinction of property and live partly by agriculture. Their fate is sealed; they possess a valuable territory, and must, therefore, soon move to Arkansas.

The Winnebagoes are from the borders of Mexico, whence they were driven by the Spaniards. They are a proud, fierce race, with much national spirit and independence of character. Revenge is most eminently a part of their code. In former times, when the power of the United States did not extend to them, they visited the frontiers with a heavy hand, and made it a rule, when one of their race was slain, to bury at least five whites around his grave. A great many of them were at Tippecanoe, where they distinguished themselves above all others. They lost upwards of sixty of their best and bravest there, and have not yet forgiven us. In case of a war with Great-Britain, they would assuredly be found in the British ranks, as indeed would every tribe that has ever had dealings with us.

They now live on the Fox river and the Mississippi, above the Wisconsin. At present the frontier is in no danger from them, for they know the strength of the United States, and their own weakness. But if an opportunity favorable to them should ever occur, they will remember the late treaty.

The lands described in this article are bounded by lines running thus. From the mouth of Rock river up that stream to the mouth of the Pokotanokee; up that river to the mouth of Sugar river; up Sugar river to the mouth of its extreme eastern branch; up that branch to the point where it is crossed by the track leading from the Blue Mound to the Portage of the Wisconsin; thence along that track through the Four Lakes to Duck creek; up Duck creek to its source; thence to Lake Apperquay, an expansion of the Fox river; up Fox river to the Portage; thence down the Wisconsin and the Mississippi back to the mouth of Rock river.

All this tract, containing nearly seven millions of acres, now belongs to the United States, excepting certain reservations. One of these, a small one, was retained by the Winnebagoes. It was also stipulated that each half-breed of that tribe should have six hundred and forty acres, to be designated by the United States in any part of the tract "not supposed to contain lead ore." The Winnebagoes were likewise to satisfy several large claims, some of them grossly overrated, made by individuals said to have suffered by them.

The Pottawottamies also set up a claim to the tract on the ground of original occupancy, and were bought off by an offer of a rent of half a cent an acre to be paid during their existence as a ration. The late decision of the Supreme Court, that no Indian tribe is a nation, has made this stipulation a nullity, whenever it shall please the executive so to construe it.

GILLENS.

OUR BIRDS.

A TALK IN THE WAY OF ORNITHOLOGY.

PART I.

A TRUE lover of Nature, (and I take you of course to be one, gentle reader!) needs no logic to shew him that the woods are pleasant and the fields interesting; so I shall take you at once by the hand, and carry you some odd miles out of the city, where we will hear such warbling, as, if you have music in your soul, shall put out of your head forever that symphony of old yclept "of the spheres." Possibly many of my readers are now wondering to hear me talk of the American birds being pre-eminent for song, because, forsooth, they have heard of a ridiculous notion, started by a few scribbling blockheads, who knew very little—and caught up and magnified by Buffon, who knew nothing at all—about the matter,—a notion, I say, that the birds of the new continent are vastly inferior, in singing, to those of the old; this is all—saving your manhoods,—arrant nonsense; the French philosopher had a theory of his own to maintain,—being in substance, that America was made but the other day, and, of course, that everything it contained must be poor, and weak, and diminutive, when compared with old mother Europe. He would have been glad to prove, if he could, that his own mountains were taller, and his rivers larger, and his lakes deeper than ours; but geography is not so easily managed.

You, gentle reader, know, I suppose, a great deal about the feathered creation. Very well;—do you know a bird that can neither walk nor swim? "What a question!" say you; "certainly not." "What a ninny!" say I; "you certainly do." Ten to one that he will flap his wings in your face, or whisk his tail in your ears before breakfast to-morrow; he builds his nest over your front door, or under the eaves of your house, or inside the chimney, and you need not go out of town for all this. Need I mention the SWALLOW, that lively, frolicsome little bird, who brings you the first welcome tidings of summer, and whose joyous twitter enlivens our very streets from morning to night?

The Swallow, I say, never was famous for practices ambulatory or natatory. His legs are short, slender, and none of the strongest, and his claws very hooked; when he alights upon the ground, and spies a particularly fat bug or so half a foot distant, for which he has made up his mandibles, he chooses to fly for it, rather than set one foot before the other; walking, therefore, he votes to be a decided bore; and not having the luck to be web-footed, who does not see that swimming too is entirely out of the question? though he has no objection to dipping his wings now and then as he skims over the water; so, good reader, if you have ever, in the course of your life, read any solemn rigmarole about the snug winter-quarters of these birds in the mud, and their general use of the diving bell about the end of the season, for heaven's sake, forget it all as soon as you can, for, upon the word of an honest man, a swallow is neither an eel nor an oyster, but only a swallow.

What would you give to fly like this little fellow? See him dart along the ground like a streak of lightning, threatening to pop into your face, and before you can dodge that jolterhead of yours out of

his way—presto!—he sweeps off at an angle, and the next instant is cutting capers over the chimney tops half a mile distant. Do you remember the calculation made to show how far a swallow did, or could, or ought to fly in ten years,—his natural life? namely, one mile in a minute for ten hours each day—sum total 2,190,000 miles! You laugh at this, as if it was an attempt to prove such a marvelously sounding thing as a bird's flying two million miles and more; but is not this as good as the story of the ten men, whose *united ages* make eight hundred years, which you see regularly every six months in the newspapers?

This sociable and innocent bird is no less endeared to us by his amiable manners and cheerful disposition, than by his undeviating fondness for the society of man. Go where you will in the country, among the woods, and they are not to be seen, but as soon as you approach a village or a farm-house, you catch sight of your friendly companions, darting over the tree-tops, or skimming across the meadows, while their joyous and exulting twitter seems expressive of honest and unbounded confidence in the friendship and hospitality of man. We all remember how sacred we held, when schoolboys, the life or nest of a swallow. The Indians had, and still retain, the same attachment to this bird; to this day, they invite the Swallow and Martin to their habitations, by hanging up gourd-shells on the trees, and in these the birds are allowed peaceably to nestle. The practice, therefore, of setting up houses for the Martin, Blue-bird, Wren, &c., is of American origin, and derived from the aborigines,—a fact somewhat remarkable.

Speaking of the Martin offers me an occasion of alluding to one of those mortalities, which, strange as it may seem, sweep Martins from the air, as well as men from the earth. Three or four years ago, the Martins throughout the country all died. What killed them nobody knew; they were found dead in their houses, and about in the fields; not an individual, apparently, escaped. Whether an epidemic like the plague or small-pox had seized them, or whether the flies and wasps and bees upon which they feed had grown poisonous, we never shall know. None appeared the following seasons, and the whole species was thought exterminated; but the present year they have made their appearance in considerable numbers, and the "temple-haunting martlet" has again taken up his residence in the church steeples.

It is surprising that, when we have so many fine native songsters, very few people keep in their cages anything beside that pert and noisy little foreigner, the Canary—a tasteless vociferator, who is solicitous only to stun you with the loudness of his squalling. How much more agreeable the notes of many birds, that people our own woods and gardens! To say nothing of the larger ones, second to none in the world for song, there are, of the smaller kind—the Linnet, with his sweet rolling warble—a bird superior even to his European namesake;—the Boblink, with his most musical medley of pleasant sounds;—the Scarlet Tanager, at once brilliant in plumage and gifted in song;—the Oriole, hardly less in either;—the Bay-winged Bunting, the Song and Field Sparrows, the Red-eyed and Warbling Flycatchers, and many others I might mention, that, for musical sweetness of note, surpass infinitely the so highly esteemed Canary bird.

But soft,—we now begin to snuff the fresh air of the country; we

have left the city behind us, with its clatter and dust, its "sin and sea-coal," and the tall trees yonder wave their leafy arms and nod their venerable heads in the distance, as if wooing us to come under their shadows. Ah, here are my favorites, the jolly BOBLINKS, gamboling about in the green meadow. Hark—what a sweet jingle the rogues are making! What a stream of mellow notes, high and low, soft and strong, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," they pour forth at random! If you had not known this bird from your boyhood, you would suppose that five hundred different species of the feathered tribe were tuning their throats together. He is the most gay, garrulous, and cheerful of all songsters. His store of fine notes is so copious that he rattles them out indiscriminately with a careless and rapid profusion, which exhibits every manner and variety of contrast. One tone follows another so quickly, that your ear can hardly separate them; yet, in spite of his carelessness, you must allow that his medley is most musical. Here he comes upon the wing, and he is in such a mighty hurry to tell us all he knows, that he cannot wait till he alights upon the apple-tree close by, but begins a most lusty chattering in the air. Now he alights upon the topmost bough, and sings away as if he meant to split his throat. Now he is off down among the grass; and here he is back once more upon the tree. Look, he has been after food for his young, and has a worm in his bill; yet for all that, he cannot keep his tongue still, but rattles away a song in most comical style, without losing his mouthful. Now he jumps into the air again, and comes fluttering over our heads; now he alights upon the rail a few yards off; mark his striking plumage, as motley as his song; look at him in front, and he is nothing but a jet black; he turns round, and shows you a coat of black, white, and gray, such as you never saw before. Look down there in the meadow, and you will see his wife, Mrs. Bob, in a plain suit of brown homespun; she is in a terrible taking, for fear you should discover her nest in the grass, where she has a brood of five young Bobbies, as deft and dapper as ever chipped a shell.

Now hark to that strange mewing noise among the bushes; you suppose it perhaps to be a stray kitten, but I shall please to call it the CAT-BIRD, who, not being particularly desirous of our company, considering that his nest might be laid under contribution, is not altogether disposed to favor us with his sweetest strains. But when out of danger and apprehension, you will hear him troll a sweet and cheerful song, relieved and diversified with imitations of almost every songster in the grove. I have heard Mocking birds, that are so highly and justly esteemed, many of which did not surpass the Cat-bird in singing, so admirably do some *individuals* of these last perform their parts; and yet you will find no written account of this bird, that says much in praise of his notes. No naturalist has hitherto done him anything like justice. The truth is, he is a mimic and vocalist of very extraordinary powers, and worthy of being classed by the side of the American Polyglot. It was a great mistake in Wilson to say that "his pipe is rather deficient in clearness and strength of tone."* He had certainly paid but little attention to the vocal exhibitions of this sprightly

* Sorry I am to say anything in dispraise of that very deserving and industrious naturalist, the author of the American Ornithology; but the circumstance alluded to above is nothing in comparison with the errors of a graver kind, which abound in every part of that splendid work.

songster, or it may be that the Cat-bird in the Southern states does not display the full extent of his musical powers. I am the more inclined to this opinion, from knowing many birds, which, in the country around Boston, are excellent singers,—yet are stated by Wilson to have no note at all! Three months' residence in Massachusetts would have corrected a great many of his errors, and added vastly to his stock of information.

There are few birds more common than the Cat-bird, or of more familiar manners, yet his great fondness for the first ripe cherries raises him up a host of enemies in the farmers, who choose to have the first pickings for themselves. The poor Cat-bird, therefore, is generally shot without mercy, whenever he intrudes into a garden, while the strange and unjust prejudice of the schoolboy shows him as little mercy in the humble thicket, where he builds his nest.

Equally well known with the Cat-bird is the **THRESHER**, who in truth very much resembles him in general powers of song. He sings with a louder and more emphatic tone, and his notes are full of sweetness, though his imitative talent is not so great, or not so widely exerted as that of the Cat-bird. He is rather more shy too, in his manners. As a songster, he is generally in much higher esteem than the former, and is, perhaps, next to the Mocking-bird in repute, as a cage inhabitant. It must be remarked that the Thresher is a very active, hardy and vigorous bird, and is not pleased with the confinement of a cage; at any rate, he prefers one of ample dimensions, where he can hop from perch to perch, and whisk about his long tail quite at his ease. But if you wish to see his familiar disposition, and liveliness, and sagacity in their full extent, take him when young, and rear him in a spacious room unconfined; then his playful temper, docility, and shrewdness are truly wonderful.

As to the **MOCKING-BIRD**, although a stray individual now and then wanders as far north as Boston, yet we can hardly call him a citizen of New-England; his manners and song are only known here from the tenants of our cages; it is in the woods only that he can be heard to sing in perfection.

Look now at that bright creature, darting like a flash of fire among the thick leaves! It is the **GOLDEN ORIOLE**. What a beauty! Can any sunset cloud surpass the dazzling brilliancy of his bright plumage? No bauble of gold and diamonds could ever be made to equal him. He is a songster too, and no mean one, though his note has little variety and is not long kept up; still there is a richness and mellowness in his gay warble, very pleasing to the ear; and moreover he is so familiar in associating with man, and seems so desirous to cultivate his acquaintance by nestling and singing at the windows of our houses,—if perchance we have an apple orchard there,—and even in the very streets of the city where he can find a tall elm swinging its drooping arms over the pavement,—that one cannot help loving him. He is, besides, of the starling tribe, with powers of voice that might be adapted to language. In fact, he actually talks even in a wild state, and there is one charming sociable fellow who comes under my window every day and calls out, as plainly as you would wish to have the words spoken—"Look here! Look here, doxy!"—a call which I have no doubt his doxy understands.

But the Oriole's nest is an object worth your curiosity,—a piece of architecture that shews very clearly how well acquainted he is with the fact, that a familiarity even with man has its dangers. The Oriole is no fool; he has no notion of raising a brood of young, and fattening them all nice and plump for your old cat to gobble up at a mouthful—not he; the little fellow has wit enough to fix his nest at the end, almost, of a drooping branch which hangs down with a perpendicularity enough to frighten a cat out of her nine lives. Here these ingenious architects contrive to hang their snug little bag of a house, completely out of harm's way, so that Grimalkin would not venture her whiskers within jumping distance of the same, for the daintiest morsel that ever made her mouth water. This nest is one of the neatest you ever saw, being wove together with strings, and matted up with tow and hair in a most workmanlike fashion. It is necessary for the Oriole to have good stout strings to begin the frame work of the nest with; nobody need be told, therefore, that bits of twine, packthread, yarn, &c. are in great request with them at the time of building; the good wives in the country keep a special eye upon their skeins of yarn and thread which chance to be out, bleaching at that time, because it happens that this sly bird has no scruple in appropriating to himself the goods and chattels of his neighbors when they appear in such a convenient shape. Not long since, one of these little pilferers came to my old lady's kitchen window, and made off with a piece of her wick-yarn, a dozen feet in length; one end of this was soon woven into the nest, and for several days this white yarn, swinging about in the breeze, was a great wonder in the eyes of all the birds in the neighborhood; the sparrow the wren, the flycatcher—every one that flitted by,—gave it a snap, causing her to leave her weaving, pop out, and scold till she had driven them off. It is to be remarked that this beautiful bird is rather touchy and pugnacious, and when out of temper utters a loud and rapid *chirr*, like the winding up of a clock.

Now I observe you staring upward and puzzling your wits to guess what great bird it is you see wheeling aloft over our heads. That, Sir, is the type, symbol, and adopted emblem of our nation, the BALD EAGLE, who, by the way, is *not* bald, any more than that stout and sturdy youth, the thriving republic, whose character he represents; only his head and neck are white; so is his tail; the rest of his body is brown. Under three or four years of age, though full grown in point of size, he has no white at all, and has been often taken, even by naturalists, for a different bird. It is lucky he should be here just now, for these birds are somewhat rare, as, by the way, most of the rapacious tribe are, in comparison with others; still the Bald Eagles are far more common with us than in Europe, where they are never seen except in the extreme northern regions, although an individual has been known in two different instances, to wander as far south as the centre of Europe. They are spread, however, completely over this continent, and on a day just like this,—bright, serene, and a little cool, with not a cloud to be seen in the clear vault above,—you may espy him hovering over the sea shore, or the banks of the river, or your own fish pond, he being one who prefers 'lenten entertainment,' notwithstanding he will occasionally clutch a fowl from your farm-yard, and has been known even to attempt to kidnap a young child! He has a strange and unconquerra-

ble antipathy, when tamed—and when wild, I suppose, just the same—to be seen at his dinner;—give him his meat, and he gets his back turned against you before he will begin eating;—walk round in front of him, and he turns round again;—place half a dozen persons in a ring round him, and what does he do, but, after hitching and fidgeting about and finding himself completely surrounded,—stretch out his wings, spread his tail, and bend over his neck till he has made himself a perfect screen, under which he may swallow his victuals, as if the vulgar business of eating were a thing which you must not suspect him of.

The Bald Eagle, as I have just remarked, loves to sail about at an immense height, when the air is cloudless and serene, breasting the pure, clear breath of heaven; with this cool and healthy portion of the atmosphere for his home, and, being abstemious in his diet, he is, of consequence, long lived, and no doubt his age reaches near a century. But we must have one more look at him ere he soars away. See, with what majesty he wheels round and round in the air, giving now and then a strong flap with his broad pinions, but for the most part *scaling* in a slow and solemn sweep with extended and motionless vans; how little labor does it cost him to sustain himself in the air! See again,—he begins to ascend, swinging round and round, higher and higher at every turn, you cannot tell how, for he appears to rise without effort; now he has reached a lofty height, the circle of his flight grows less; now he appears a small speck, and now no bigger than the tip end of the hair of a moscheto's eyebrow; now he is out of sight in the deep blue heaven.

The largest Eagle in the known world is the Washington Eagle of North-America, unless Mr. Audubon,—whose splendid engravings of American birds have lately been exhibited to the Boston public,—and who had the good luck to make the first actual discovery of this noble creature,—be greatly mistaken in his comparison of the Bird of Washington with the Great Sea Eagle of Europe, as some persons are pleased to insinuate, which notion, indeed, comes to us in such a plausible shape that we ourselves are somewhere between a hawk and a buzzard about the matter. Be this as it may, the eagle aforesaid, whether an *exclusive* inhabitant of America or not, is a true citizen of the country, and affords another refutation of the absurd doctrine of Buffon, that the birds of America are in general smaller than those of the same class in the old continent. In this, he comes no nearer the truth than in his remarks of the same character, respecting the powers of singing in the feathered tribes of the old and new world, to which we have before alluded. The truth indeed is, if any fair or satisfactory result can be obtained by the comparison of individuals from classes arranged according to such arbitrary distinctions as prevail in ornithology—the conclusion to be drawn is the very reverse of that adopted by Buffon, and it is the *American* birds that are superior in size. In going over Latham's Synopsis for this purpose, we have found the largest individual of each genus to be, in much the greater number of instances, an exclusive inhabitant of the western continent, and nothing but a settled resolution of twisting every fact into a conformity with his own preconceived theories could have led that great *majestati naturæ par ingens* into such monstrous hallucinations.

But let that pass ; we still admire Buffon as a poet, though we shall give no quarter to his philosophical perversities. Marmontel was right in assigning him a rank among those writers who deal in works of fancy, although the naturalist displayed no less astonishment than disdain at what he thought so preposterous an estimate of his powers ; just the antithesis of the poor Bourgeois gentilhomme, he was amazed to hear he had been talking *poetry* all his life.

We have remarked that eagles are scarce compared with other birds, and it is well they are so. What ravage and destruction would be the necessary consequence of their existing in numbers any way comparable to those of most others of the feathered creation ! An eagle's talons have a power equal to the claws of a tiger, to say nothing of his sharp, horny beak, and long wings, the last of which, be it known, would be found sufficient to break the legs of the sturdiest clown that ever kicked. We have seen some of these flying monsters seven feet in extent ; a six-footer is no chicken, as we are constrained to asseverate too from personal experience, having had the temerity upon a time, when we had shot him with ten leaden slugs and brought him to the ground, to set foot upon his talons, thereby receiving a clutch from the expiring animal which pierced through half an inch of special sole leather and put us within a hair's breadth of the lock-jaw. We know not if an army of lions would be more formidable than a flock of hungry eagles, sensible of their strength, and carrying on war in a body. But the eagle is a solitary bird, and although occasionally seen in company with one or more of his species about a waterfall, or the shallow margin of a lake, seems merely to be drawn to a common locality in pursuit of food, and not from any feeling which indicates a social disposition. This preference for a solitary life seems to have been aimed at by nature in the domestic economy of the eagle ; one egg only is laid in the eagle's nest ; he consorts with no equal in youth ; he ' has no brother and is like no brother ;' he is brought up as one who is all the world to himself ; consequently your eagle is neither a co-operative in peace, nor a commilitant in war, but toils unaided and undefended, and rushes to battle in the spirit of the Yankee soldier, ' fighting on his own hook.'

Turn your eyes now to the top of that tall tree, where you hear a song, which strikes you as altogether new to your ear ; you see something of a bright red among the dark green leaves ; that is the SCARLET Tanager, one of the most elegant and showy birds in the world, his whole plumage being of the most brilliant scarlet, save the wings and tail, which are of a jet black ; mark his song, which is a very fine one,* and which I can only liken somewhat to that of a robin, with a good deal more depth, fulness and compass, a little rancous withal. This bird is not numerous, and notwithstanding his striking appearance, is very little known by the common people ; nevertheless, an ear familiar with his song will trace him in the woods in almost any part of the country, and now and then an individual will stray into the orchard near your house, or alight upon the fence of your garden. In common language he is known by the name of the Red-bird.

* Wilson appears never to have heard the Tanager's real song.

Here comes another beauty,—the INDIGO-BIRD ; he is about the size of a Sparrow, and his whole plumage of a most brilliant and dazzling blue, varying, as the light falls upon it, into a deeper tint or a light green ; he is not only elegantly dressed, but a very respectable and vigorous songster ; his note is somewhat sharp and wiry, having some resemblance to that of the Song Sparrow ; he is a sprightly and cheerful bird, chanting the whole summer long at all hours ; even in the blazing meridian sun of the hottest day in summer, he will mount the tallest tree in the garden, or the forks of the lightning rod on the chimney, and sing away with great vivacity for half an hour together, remitting the force of his note from time to time, as if out of breath, and pouring forth new strains with redoubled ardor, as if not to be overcome by any degree of exertion. The Indigo-bird is far from being rare, yet, like the preceding, he is not widely known in the country.

You see that very lively and spirited creature, fluttering, pitching and tumbling about, spreading out his broad, white-edged tail, and uttering a loud, quick, and shrill twitter—who should it be but the KING-BIRD, that bold and dauntless little fellow, ready to fight any marauding intruder or blundering stroller that dares approach his nest ? No matter how big the unlucky feathered wight may be who ventures near his premises—no sooner does the King-bird espy him, than he darts upon the intruder with the most courageous eagerness, falls foul of him, gives him lunge and thrust with his sharp bill, right and left, front, flank and rear, sweeping from side to side, up and down, over and under, with such swiftness and dexterity, that hawks and eagles are no match for him, but are obliged to turn tail and leave him master of the field. Look now ! There is that great lubberly fellow, the Carrion Crow, got into a pretty scrape. He has had the foolhardy audacity to show his ugly face within a stone's throw of the King-bird's nest,—meaning no harm of course, as he pretends,—but all his excuses are not worth a straw to him, for in less time than half a flap of his clumsy wings, his watchful antagonist is darting at him with the speed of an arrow ;—and now for it ! there they go, at an immense height in the air ; the old Crow, frightened out of his wits, and squalling at a tremendous rate, the little King-bird pulling after him in full chase ; now they are clapperclawing ; the King-bird souses upon him and hits him a great dig behind ; the clumsy black booby shuffles and bounces about, and makes every kind of awkward manœuvre to get rid of the little tormentor, who, after enjoying the fun till he has chased him about a mile and a half, combing his feathers all the way, lets him off with a prodigious flea in his ear.

The King-bird, though totally destitute, in general appearance, of every thing like gaudiness of plumage, is yet a very handsome creature. His form has eminent grace and symmetry, and when his crest is raised, a beautiful diadem of bright flame color, contrasted with dark ash, adorns his head, and gives him a truly majestic appearance ; add to this his eye,—and what an eye !—dark, brilliant, full and clear, sparkling with life and beaming intelligence,—an eye indeed, which I have not language to describe.

TO AN INSECT.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,
 Wherever thou art hid,
 Thou testy little dogmatist,
 Thou pretty Katydid!
 Thou 'mindest me of gentle folks—
 Old gentle folks are they—
 Thou sayest an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid!
 I know it by the trill
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,
 So petulant and shrill.
 I think there is a knot of you
 Beneath the hollow tree—
 A knot of spinster Katydids—
 Do Katydids drink tea?

O tell me where did Katy live,
 And what did Katy do?
 And was she very fair and young,
 And yet so wicked too?
 Did Katy love a naughty man,
 Or kiss more cheeks than one?
 I warrant Katy did no more
 Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
 My fuss with little Jane
 And Ann, with whom I used to walk
 So often down the lane;
 And all that tore their locks of black,
 Or wet their eyes of blue—
 Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,
 What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
 That stood for ages still;
 The rock shall rend its mossy base,
 And thunder down the hill,
 Before the little Katydid
 Shall add one word, to tell
 The mystic story of the maid
 Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race!
 And when the latest one
 Shall fold in death her feeble wings,
 Beneath the autumn sun,
 Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
 And lift her drooping lid,
 And then the child of future years
 Shall hear what Katy did.

O. W. H.

MOUNT AUBURN.

————— Sonno
Che del futuro mi squarcio 'l velame.

"HERE shall we rest,—here find our last abode; this grove, now fresh and smiling with summer's cheerful verdure, and gay with the harmony of a thousand warblers, shall become the silent mansion of the dead." Thus said I, as I took my walk to the site of the new cemetery. "'T is well;—here, in the seclusion of these calm precincts, have I passed many a meditative hour; here have I held converse with Nature, and sought and found a kind companionship with her unsophisticated offspring; the lofty oak and the humble cedar of this favorite spot have been to me sweeter companions than men. 'T is well this lap of earth should prepare itself for my last slumbers. One of these deep glens or sunny banks shall sure receive me in its bosom; and the gentle breeze, which I so oft have wooed upon these hill-tops, shall sigh my requiem among the quivering leaves."

A lofty hill rises on the skirt of the wood, "whose hairy sides, grotesque and wild," are clad with tall trees and thick shrubbery, save toward the east, where a pathway leads to the summit,

Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no farther; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

I ascended this eminence, and threw myself in pensive mood at the foot of an ancient oak. It was a bright and serene afternoon, and a spot untrudged, except by the casual wanderer; a few white clouds were sailing with a motion scarce perceptible through the air; the winding stream of the Charles glided lazily at my feet without a ripple and without a sound. All nature disposed the mind to meditation; nothing broke the lone stillness of the scene, save the low and fitful whisper of the breeze among the foliage, or the plaintive cry of the Towhee from the dark recesses of the pines.

I know not why, but there is a feeling of contemplation approaching to sadness excited by the view of a distant landscape from a mountain top; it may be an error to call it by this name, inasmuch as the objects before the sight are in their nature adapted to create pleasant and soothing ideas; but after the first excited and cheerful sensation, caused by the sudden opening of the prospect upon the view has passed away, and the eye wanders over the green forest, the sunny fields, dark valleys, and blue mountains stretching to the far horizon in calm grandeur and repose, the mind is thrown into a pensiveness that is strongly tinged with melancholy; the thoughts harmonize with a dim, religious feeling, which nature, in her voiceless solitudes, seems in mute solemnity to express. So strangely, however, are we constituted, and so exquisitely tuned are the fine chords of our sensibilities, that even this pensive melancholy is a source of pleasure; the fountains of thought and feeling are stirred up, and the train of sensations, though running in a channel shadowed and sombre, yet leave upon the mind a soothing placidity. Nature may readily dispose us to a cheerful mood by her fresh groves and blooming lawns; but to me, far more

welcome and impressive are the emotions aroused by the contemplation of her "dim glens and liquid wildernesses."

My design, however, is not to relate how my thoughts became colored of this complexion in the present instance, for the hill which became my "mount of vision," offers likewise an imposing glimpse of the fair city whose wealth, and pleasures, and multitudes, might call up associations of quite a different cast; yet, with feelings already attuned to pensiveness, did I throw myself upon the earth, and pore upon the scene; in a reverie I gazed upon the green landscape beneath, sleeping in the calm sunshine at my feet, and fading away in the distance into the soft blue hills that skirted the horizon; I turned my eye to the east, where Boston, swelling up with her proud domes and glittering spires, marked her noble outline upon the clear sky; a feeling of awe came over me as I contemplated that majestic form, lifting its mass of stately architecture into the air with a commanding grandeur, as if demanding the gazer's homage to the great **QUEEN OF THE NORTH.**

"This," said I, "is the city of riches and splendor; there lie her fleets; there throng her thousands of merchants and tradesmen; there stand her palaces and her temples; there shine her halls and saloons, the abodes of wealth and the home of gaiety and fashion; there throng her countless swarms of busy citizens, those multitudes that roar and thunder like a mountain stream within her limits, but of whom scarce a faint murmur comes to my ear upon the passing breeze. Shall those lordly domes and ambitious roofs crumble to dust, and leave not a wreck behind? Is that gay and eager mass, now teeming with young life and enjoyment, and 'shining as if earth contained no tomb,' nought but such stuff as dreams are made of? are they no more than the poor tenants of a little life that's rounded with a sleep?"

"Yes,—those cloud-capped towers shall fall; those fair bosoms now burning with high hope, those bright eyes that beam with love, shall close in darkness. Man of wealth, thy princely mansion shall forget thy name! Maiden of the blooming cheek, tomorrow shall the ring sparkle and the hall resound, but none shall think of thee! The generation too that cometh, shall stay but for a time; the Queen of the North shall bow her head and fall, and no city shall be eternal but the City of the Dead."

Filled with these thoughts I sunk into a slumber; methought some thousands of years had passed; and as their cloudy wings unfolded before my eyes, I stood upon the ruins of the city; her lofty domes had fallen, her solid pillars were broken and buried in dust, the voice of man was silent among her broken arches, noisome weeds choked the pathway among her crumbling walls, the dull breeze sighed through the grass, the bat and the owl nestled in the gateways of her palaces; all was still, lonely, and desolate; the gay city had become a silent heap of moss-grown ruins. The gale of desolation swept over her crumbling hills.

While I uttered a sigh over this sad scene of destruction, I descried a venerable old man with white hair, leaning his feeble frame upon a staff, and poring over the shattered fragment of a column; he seemed a figure designed to personate the decay and ruin which spread around him; his thin locks shook in the breeze as I approached, and he turned

his dull eye upon me, while I demanded what fate had befallen the city which lay in a giant wreck under our feet. "I know nought about it," answered he; "but in times of old I have heard men say, that once a great city stood here." "And the people," said I, "what is remembered of them?" "Nothing at all," replied the old man.

"And is this then," said I, "the fate of that people and that generation, so proud, so mighty, and so glorious? Gone are their heroes, their statesmen, their philosophers, their orators, and their penmen; their memories have perished, and their very names are forgotten—

Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last."

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;" another long flight of ages swept by; I looked, and behold the hills had disappeared; the very foundations of the city were swallowed up, and nothing remained but a wide gulf of waters, choked with shoals of sand; the sea-birds were dashing the waves unmolested over the sunken ruins, and the solitary bittern screamed in the barren pools where the lofty walls once had stood. The green isles of her bay were swept into the deep; her grassy shores were flooded by the surf of the ocean; the white sand drifted in the sea-breeze over her flowery banks; the hills around had crumbled into naked barrenness; the rocks were blackening in the sickly sun; no sound broke the awful silence that reigned around, except the cry of the sea-fowl as he wheeled over the waters, or the hollow moan of the ocean driving his wasting waves against the land. I gazed in dismay at the desolation. "And where," thought I, "is man? Has he too sunk into destruction's mass? is all trace and remnant swept away, of the countless thousands who swarmed within this wide region?"

At length, after looking round the drear solitude for a long time, I discovered a swarthy savage in his canoe, fishing among the sand-banks; his looks were wild and ferocious, and his garb and mien seemed to display the last stages of expiring civilization. "Where is the city that stood here?" I asked. He turned upon me a stupid and vacant look, but said nothing. I repeated the question; he answered only by a few barbarous accents, which I found it impossible to understand; I endeavored to converse with him by action, and made signs; he seemed aroused for a moment from his torpor, and attempted an expression, but sunk immediately back into a dead apathy.

"Is this," thought I again, "the posterity of the man who founded the great empire of the West, and who spread civilization, and arts, and intellect, over half the globe? is all his fame and glory and genius dwindled to this poor wreck? Alas! what secret fatality has led mankind onward from the beginning of its career! The paths of glory and of empire lead but to oblivion!"

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;" another flight of ages passed. I looked once more, and the hills had arisen from their abysses; the isles lifted up their heads from the deep; a thick verdure overspread the shores; tangled forests clad hill and valley, and the whole land was one great green wilderness, quickened into luxuriant life by the bright sun, as on the first morning of creation. On the rim of the far blue ocean, I discovered a white speck; it drew nearer, and

I saw it was a sail; a ship came to the shore, and men landed; they felled the trees, and began to build dwellings.

I was about to utter an exclamation of surprise and wonder, when, on lifting up my eyes, a figure stood over me, which I instantly recognised as the Genius of the City. "Young man," he exclaimed in a solemn voice, "cease to mourn over the destiny of the human race; repine not at the decay of art or the fall of empire; for know that ruin is productive, and waste and dispersion do but engender life in new forms and energies. In the mighty system of the universe, not a step of the destroyer, Time, but is made subservient to some ulterior purpose of reproduction, and the circle of creation and destruction is eternal."

I had scarce made an attempt to reply, when the Genius disappeared; the whole scene vanished, and I suddenly awoke; the rays of the sinking sun were gilding the distant spires of the city, and I hastened homeward in deep thought upon the things of the vision, and the interpretation thereof.

THOUGHTS IN DEJECTION.

WHAT is a poet's love?—

To write a girl a sonnet,
To get a ring, or some such thing,
And fustianise upon it.

What is a poet's fame?—

Sad hints about his reason,
And sadder praise from garreteers,
To be returned in season.

What are a poet's dreams?—

Visions of scraggy misses,
With chalky necks and charcoal hair,
That stifle him with kisses.

Where go the poet's lines?—

Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!

Child of the ploughshare, smile;

Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle bed
Their brodered tissue weave not.

For him, the future holds

No civic wreath above him;
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,

Who workest wo on satin,
(The grass in black, the graves in green,
The epitaph in Latin;)

Trust not to them who say,

In stanzas, they adore thee;
O rather sleep in church-yard clay,
With maudlin cherubs o'er thee!

FROM THE MSS. OF A TRAVELER IN THE EAST.

NO. III.

A MODERN GREEK.

I WOULD have you mark this fellow Francesco well, for in him you will find the model of thousands of young Greeks of the present day ; and you will see the effect of circumstances on the character of the nation. Francesco was, in form and mind, a true Greek. He had the light, well made, active figure ; the dark yet clear complexion ; the regular, expressive, and animated features ; the keen and ever restless eye, that indicate active and enterprising minds, keen susceptibility, and strong, but short-lived passion.

He was born he knew not where ; and he first found himself a slave at Constantinople ; he grew up under the eye of a tyrant, whom he hated and feared, and who, (as Francesco said,) though free from the unnatural passion which is one of the besetting sins of the Asiatic Turks, treated him in every other respect as a dog and a slave.

The earliest efforts of his mind were to deceive and cheat his master ; hypocrisy and deception were his only weapons against brutal force. " So much," said he, " did I fawn upon my master, so cringing, so cowardly, and unresenting did I appear under the lash, that you would have said I had no soul, and could not feel like a man." He had no communion of soul with his kind, for the hand of every man was against him ; he saw that every one around him was perfectly unprincipled and selfish, and trying by force or fraud to overreach his neighbor ; he himself could do nothing by the strong hand, and he had, like all the weak, recourse to guile. He clad his face in smiles ; he put on a simple and benevolent look ; he cultivated his address, and flattered every one he met. With a continual eye to his own interest, he studied the characters of others, and tried to take advantage of their weaknesses ; he would lie and cheat for gain, and then he must lie and cheat to conceal his spoil from his master, who would have approved the villany, and stripped the villain. But Francesco watched his time ; he killed his tyrant ; he took as much of his gold as he could get at ; and, concealing himself in the hold of a vessel, escaped from Constantinople. He roved about some time, a pirate in the Archipelago ; and then found his way to Europe ; he wandered awhile in Italy, sometimes a trader, sometimes a spy, and sometimes, I fear, as a brigand. He was an Atheist, and unprincipled, though he still clung to the mummeries of his church ; he would take by the beard, and rob, a priest of his own religion, when out of his sacerdotal robes, yet would he never eat without crossing himself, or undertake a pillaging excursion without putting up a prayer to the Virgin, and vowing her a big wax taper, if he had success.

But Francesco had too uneasy, wandering a spirit, to let him remain in civilized Europe ; for he had not enough of the avarice of his countrymen to content himself with mere money-making. He wandered into Servia and Bosnia, and served among the *Armatoli*, who often lived by plundering the Turks their employers. In these countries, and in Russia, he found many of his countrymen, who were hatching

the plot of revolution ; he became initiated into the secret, and felt all his old hatred of the Turks revive ; as soon as the revolt in Greece broke out, Francesco flew to join the first of the rebels. And now behold him in his element,—the life and spirit of a band of wild mountain soldiers ; his wit and humor, his volubility and fund of anecdote, and his continual flow of spirits, made him the delight of his companions around the night fire. It was Francesco's cheerful voice that roused them at early dawn, it was Francesco who ever led the way through difficult or dangerous passes ; his never ceasing song cheered the weary march, and his light look and frolic eye were never darkened by fatigue. Methinks I see him now, with his thirty light-hearted companions in a row behind him, rapidly crossing a plain, or toiling over a mountain, all life and animation, taking up the chorus of his song, and making the mountains echo with their shouts. There can be nothing in real life more romantic or picturesque than the march of a band of wild Greek soldiers among the wilder scenery of their mountains. The classic ground, the glorious recollections, and the noble cause, threw a further charm on what in itself was really romantic. The animated movements of the soldiers, their beautiful and glittering dresses, each with his red cap and blue silk tassel,—his neck bare down to his bosom,—his long, jet-black ringlets reaching to his shoulders,—his gold-laced close jacket, with sleeves slashed and thrown back so as to leave the right arm and shoulder bare,—the white kilt bound in at the waist with a blue silk sash, covered by a belt, in which hung yatagan and gilded pistols,—his embroidered gaiters and sandaled feet,—the white, shaggy capote, hanging down from the left shoulder,—the long, light, bright-barreled gun in his right hand,—behold, the Greek soldier, with all his baggage, equipped for a campaign. Methinks I am again with them, bounding forward to avoid or surprise a foe, with no music but the song of Francesco, no baggage but what each of us carried on his shoulder ; the little blue banner with the white cross was streaming over my head—the soil of Greece was beneath my feet, the sons of Greeks were my companions, the liberty of Greece was in perspective, and, with the enthusiasm of youth, I said I was the happiest of mortals.

But I forget, I ought to be describing Francesco, and not my own past wanderings ; he was always first on the march, when the path was difficult to be found, or a dangerous defile to be passed ; his reputation for courage sealed and confirmed by his many scars, made him as much respected by his companions, as his merry mood and liberal dashing way, made him beloved. But he was not first in good deeds alone ; was a village to be put under contribution for provisions, or sheep to be obtained *volens volens* from the shepherd, he always did the business ; he would plead like a lawyer, and coax like a woman, and when that failed, out flew his yatagan, and he would head the soldiers in their too frequent attacks on the peasantry.

A fine man, indeed, you have got for an attendant, says the reader, —a murderer, robber, and brigand ! True, indeed, Francesco was all this, in the letter of the law, and yet methinks, gentle reader, you, and I, and most men, would have followed the same course, had we been urged by the same circumstances ; but be this as it may, Francesco had his redeeming qualities, for he was brave, and generous, and

warm-hearted; and he loved his country with a zeal equaled only by his deadly hatred of the Turks; he would plunder without much straining his conscience; still he was not a thief. I have known him come out as true as steel, from situations that severely tried his courage and attachment, and come out too, unsullied, from yet more dangerous ones, which put his honor and honesty to the test. I knew him long and well, and hardly know the man to whom I should more freely trust my life and property.

'T is true, that Francesco's attachment to me was founded in gratitude, for I had the happy good fortune to be the means of saving his life. I was by chance at Calamata, after escaping from Navarino, when a sudden invasion of the Turks forced every one to fly who could fly. I never shall forget the dreadful scene of confusion and distress, or my feelings, as I galloped through the town, accompanied by Ernest, a gallant young Swiss, for we passed many poor beings, old or sick, who were unable to fly on foot, and who stretched out their hands, praying for God's sake that we would save them; but selfishness and the pressing danger made us turn a deaf ear, and think only of saving our own lives. We had left the town and were hurrying across the plain, which was covered with fugitives, when I beheld a wounded soldier sitting at the foot of an olive tree, pale, exhausted, and almost fainting, but still grasping his long gun as if he meant to have a last shot at the expected foe; it was Francesco, who had been dreadfully wounded a few days before, and had staggered thus far from the temporary hospital at Calamata, on hearing the alarm. The poor fellow cast a supplicating look at us as we passed, but said not a word. That look cut me to the soul; had he presented his gun and demanded my horse, it would not have so moved me; I could not but turn my head after we passed him, and seeing him still looking after us, as I thought reproachfully, I pulled up my horse, and on calculating the distance, found I had time to gain the mountains; of course I turned back, mounted the poor fellow on my beast, and thus easily reaped the rich reward of his gratitude.

April 27. It was a delightful dawn which awoke me this morning. Francesco was already stirring, he had built a little fire on the ground with sticks, and was heating the water for coffee; as soon as he saw my eyes were open, he took my long pipe, and, filling the bowl with tobacco, he placed a coal upon it, and then pulling out the amber mouth piece so as not to touch it with his lips, he drew a few whiffs, waving the end in the air, so as the better to light it, then replacing the amber, he presented it to me, bending his body at the same time, gracefully laying his right hand on his breast, and saying, "*καλὸς ἐξείνευς αφενε!*" which cannot well be rendered in so many words, but which means, "May you have happily awakened, master." The Greeks have a thousand such compliments, many of which cannot be used with propriety but at certain times of the day, or certain seasons of the year; thus, during Easter, a Greek, instead of saluting you with "Good morning," as is usual at other times in passing, says, *χριστος ἀνέσκει!* "Christ has risen;" and the stranger would be puzzled before he got the simple and invariable response, *ἀληθινὸς ἀνέσκει!* "Truly he has risen." You never enter a house, but the host says, a dozen times, *καλὸς ὁρᾶστε,*—"You are welcome;" and what is

more singular, he repeats the same when you go out. A barber never shaves you without saying, as he takes the towel from under your chin, "*to your health, Sir*;" it is the same when you bathe, when you drink at table, and when you sneeze; the tailor always wishes a new garment may be to your good health; nay, the shopkeeper never sells you a yard of cloth without saying, as he tears it off, *μή νύξια*.

I hate their Eastern way of giving titles; now *Αφέντς*, or Effendi, means master, or lord; and as I took the pipe from Francesco, I said to him,—“How many times have I requested you not to call me Effendi?” “Just so many times, *Effendi*, as I have replied that I chose to call you so,” said he, half vexed that I should attempt to control him. I puffed out a volume of smoke, under cover of which to rally my ideas, while Francesco turned to his little fire of sticks, and sitting down on his heels, he began to fan the fire with the front part of his kilt, eyeing me at the same time with a half triumphant look. The moment his little pot which held about three gills, had boiled, he poured into it about a gill of finely powdered coffee, added the sugar, and letting it boil up once, gave it a shake, and then poured me out about three thimbles full of nectar, worth a whole pail of the slops we call coffee at home. This, with a teaspoon full of sweetmeats, washed down with a tumbler of cold water, is all the Greeks take for breakfast. So after I had smoked my long pipe, and Francesco had finished his short one, (for dignity in the East is measured by the length of the pipe, and I have seen them twelve feet long,) I say, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, he said, “Shall we be off, Sir?” The form was that of a question, but the tone almost a command; at least, it seemed to say, “It’s high time you were up.” I took the hint, and, springing on my feet, had only to tighten my sash and pistol belt, and I was ready for the journey. Our little baggage was soon slung across the back of a *wee-bit* jackass; I got astride a huge wooden saddle, placed on the back of a mule, set my heels in the loops of a rope which had been prepared for stirrups, and for want of a better bridle, took hold of the middle of a stout cord, one end of which was tied round the beast’s nose; the other dangling down from my hand, was my only substitute for whip and spurs; and a sorry substitute it is too, for you may whack away as hard as you choose, the beast will stop every minute or two to pluck a mouthful of grass from the roadside in spite of your teeth; unless, indeed, the muleteer is by with his stick, to punch him into a quick walk; and that is all you can ever get out of him.

We got under way just as the bright sun, (oh! how bright and glorious does he break through the clear sky in that eastern clime!) was mounting up behind the hills, Francesco was already far ahead and singing away, *Ζήτω ἡ ελευθερία*,—I was urging on my mule, and the muleteer driving the little jackass ahead of him, brought up the rear. I was anxious to overtake Francesco, and either join in the chorus of his song, or engage him to relate some of his wild adventures, and had got my mule along some way in advance of the muleteer, when the beast leering his head around, and not seeing his master near, relapsed into a slow walk, interrupted every moment by reaching aside to nibble grass. I whacked away in vain, I kicked, and called it as many bad names, as did the Abbess of Andouillet, but the

wretch heeded me not a whit; "I'll serve thee a trick," said I, "will make thee hop again;"—so pulling out a knife, in which was a blunt gimblet, I began cruelly to bore him behind the saddle; but I got my reward; for my beast replied to my cruelty, more sensibly than did Balaam's ass, by kicking up behind most preposterously. I clung to the saddle with both hands for a moment, hoping the storm would be over; but he kicked away, and raised his hinder parts every time higher into the air, till, his back coming into a line perpendicular to the earth, I obeyed the laws of gravitation, and the mule assisting them by a violent kick, sent me sprawling to the ground. Francesco ran back in alarm, but finding me unhurt, went off laughing most heartily to catch the mule, while the muleteer coming up, inquired most anxiously whether the mule had suffered any, without thinking to ask if I had broken a leg or a rib.

But I got all to-rights again, and slyly pocketing my instrument, without saying a word to the muleteer, he really thought that some devil had possessed his beast, and promised to hang an amulet about his neck at the very next convent.

We soon came to the foot of a ridge of precipitous and rocky mountains, which rises almost like a wall from the plain, and which separated the dominions of Corinth from those of the Argolide; a narrow chasm in the ridge, which we had not before perceived, now opened before us, and entering its jaws, we found ourselves between two rocky precipices, which rose to an immense height on each side, gradually narrowing, until there was hardly room for a road. After clambering up a narrow foot path, we emerged from the glen, and came to the open plain on the other side of the ridge.

And here let me remark that the division of ancient Greece into so many different states was originally the result of the physical face of the country. There is nothing like our hills there, and no gradual rise of the country into mountains; but you find extensive and perfectly smooth plains a few feet above the level of the sea, from the surface of which spring up steep rocky hills, which either run in chains, as near Argos, or rise in isolated and craggy masses, as the Acropolis of Corinth, of Athens, and others. Greece is intersected in every direction by ranges of low rocky mountains, the passage of which is extremely difficult; and the space of country between them is low, level, and generally covered by a deep rich soil, washed down from the mountains, which are left quite naked and barren at the rocky summit. Each space of country between these ridges seemed marked out by nature for the possession of a distinct people; the first thing to be sought for was a place of strength to which they could retire when assailed by their neighbors, which term, in the early periods of society, seems tantamount to that of enemy. The vast rocks which rise so perpendicularly from the plain, served for this purpose; thus we find the Acropolis of Athens to have been converted into a place of strength and defence, merely by adding, to its natural strength, walls at the top of the less perpendicular parts. It was the same with Corinth, with Argos, with Mycenæ, with Pylus, &c. &c.; and we find these places have served as fortresses through all succeeding ages. Into these fortresses the inhabitants either drove all their cattle, and themselves retired every night, and issued again at day-light to resume

their labors on the plain ; or, as the nation became more powerful, and less in fear of its neighbors, the people who cultivated the plain retired to the fortress only on great emergencies, as an invasion ; but those who grew rich, or those who lived on traffic, resided permanently in the strong places, acquired or assumed there certain rights, superior to those of the inhabitants of the plain ; and in some cases, the latter had almost no political rights whatever ; one *citizen* outweighed an hundred *subjects*.

The congregation of a great number of men in a small space seems necessary to their advancement in civilization ; but it is accompanied by many disadvantages, and this among others, that they usurp political rights over those without the walls. This was particularly the case in Greece, and is so still to a considerable extent, in many countries, as in Switzerland, where one city returns as many members to the council as the rest of the canton, though the latter be five times its superior in point of population and wealth.

When we read the number of the Greek states, and contemplate their power and resources, and then look at Greece on the map, we are astonished that they occupy so small a space. Greece was the mightiest power then in the world, yet her territory proper, was not so large as the state of New-York. Egina was a considerable maritime power, yet I have sailed around it in a day ; Argos was a mighty state, yet I have often completely traversed its territories in a single hunting expedition. The difficulties of mutual intercourse, and the want of roads over the mountains which separate the different states, contributed much to the continuation of that jealousy and enmity with which the inhabitants of each regarded the others. The king of Corinth looked upon him of Pylus, as a far-off enemy. The government of Athens could communicate with that of Lacedæmon, but with difficulty and uncertainty. But had Greece been M'Adamised, the king of Corinth might have breakfasted with his brother at Argos ; lunched with Agamemnon at Mycenæ, dined at Sparta, and lodged with old Nestor at Pylus. Nay, more ; could we imagine improvement in future, equal to that which has taken place in the past, we should see railways or balloon coaches established over Greece ; and old Demosthenes, instead of spending months in anxious negotiations with his allies, and waiting weeks for an answer from Lacedæmon—I say we should see Demosthenes at six in the morning with his portmanteau in his hand, hurrying off for the steam coach office ; he would leave Athens in a whizz, fly through the Megride, be at Corinth in a jiffy—he could do his business there, swallow a couple of eggs, and steam away through Mycenæ and Argos to Sparta, where he would discuss an alliance over a bowl of turtle, instead of black broth. Then he would get up steam, and be off for Messenia ; run up to Olympia ; be shot across the streights of Nanpactus in a big bomb shell ; [I am sure we shall hear of some such contrivance, at least for mail bags ;] he could contract for a favorable response with the priests at Delphi, to be paid from the contingent fund ; he would hurry through Bœotia ; and after having seen all the most powerful monarchs of the world, and made the complete circuit of Greece, he could sit down again the next morning with Mrs. Demosthenes at Athens, and relate to her his travels over tea and toast, which had been planted, reaped, grown, baked, toasted and buttered by steam.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

To a person that arrives in the city of Charleston on a moonlight evening of March or April, it seems that he has never seen or imagined so delicious a place. He will walk delighted through spacious streets, lined with the *Pride of India*; he will see the multiflora rose, with its clusters of a hundred flowers, clasping pillars and balconies; and he will breathe an air, perfumed with the blossoms of the orange and jessamine. He will see the dark green laurel shoot up its pyramidal form, covered with large glossy leaves, and studded with huge flowers of a delicate white;—and he cannot fail to admire the slender palmetto, shaped like an enormous umbrella, with a straight shaft of sixty feet, and a cluster of hanging leaves at the top. The stranger will see in Charleston not only colonnades, piazzas, and domes, with other parts of good architecture, but he will find many trees and gardens, without which the best edifices lose half their proper effect; over all, he will see, without a telescope, more beauties in the moon, than he could ever discover through a tube, in the latitude of forty-two degrees. Charleston, like Melrose, is seen to the best advantage only by the “pale moonlight.” It will, however, well compensate one for the loss of alumber, to see the sun rise from the ocean, dispersing the fogs, illuminating the higher vapors, and “trailing clouds of glory.”

In the morning let the traveler go to the market-house, to see the productions of the South. He will find few portly butchers with red faces and white frocks, and of personal dimensions that speak well for their merchandize; and he will not, as he walks down the market, pass through regions of different provisions, as he would of plants, in ascending from Vera Cruz to Xalapa; for the beef is not kept apart from the mutton, nor the pork from both, nor the vegetables from all, as in our own Temple of Plenty, (if not of Concord,) called Quincy Hall. The priests, that slay the victims for these altars, in Charleston, are mostly of African descent, in whom the white apron and the glossy skin of the wearer mutually set off each other, like ebony inlaid with ivory. There is no lack of supplies to furnish forth a feast, and the array of fruits is tempting. The fruits as well as poultry, (which is manacled in pairs) are sold by negro and mulatto females, whose gay turbans of Madras, and whose manner of sitting beside their merchandize, has a very Turkish appearance. There are oranges, the growth of Carolina, and the earth produces few larger or better; there are clusters of bananas, weighing twenty pounds; there are cocoa-nuts, figs, peaches, melons of vast dimensions, cones of lemons, and pyramids of yams.

In the vicinity of the market are hundreds of large, sable, bald-headed birds, bearing the respectable compound name of Turkey-Buzzards, and enjoying an exterior particularly grave and solemn. I noted one with a close resemblance to Judge Barleycorn. The buzzard was reconnoitering, from the ridge pole, a shin bone, which he often turned his head to look at alternately with each eye, as I have often seen his Honor turn first one ear and then the other, to the words of the counsel. Nature, however, had furnished him with ears upon a bountiful scale. The buzzards are protected by law, and, in requital, make

themselves useful in the capacity of scavengers. Nothing escapes them; they scent their food afar off; and, to say truth, they may be found themselves at some distance in a similar manner. I had once killed an old alligator, nine feet in length, and had him flayed upon the spot. When the skin was taken off, there was no bird in sight but a garrulous mocking-bird upon a cypress stump; yet we had not left the ground before there were seventy buzzards, rank and file, pressing to the banquet; and in an hour there was, on the bank, the cleanest skeleton of an alligator that you would see in riding fifty miles, even in Alabama, where the fences are made of them. The gait of the buzzard is like the short hop of the bull-frog, and reminded me of a dancing school I once attended in Vermont.

In Charleston, the stranger will not fail to remark, that he is in a country, where the negro, if not at home, is yet so much better fed, clothed, and conditioned than in New-York, that he seems to be well at ease, and comfortable, if not rising in the world. The stranger may not indeed praise the principle upon which the negro renders his labor, but he must admit, that the evils of slavery are softened by humane treatment. He will remember, too, that the evil is like the gout, one of inheritance, and that there is now no remedy.

Among the people of Charleston are found many of almost every European nation, and the French society is very respectable. There are here, too, as there were in Italy, frequent swarms from the "northern hive." These are called Yankees, and if they do not often rise to the highest dignities of the State, they receive, in the professions and otherwise, an equivalent for any denied political honors. This race of men is so well known to you, that I will spare you the description, and perhaps I could not describe them acceptably without a little flattery. They bear, as all New-England does, the impress of Franklin. The philosopher of thrift has done much to stamp upon his countrymen the principles of his own frugality, and where the seeds of his philosophy have fallen upon flinty ground, they have made the miser more avaricious, and the churl more niggardly.

The Carolinian is widely different from the Yankee, but I know not that he is better. If he have not our faults, he may not be the possessor of all our virtues. I did not remain in his country long enough to see many of his faults; and, to be just, he has very few that appear in his conduct to his friends, though he is held to be rather intractable to his enemies. He has, in his carriage and feelings, something of the Don; yet he is republican, and would not exact from another what he would be unwilling to render in return. Be generous and confiding, and he will out-do you in generosity and confidence; be passionate and pugnacious, and he would have the less estimable victory there. He is not apt to give offence, for he is courteous, nor will he receive a provocation, without stronger remonstrance than men are accustomed to make in New-England. He will peril life for a word, but will fight no longer for principle than the northern race that I have mentioned. His faults are those of his institutions, his virtues are his own, and they have my undivided admiration. In the city he lives like a modern and a gentleman, among his peers; in the country, he lives like a gentleman, too, but after the manner of a patriarch of old. He is entrusted with everything relating to the happiness and welfare of hun-

dreds of his fellow men, who are not indeed convicts, but are yet "guilty of a skin not colored like his own." In administering justice he is prompt; for he unites in his own person the powers of judge, jury, attorney-general, and sheriff; generally speaking, however, he abuses no trust reposed in him by any of these incompatible relations. He has grown up among his slaves; many of them have that tenacious hold upon his heart that comes from early companionship as playmates, and some of them are his foster-brothers.

"We twa hae paidlet in the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine."

I have never seen elsewhere, and I fear I never shall, such an outgushing of affection as I have seen on the arrival of "young master" or mistress. I have even had a share of it myself in my relation of cousin to the young heir apparent. A hundred sable arms were extended to hug him, and he was patted, petted, and thrice blessed. This is a feeling that you can hardly conceive in New-England, for it cannot subsist between a man and his cattle; but in Carolina it raised my estimation of the master and sympathy for the slave. The slave has nearly all the African good qualities, and his faults may be attributed to his circumstances, and the institutions that have "reduced his soul to his condition." The worst of his traits are deceit and cunning; but his is a life of unremitted and unrequited toil, and it is a natural impulse to avoid his task by deceiving his overseer. But he is kind and cheerful and he is never better pleased than when he can contribute to the pleasure of a white man. In riding, I have often known boys of fifteen and upwards run by my side for miles to open the gates, and the happiness of any negro is complete when he is permitted "to take his pleasure," that is, when hunting or fishing with his master or a white. The old women who are left in charge of the huts will offer yams and ground-nuts with as much pleasure as it gives a hungry traveler to receive them.

It is on his plantation that the planter is the best known. He is there independent of all modes and circumstances, "as free as Nature first made man," and more powerful than it is safe for men to be,—having little restraint upon his will but that of his prudence or his sense of justice. In New-England and other "foreign parts," he may sometimes have an air of constraint, for he is

"Lofty and sour to those that love him not,
But to all such as seek him sweet as summer."

Yet in his own cotton-field he is himself, and what you see of him there you may consider (as we say) genuine. If you are his guest, he tells you that his plantation is your own, and while you remain it is such, in all things but the title deeds. You cannot stay too long, or take too much of the choice old wines, or curse the tariff too roundly. On this subject he can swear too, "with good emphasis," and as he believes, "with good discretion." I am myself no friend to the provisions of that celebrated paper, and I deprecate the dissensions that it causes to rage; but I cannot, while I wish a modification, consider it the sole occasion of the present depression of property in South Carolina. Were it now repealed, perhaps the Carolinians would be surprised that all things would not ensue to their own advantage. The

planter is impoverished, and he feels it deeply, for poverty is to none so irksome, as to the proud and generous, or to those who have once been rich. He sees in New-England neat villages, flourishing farms, and a gainful employment of machinery; he contrasts these with the state of his own district, and is willing to attribute the difference to the tariff, as Andrew Fairservice referred all moral and political evil to the "sad and sorrowful union." A year's residence in a New-England village would give him, on these points, some useful intelligence. He would then see that every one toils; the sons plough, the daughters spin, and few are idle but those who are contented to be poor. The system of economy is as rigid as that of toil; and few of these sons of frugality will lightly part with what was slowly and hardly won; whereas the Carolinians, (I speak it not unkindly, for I love them, and, alas! I imitate them,) open their purses as wide as their hearts, and reverse the more economical practice of spending a shilling out of a dollar; for they often contrive to take the greater quantity from the less.

There are not, in Carolina, many corporations,—those profitable associations, where capital may be safely invested to increase without the care of the holder. In New-England a man may put a hundred dollars in a bridge, a turnpike, a rail-road, a bank, an insurance company, or a mill-dam, and thus blend his private advantage with the public good. Thus interest becomes a powerful ally to patriotism, for a man never pursues so zealously the good of the public, as when at the same time he follows that of the individual. It would be a lesson for a Carolinian to be present at a council at a farmer's fireside, on the profitable investment of twenty dollars. To spend a sum so enormous is seldom within the verge of thought, and where to place it is slowly and safely decided. The planter is not aware, that the greater number of proprietors who dress New-England like a garden, whose farms he admires, and whose lot he almost envies, do not possess more than two or three thousand dollars, the product of a life of toil, and close economy, and hardly what even a small planter scatters in a year, or at most in two years.

"But what is this new" doctrine, "that the world makes such a rout about?" It is well worth the care of every citizen, to endeavor to allay, in his own circle, the rancor that is corroding the vitals of the republic. There are no relations in private life, in which the parties are not required to make mutual concessions. Even in families, there could be no peace without them. If a spirit of conciliation, of compromise, and of mutual concession, be so indispensable in private life, who is there that will not admit the necessity of it in public relations? Shall there be no compromise of interests or feelings to preserve the Union? Is it even certain that there may not be reasonable grounds for the tenets of both parties, when several of the best and most intelligent men of the country, have, in turn, conscientiously held the doctrines of each party?

The people of Carolina are not lightly to be accused of want of patriotism or devotion to the common country. They are now in a state of great excitement; and their spirit is wounded and roused; but the true spirit of Carolina is to be found in the scenes of the revo-

lution, where she poured out her best blood, as a thing of no value, compared with freedom and independence.

This is no place for politics, and I therefore repress my opinions. But be the present position of Carolina right or wrong—it is not always asserted in the proper spirit, nor has it been resisted in a better manner. All parties are exasperated, and, of course, are more disposed to extremes. But in Carolina the state of society affords great facilities, by which political excitements may be raised and extended. The people are themselves ardent and easily excited. They are, to a great degree, social and convivial, and in the whole state few gentlemen of standing are unknown to each other, while, in New-England, many are unacquainted in the same city. A common visiting distance for dinner is twenty miles; and, at the races, all Carolina comes up to Charleston, as the tribes of Greece met at Olympia, while her citizens form closer fellowships in New-England, the West, or Europe in their periodical migrations. Thus it may happen that a man of convivial qualities, a person of high standing as an honorable man, such for instance as Governor Hamilton, may acquire an influence and a popularity that may not be had by a cooler and better statesman, who is personally less favorably known to his constituents.

You have restricted me in space, and I have limited myself in time. My sketches may be inaccurate, for I was in Carolina but two months during the last winter. In another number I may send you something concerning Virginia, for I lived in the Old Dominion three years.

G. M.

SHAKSPEARE'S MULBERRY.

[In a garden belonging to the White Lion Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon, is a mulberry tree, raised from a shoot of the celebrated one planted by Shakspeare. The following lines were suggested by visiting the spot.]

"T is sweet a deathless memory
With living things to bind;
With Nature's humblest turf or tree
Her mightiest Poet's mind.

The plant, beloved of that poor worm,
Whose little life is spent
In weaving from its tender form
Its precious monument,—

He loved, who other life resigned
To live in what he wrought;
In the rich web wrapt up and shrouded
Of his own matchless thought.

This tree, that from his own took birth,
Grows as that grew before;
His buried genius left on earth
No like nor successor.

F.

MONTHLY RECORD.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

A MEETING was held in New-York on the 9th of August, for the purpose of bringing Mr. Calhoun before the public, in a formal manner, as a candidate for the Presidency at the ensuing election. The resolutions state that those interested in the meeting were the early friends of General Jackson, who have been disappointed in his administration of the government. There are now, therefore, three candidates for the troublesome honors of the Presidency; and the contest, if not unparalleled, will, at least, never have been surpassed in violence.

The correspondence between the ex-ministers of the cabinet and the friends and supporters of the President is still kept up, and there are at present no indications of an early termination of the dispute, or of an oblivion of the angry feelings that have grown out of it.

The Vice-President has recently published his opinions respecting certain important topics, connected with the Union—the tariff, state-rights, nullification, &c. The sum of his opinions is embodied in the following paragraph; the arguments and illustrations, by which he supports these opinions form a document of great length, interesting to the statesman and politician. "The great and leading principle is, that the General Government emanated from the people of the several states, forming distinct political communities, and acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, and not from all of the people forming one aggregate political community; that the Constitution of the United States is, in fact, a compact, to which each state is a party, in the character already described; and that the several States or parties have a right to judge of its infractions, and in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not delegated, they have

the right, in the last resort, to use the language of the Virginia resolutions, '*to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.*' This right of interposition, thus solemnly asserted by the state of Virginia, be it called what it may, state-right, veto, nullification, or by any other name, I conceive to be the fundamental principle of our system, resting on facts historically as certain as our Revolution itself, and deductions, as simple and demonstrative, as that of any political or moral truth whatever; and I firmly believe that on its recognition depends the stability and safety of our political institutions."

MAINE.

Indian Old Town. On the banks of the Penobscot, twelve miles above Bangor, is a small Indian settlement, which has long been known by the name of Indian Old Town. A wooden church, a neat little edifice; four or five small houses, whose exterior presents a very decent appearance, but within full of savage filth; and about twenty miserable wigwams, covered with bark, whose whole furniture is a kettle, in which is prepared all their food, and some straw placed on the ground, which performs the double office of chairs by day and beds by night, compose this far-famed town. Here you can see the aged savage, whose strength has been expended in hunting the moose or chasing the deer, stretching his dying limbs upon the cold, wet ground, earnestly supplicating his priest to send him,

"In another life,
His dog, his bottle, and his wife."

Here you can see the young Indian, whose strong and athletic form might procure for him a decent subsistence, basking all the day in the sunshine,

without any covering, save the blue canopy of heaven; here you can see men, women and children, assembled in one promiscuous mass, passing the day in total idleness, without the least exertion, save occasionally they half arise to quaff the debasing liquor, or roll away their life in the intoxicating fumes of the pipe. Here they live, entirely destitute of employment, neglecting their land, which would abundantly supply them with the necessities of life, and studiously avoiding the cultivated field; they delight to pass their life in listlessness and inaction. Over their moral condition, humanity cannot but weep; no benevolent hand extends the kind consolations of Christian charity; no missionary of the gospel endeavors to enlighten their minds; no efforts of our numerous societies are directed to the melioration of their condition; none endeavor to elevate their character above that of their only friend—the dog.

Penobscot County. The whole of the real and personal estate in this county, as valued and determined at the last session of the Legislature, amounts to \$1,863,767. The wild land is valued at \$87,677.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

It is in contemplation to construct a Rail Road from Dover, or from the tide waters of the Piscataqua, to Alton, which lies at the extreme southerly limit of Lake Winnipiseogee; and to extend the communication towards the Northwest by a steam boat across the lake to Centre Harbor. It is calculated that there is now paid for transportation in the vicinity of the lake, from seventy to seventy-five thousand dollars.

MASSACHUSETTS.

An adjourned meeting of the *Bunker-Hill Monument Association* was held on the 26th of July, for the purpose of filling thirteen vacancies in the Board of Directors. After the appointment of a committee to designate persons to check the voting lists, the meeting adjourned to the first day of August, at Faneuil Hall. At this meeting, the committee advised that the number of directors should be increased from twenty-five to thirty; and that no part of the land belonging to the Association should be sold, nor any stones laid on the Monument, nor any contracts made for any operation thereon, unless the Association be first convened by advertisement giving at least twenty days notice thereof, in two or more newspapers printed in Boston, and a vote be passed authorizing the

measure proposed. These alterations having been made in the By-Laws, the Association proceeded to elect eighteen directors, and the following gentlemen were chosen with great unanimity, nearly six hundred votes having been cast, only five of which were for other persons;—William Prescott, John C. Warren, William Sullivan, Amos Lawrence, Nathan Hale, Robert G. Shaw, Francis J. Oliver, William H. Eliot, and Nathaniel Hammond, *of Boston*. Henry A. S. Dearborn, *of Roxbury*. Edward Everett, Ebenezer Breed, John Skinner, David Devens, Thomas J. Goodwin, John Harris, and James K. Frothingham, *of Charlestown*. Francis Peabody, *of Salem*.

Berkshire County. But a few years since, says a correspondent of a Salem paper, this was a famous dairying county; but the diminished price of butter and cheese, from the immense quantities produced in the Western States, and the greatly enhanced value of wool, have caused an almost entire change of herds for flocks. In many towns there are now more than twenty sheep for each inhabitant. In one little town of about 800 inhabitants only, there are more than 15,000 sheep, mostly of fine fleeces, affording an income to the town of 20 or 25,000 dollars. The neighboring towns consume most of the wool raised upon the Mountains,—as this region is very descriptively called. Lee has several paper mills; Lanesborough, Pittsfield, Adams and Lenox, and particularly West-Stockbridge, quarry immense quantities of white and gray marble; and make a great deal of lime for the Southern market. In Adams there is statuary marble of a good quality; and in Lenox, very profitable bog iron ore, which is made into various castings.

The writer might have added, that, for all the purposes of commercial or social intercourse, the county of Berkshire is as much a part of New-York, as if situated on the west side of the Hudson. This is principally owing to the difficulty and expense of transporting merchandise over the mountains, from the Eastern part of the state.

Williamsburgh, in Hampshire county, is described by the Northampton Courier, as a place where much business is carried on. With a population of about twelve hundred, it contains one woollen factory in operation, and another now erecting; it has an establishment for carding and spinning, and making machinery; three or four makers of

scythes and axes; a manufactory of wooden buttons, where nearly forty hands are constantly employed in turning and finishing button moulds; an establishment for making sand-paper; and lastly, an establishment for making *Leather Boxes*; this is not an unimportant branch of domestic industry, and requires no fostering hand of government to sustain it. These articles are made of maple, on turning machines, with almost the rapidity of thought, and five men manufacture between four and five hundred daily, producing annually about two thousand dollars.

Worcester County. The one hundredth anniversary of the organization of this county, is to be celebrated at Worcester on the first Tuesday in October next. A writer in the *Spy*, speaking of the celebration, says, "At that period, we find a population probably not exceeding 5 or 6000 inhabitants, scattered over an unsubdued wilderness, of 1500 square miles, planting their cabins by the sunny margins of our streams and sloping hill sides, depending for subsistence for their scanty herds of cattle upon the meadows and swamps, which are now the least valuable part of our territory, without suitable fences, bridges, or highways, no churches but the groves and the skies, with but few schools, and those unaccommodated with public buildings or suitable means of instruction, compelled oftentimes to traverse a forest of twenty or thirty miles to reach a mill, or to obtain relief in sickness or distress. Look now at the mighty change, the bright retrospect of the past, and see the fruits of industry directed by intelligence, and of enterprise pressed onwards by patriotism and love for posterity. Our county, with but one exception, is the youngest in the Commonwealth, and yet in numbers it is already the first in New-England, and it is believed, in the number of its useful institutions, it may safely challenge a comparison with any other county in the United States. We name it not in a spirit of boasting, but it is a fact, that results from the peculiar organization of our social state, that, in the county of Worcester, there are fifty-four incorporated towns, each forming a little republic, levying, collecting, and directing the expenditure by the votes of all the people, of nearly the whole of the public revenues, that are directly paid by the people, choosing their own rulers and framing their own by-laws. We already have more than one hundred and thirty organized parishes or reli-

gious societies, nearly all of which are accommodated with spacious edifices for the public homage of that Great Being, who has so liberally dispensed to these worshippers the bounties of his Providence. We have between four hundred and five hundred lesser corporations, called School Districts, in each of which, it is believed, there is a comfortable and convenient school-house, wherein all the children of this great community have not only a lawful right, but are urged, nay, in some instances, are *compelled* to assemble to receive the rudiments of education—to learn the first principles of republican citizens, and the duties of men, of patriots and of Christians."

RHODE-ISLAND.

Public Works in Narragansett Bay. An extensive plan for the defence of the waters of Narragansett Bay was projected, and carried on to some extent, under the last Administration of the General Government. The plan embraced the erection of a formidable battery at Fort Adams, on the southerly part of Rhode-Island, another at the Promontory of Canonicut Island, called the *Dumplings*, one at *Tiverton Heights* on the Main, and a Dyke across the West Bay, between Canonicut and the Narragansett shore. The estimated expense of these works, which when completed would render the bay inaccessible to a hostile fleet, was \$3,000,000. Of this amount about 780,000 dollars was assigned to Fort Adams, the only part of the plan which is now in actual execution. This work is situated on a point which projects in a northerly direction from the south-west point of Rhode-Island, called *Brenton's Neck*. Between this point and the Promontory of Canonicut Island is the main entrance from the ocean to Narragansett East Bay, and Newport Harbor. The principal battery encloses an area of twenty seven acres, and is intended to mount three hundred and sixty pieces of ordnance. The wall is of hammered granite, surrounded by a glacis, or sloped bank of earth, and is, in most places, already carried to its intended height. It is adapted to two tiers of guns, and it is believed that a continuous mass of granite building of equal extent is not to be found in America. The whole rear is to be fitted for quarters for the officers and soldiers, on a scale for the accommodation of 6000 troops. Under the direction of Col. Totten, everything is executed with the most perfect accuracy. The arches which support

the upper tier of cannon, as well as the walls of the subterraneous arches, and the branches which are sent out for the facility of dislodging an enemy by mining, are admirably constructed. The whole interior is calculated to confirm the idea of astonishing strength and durability, which the exterior cannot fail to inspire. Some idea of the formidable obstruction which this work will offer to an invading fleet may be gathered from the fact, that, at the north front, ninety-five guns, mounted in a wall absolutely impregnable, can be brought to bear at once upon a ship, during her passage along a line of view sufficiently extensive to allow of repeated discharges at different angles, and within range. The number of mechanics and laborers now employed at the fort is 350. The annual appropriation for the work is at present \$100,000.

CONNECTICUT.

Church Scholarship Society. The object of this Society is to assist meritorious young men, members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the attainment of a collegiate education, and, when the state of the funds may be thought to justify the measure, to assist candidates for holy orders in obtaining their Theological Education. The annual sermon was preached before this society at Hartford, on the 3d of August, by the Rev. Mr. Edson, of Lowell, Mass. The meeting was adjourned to the 4th, when the following officers were elected for the present year. *Standing Committee of the Board of Directors*—Rt. Rev. T. C. Brownell, President. Rev. N. S. Wheaton, Rev. Horatio Potter, James M. Goodwin, George Beach, George Sumner, Francis J. Huntington. *Corresponding Secretary*—Rev. N. S. Wheaton. *Recording Secretary*—Rev. Horatio Potter. *Treasurer*—James M. Goodwin. A report from the Directors was read by Mr. Wheaton. It is stated in this report that the interests of the church are suffering for want of clergymen, and that, were the present number doubled, they would all find employment in a year or two, and the annual addition of a hundred would not, for some years, be more than adequate to the necessity. The onward course of the church is slow, it does not keep pace with the increase of other denominations, and its increase is not even in proportion to what it has been in former years. Only 150 have been added to the clerical body within the last seven years; and only six with-

in the last year. The whole number of clergymen is now 534. It is proposed to remedy the deficiency by extending assistance to the indigent. "If we wait for young men to force their way through every obstacle to the portals of the priesthood," says the report "we shall wait long before the necessities of the church are provided for. Few sons of the rich devote themselves to the sacred profession. It presents no lure to avarice, no rewards to unholy ambition; and it is greatly to the advantage of the interests of pure religion in this country, that the church offers so few inducements of a worldly nature to enter into its service. The supply then must be sought in those classes of society, where habits of industry and self-denial are far more prevalent, where talents equally abound, and piety is, to say the least, not less frequent. The operations of the Society have commenced with the most encouraging prospects. Already more than \$8,500 have been subscribed in various ways, \$3,000 of which were obtained in a single parish. Most of the subscriptions being payable in annual instalments, but little more than \$3,000 have been received into the treasury; out of which sum, the expenses of the agent have been paid, and assistance afforded to eleven beneficiaries, students of Washington College, a part of whom are now members of the General Theological Seminary.

NEW-YORK.

City of New-York. The expenses of the city of New-York for the last year amounted to \$1,038,000. The city debt amounts to \$774,555. Among the items of expense we notice the following, viz; Almshouse, Bridewell and Penitentiary, \$125,000; cleansing of streets, \$25,976; coroners' inquests, \$2,568; expenses of lighting streets, \$49,381; officers for conveying prisoners to Bridewell, \$1,323; officers' services for executing the Sunday Laws, \$1,306; Public Schools, \$35,995; opening and widening streets, \$202,201; Fire Department, \$23,462; paving and repairing streets, \$10,975; City Watch, \$26,592; extra Police duty of marshals and watchmen, for preserving the peace during the night of December 31, 1830, \$1,194. The most singular article of expense is the following; "for refreshments for the Common Council and its Committees at the City Hall, \$1,490." Among the receipts into the City Treasury, for lottery office licenses, \$7,000; for taverns and excise licenses, \$30,830; for penalties for violation of the burial

and other city laws, \$5,610; from commutation for alien passengers, 14,901; for sales of manure, 19,053; amount received from taxes, 487,881. It appears by the report, that there are in the city of New-York 3088 persons licensed to sell spirits; 530 watchmen. In lighting the streets of New-York last year, there were 35,215 gallons of oil used, besides gas, the supply of which for 299 lamps cost \$1,387.

There are nearly forty Bookstores in the city of New-York, the publications of which, during the last year, amounted to from five to two hundred thousand dollars each, and the total amount expended in publishing was \$1,830,000.

An "Institute of Practical Education," having its origin in the late revivals of religion, was organized at Rochester, in May. Its students now exceed forty, collected from four denominations of Christians, all equally privileged. As an Institute of Practical Education it will receive all students, and aim to qualify them for the highest possible degree of usefulness in the practical duties of life; and whatever contributes to this end, either in moral, intellectual, or physical discipline, is to be made the matter of direct instruction. The founders cherish the hope of aiding the cause of popular education and of national liberty, by uniting the advantages of a cultivated mind and religious principle, with the feelings and habits of a working population. But the department of labor is subordinate to higher objects. Experience shows that most students can maintain ten hours of intense study with three hours of labor, better than if no labor were required; and that the punctuality and order connected with this department gives system to everything connected with it.

The *Mohawk and Hudson Rail-Road*, which was commenced about a year ago, is now finished and opened. It runs from Albany to Schenectady, a distance of about twelve miles and a half.

Manufactures of Troy. There has been rolled within the last year, *two thousand and twenty-eight tons of iron*, into plates, rods, &c. at the two extensive rolling mills in Troy; of which 1518 tons were made into spikes and nails. There are now 24 machines for cutting and heading nails at one revolution of the engine; next year there will be 54, and the iron rolled will amount to *three thousand tons*. There will probably be made next year at these great works 2000 tons of spikes and nails, including spikes for ship building

and rail-roads. This *intelligent spike machine* is the invention of Mr. Burden, who has now seven of these *wonder-working machines* in operation.

The operation of making rods for spikes may be compared to the firing of rockets. A large bar of iron, red hot, some three or four feet long, is put into the furrowed rollers, and is thrown from them with great velocity some feet; it is again returned through the engine and leaps upon the other side, and so alternately, until in a minute or two a rod of red hot iron, twenty-five or thirty feet long, is thrown with great velocity some feet; the rod is then of the proper size for spikes.

At one Bell-Foundry in this town, have been cast, within the last year, forty bells, of all sizes, from 3000 pounds to the smallest. The weight of the whole is 26,764 pounds.

NEW-JERSEY.

Camden and Amboy Rail-Road. Camden is a small village on the Delaware, opposite the City of Philadelphia, where the river is about one mile in breadth. South-Amboy is seated at the head of the Raritan Bay, sixty-one miles and ten chains from Camden, as measured by the course of the rail-road; and is about twenty-four miles from the city of New-York, (by water) making the whole distance from Camden to New-York rather less than eighty-six miles. The Charter for the Rail-Road from Camden to South-Amboy was granted by the Legislature of New Jersey, early in 1830. Surveys for the designation of the line of the road, were begun in June, 1830. By pursuing a course near the Delaware river, a favorable route has been discovered, in a very direct line, so that in many places there is not for miles any deviation from a straight line. The estimate of the engineer, for *grading* the whole extent of the road, sixty-one miles, ten chains, including bridges, &c. was \$235,935 39. Contracts for this purpose were soon after made, \$19,000 within this sum.

South-Amboy, where the road terminates at the eastern end, is one of the finest harbors in the United States, accessible at all seasons for the largest vessels from the sea and from New-York; so that the communication with Philadelphia and foreign countries by this route, will be uninterrupted. The contracts for leveling the track for the road are all completed; the laying of the rails on the Delaware, was to have been begun about the 20th of July; and they will be finished, so as to be used,

early in the present autumn—that is, from Bordentown to South-Amboy, to which places the steamboats on each side, at present run. The graduation of that part of the line from Bordentown to Camden, has been commenced, and temporary rails will be laid, until the walk is properly settled, to admit of the permanent rails. A single track only will be laid at first; this will allow of the transportation of materials for a second track, almost without cost. Locomotive engines are to be used. These may safely be estimated to move at the rate of 15 miles per hour; this will give four hours for the trip from Camden to Amboy, and allowing two hours to reach New-York from Amboy, gives six hours for the trip from Philadelphia to New-York. South-Amboy, possessing the advantages it does, for a port of entry and departure, during the winter months, and having added to it the facilities for transportation of the cargoes of merchant traders by the rail-road, must become an important point for the mercantile operations of Philadelphia, independently of the advantages of its nearer connexion with New-York. The tolls and freight for these cargoes must treble the profits now derived from this source and the passage of persons across the state of New-Jersey. The sum now received for light freight and the passage of persons, by the present conveyances, is estimated to exceed \$500,000. The completion of the whole of this great work, has been calculated as not likely to exceed \$1,200,000;—so that it is probable, when the road gets fully into operation, a greater amount will be annually returned to the stockholders than was paid in the first instance for the execution of the whole work.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Baltimore Chronicle of the Times, gives the following account of a visit to Mr. Duponceau's Silk Spinning establishment, at Philadelphia. This establishment is under the direction of Mr. D'Homergue. "It consists of a shed thirty-six feet long by twenty in breadth, running north and south, the eastern side entirely open, the western exposure but partially closed, having six large sashes usually let down, in order to permit the free circulation of air, so essential to the operations to be performed. The entire apparatus and machinery of the establishment, consist of ten furnaces built up in masonry, with grates for burning charcoal, and copper basins for heating the water in which the cocoons are placed, and made

to connect during the spinning operation, with the reels. These are constructed in the most simple manner. Each system of apparatus is attended by two females—the spinster, and a little girl who turns the reel. The spinster takes her situation next to the furnace; she is provided with a basin of cold water; into which she dips her fingers, after every immersion of them in the hot water in which the cocoons are placed. Her duty is to prepare the cocoons by wiping them for a short time in the hot water, and supplying the necessary number of threads to the reel. It is this part of the operation, which, although extremely simple in appearance, is attended with difficulties in practice, far greater than we had any idea of. We have satisfied ourselves by close examination, by inquiries from the females, who are now spinning for the second year, and by the full and precise explanations which were given to us by Mr. D'Homergue himself, that the art of spinning silk of a *uniformly good quality*, is a far more difficult acquirement than has been sometimes stated, and is generally thought. From these considerations, and a conviction of the importance to our country of the raising of the silk worm, and the manufacture of its invaluable product, we have no hesitation in subscribing ourselves as the decided advocates of the plan submitted by Mr. Duponceau, to Congress, after their request—namely, to appropriate a sum of money for the thorough instruction of sixty intelligent young men in the art of spinning silk, under the direction of Mr. D'Homergue. The raising of silk worms has considerably increased throughout the United States, and the farmers of Pennsylvania, at least, have satisfied themselves that it gives rise to a profitable employment. The cocoons which were sent to Philadelphia during the last season, were purchased by Mr. Duponceau, at forty cents per pound."

Pennsylvania, in another year, will have eight hundred miles of canal, and six hundred of rail-road, leading through her own territory, in full operation. She has appropriated since April 1, 1826, in public money, 13,000,000 of dollars, which, added to individual appropriations, it is estimated will make an aggregate of 26,000,000 of dollars, disbursed on rail-roads and canals, within her borders, in a very few years.

VIRGINIA.

Great attention has lately been paid to the subject of Internal Improvements

in this state, and the primary steps in relation to several works, appear to have been taken with much vigor, and it can hardly be doubted that they will be prosecuted with success. The principal, and certainly a very important object, seems to be to connect the capital with the western part of the state, and with the state of Tennessee. This will be accomplished by means of Rail-Roads, the whole distance, or by making James river navigable to Lynchburgh, and continuing the route thence by Rail-Roads. A report adopted at a meeting, on the 26th of July, says, in relation to this project, "It will penetrate a country rich in mineral, and agricultural products, and in stock. It must draw to it the trade of a population of at least 400,000 persons; residing in a tract of country, which, from its locality, is almost entirely excluded from any outlet, for its various and rich productions. It will afford the means for supplying a hardy, intelligent, industrious, and enterprising people, by a more direct and cheap channel than any now used, with all the articles of merchandise which may be wanted for consumption. To the agriculture of the country, and to the commerce of Virginia, the execution of the work will give a new spring, and to the latter, an activity heretofore unknown."

NORTH-CAROLINA.

Since the destruction of the State-house at Raleigh, the subject of a convention for the purpose of revising the constitution of the state, has been agitated in the papers. Strenuous efforts also appear to be making, to have the seat of government removed. The town of Fayetteville, now rising from its ashes, is spoken of as a desirable place for the Capitol, and it is thought that the addition of the state buildings, with the business which would naturally follow the transfer, to the previous advantages of Fayetteville as a place of business, would enable the citizens to build up a respectable city, and, in some measure, to retrieve their losses.

A society has recently been formed and organized to be called the "North-Carolina Institute of Education," the object of which is "to diffuse knowledge on the subject of education, and by every proper means to improve the condition of common schools, and other literary institutions in the state."

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

The excitement in this State upon the subject of the Tariff, and the extra-

ordinary ground taken by the leaders of what is called the "State Rights and Free Trade Party," respecting their relation to the Union, have produced a very disagreeable state of affairs; and the patriot must look for the result with great anxiety. "The late political divisions," say the committee of the "Union Party" in their letter inviting the President of the United States to join with them in celebrating the fourth of July, "have tended to loosen those bonds of fraternal affection which once united the remotest parts of our great empire. Geographical limits are familiarly referred to as connected with separate and disjointed interests and too many of our youth are growing up, as we fear, and deeply lament, in the dangerous belief that these interests are incompatible and contrasted. We conceive it, Sir, to be a matter of infinite importance to our country, that these fatal errors should be promptly corrected and the feelings which they engender thoroughly eradicated, that the ancient ties of friendship may once more knit closely together the several members of our happy confederacy."

In reply the President said, "Could I accept your invitation, it would be with the hope that all parties—all the men of talent, exalted patriotism and private worth, who have been divided in the manner you describe, might be found united before the altar of their country, on the day set apart for the solemn celebration of its independence—independence which cannot exist without union, and, with it, is eternal. Every enlightened citizen must know, that a separation, could it be effected, would begin with civil discord, and end in colonial dependence on a foreign power, and obliteration from the list of nations. But he should also see that high and sacred duties which must and will, at all hazards, be performed, present an insurmountable barrier to the success of any plan of disorganization, by whatever patriotic name it may be arrayed for its support."

The intimation in the last sentence seems to have animated the very spirit, which it was the intention to allay, and public meetings in various parts of the state have denounced the President for intermeddling with party disputes, and asserted that their attachment to the Union is as warm as that of any party or set of men, and that the constitution confers no power to make war on a sovereign state.

If the sentiments of the people are to be ascertained from the public ex-

pressions at the festive board, there is a very strong disposition among the people to resist the Tariff laws in any and every way. The opposing or "Union party," however, is equally strong, in numbers, and equally decided in its tone. Edward Frost, Esq. the United States District Attorney, at Charleston, declined prosecuting an importer who had refused to redeem his bond, having satisfied himself that the laws are unconstitutional; and he has resigned his office.

A society was formed in Charleston on the 25th of July, called "The South-Carolina State Rights and Free Trade Association," which will probably exert an important influence upon the future course of the state. Its objects are "to procure by peaceful means a repeal of the tariff of protection, and an abandonment of the system of internal improvements, by which the constitution will be restored to its purity, and the Union to that concord which made and blessed us in harmony and affection as one people—in a confederacy of free, sovereign and independent states." &c. These objects are to be attained by distributing such tracts, speeches and public documents, as are calculated "to diffuse correct information as to the limitations imposed by the constitution on the powers of the Federal Government,—to point out the dangers of Consolidation,—to vindicate the rights of the states,—to expose all usurpations of unauthorised power,—to maintain the constitution in its original purity and simplicity, to promote the blessings of Free Trade, and thereby to perpetuate the Union." The following officers were elected;—President, Keating Simons. 1st Vice President, James Hamilton, Jun.; 2d do. Henry Deas; 3d do. Nathaniel Heyward; 4th do. Robert J. Turnbull; 5th do. Elias Horry; 6th do. Robert Y. Hayne. Recording Secretary, Christopher L. Black. Treasurer, Charles E. Miller. Standing Committee, Henry Wm. Peronneau, Sedgwick L. Simons, Stephen Elliot, Benjamin A. Markley, Campbell Douglas, Alexander Mazyck, Jacob S. Mintzing, John Magrath, Isaac E. Holmes.

OHIO.

New Indian Treaty. Messrs. J. B. Gardiner, special commissioner, and John M'Elvain, Indian Agent, for this state, signed a treaty with the chiefs

and warriors of the Seneca and Shawnee band of Indians on the Lewiston Reserve, in the county of Logan, on Wednesday the 20th of July. Forty thousand acres of land are acquired to the United States Government by this treaty, and the county of Logan is cleared of Indian title. The Indians receive a tract of land of some greater extent west of Missouri and Arkansas, together with some other presents, and the expense of their removal, which, it is expected, the government will perform for them the next summer. It appears that these Indians have examined the tract of country which they are to receive, and are well pleased with it. Like the white pioneers, the first who remove will have the choice.

ILLINOIS.

In a report to the War Department, dated on the 7th of July, relative to the late Indian disturbances, Governor Reynolds says, "The Indians, with some exceptions, from Canada to Mexico, along the northern frontier of the United States, are more hostile to the whites, than at any other period since the last war; particularly, the band of Sac Indians, usually and truly called, the "British Band," became extremely unfriendly to the citizens of Illinois and others. This band had determined, for some years past, to remain, at all hazards, on certain lands, which had been purchased by the United States, and afterwards, some of them sold to private individuals by the general government. They also determined to drive off the citizens from this disputed territory. In order to effect their object, they committed various outrages on the persons and property of the citizens of this State. That this band might the more effectually resist all the force that would be employed against them, they treated with many other tribes to combine together for the purpose of aiding this British Band to continue in possession of the country in question. These facts and circumstances being known to the frontier inhabitants, they became much alarmed, and many of them abandoned their homes and habitations." Governor Reynolds called General Gaines to his aid, and, the Indians having been intimidated by an imposing military force, left their village, without firing a gun; and by a subsequent treaty, agreed to cross the Mississippi forever.

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Essay on the Importance to Practical Men of Scientific Knowledge, and on the Encouragement to its Pursuit. By Edward Everett.

This essay is one of those contained in the first volume of the American Library of Useful Knowledge, and has been compiled from a discourse delivered by the author at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute in Boston, in November, 1827; an Address before the Middlesex County Lyceum, at Concord, in November, 1829; and an Oration before the Columbian Institute at Washington, in January, 1830. Mr. Everett's readiness to meet the wishes of the public on these and other similar occasions, and to present the results of his reading and personal observation, as well as the suggestions of his own cultivated and prolific mind, in forms suited to promote the improvement, and to multiply the means of intellectual pleasure, is worthy of all commendation. We know of no individual, who, in this respect, has a claim to a greater share of the public esteem and gratitude. The public is continually presenting its draughts upon his time and talents; and these are seldom or never protested for non-acceptance. We have sometimes feared that the proverb of the free horse might be verified in the progress of these continued applications; but there is yet no apparent failing of strength or disposition; the heart appears to continue as willing as the capacities of the mind are uniform, and its resources exhaustless.

The evils resulting both to science and practice from the want of a diffusion of knowledge among practical men, are thus exhibited.

Before the invention of the art of printing, the means of acquiring and circulating knowledge were few and ineffectual. The philosopher was, in consequence, exclusively a man of study, who, by living in a monastic seclusion, and by delving into the few books which time had spared,—particularly the works of Aristotle and his commentators,—succeeded in mastering the learning of the day; learning mostly of an abstract and metaphysical nature. Thus, living in a world not of practice, but speculation, never bringing his theories to the test of observation, all his studies assumed a visionary character. Hence the projects for the transmutation of metals; a notion not originating in any observation of the qualities of the different kinds of metals, but in reasoning, *a priori*, on their supposed identity of substance. So deep-rooted was this delusion, that a great part of the natural science of the middle ages consisted in projects to convert the baser metals into gold. It is plain that such a project would no more have been countenanced by intelligent, well informed persons, practically conversant

with the nature of the metals, than a project to transmute pine into oak, or fish into flesh.

In like manner, by giving science wholly up to the philosophers, and making the practical arts of life merely a matter of traditionary repetition from one generation to another of uninformed artisans, much evil of an opposite kind was occasioned. Accident, of course, could be the only source of improvement; and for want of acquaintance with the leading principles of mechanical philosophy, the chances were indefinitely multiplied against these accidental improvements. For want of the diffusion of information among practical men, the improvements prevailing in an art in one place were unknown in other places; and processes existing at one period were liable to be forgotten in the lapse of time. Secrets and mysteries, easily kept in such a state of things, and cherished as a source of monopoly by those who possessed them, were so common, that *mystery* is still occasionally used as synonymous with *trade*. This also contributed to the loss of arts once brought to perfection, such as that of staining glass, as practised in the middle ages. Complicated machinery was out of the question; for it requires, for its invention and improvement, the union of scientific knowledge and practical skill. The mariner was therefore left to creep along the coast, while the astronomer was casting nativities; and the miner was reduced to the most laborious and purely mechanical processes, to extract the precious metals from the ores that really contained them, while the chemist, who ought to have taught him the method of amalgamation, could find no use for mercury, but as a menstruum by which baser metals could be turned into gold.

That the means of a practical scientific education are more easily accessible at the present day, is admitted; but the writer contends that this part of education is not yet on the right footing,—that, generally speaking, all actual instruction in the principles of natural science is confined to colleges, which are frequented only by those intended for professional life—and that little has yet been done to afford to those engaged in constructing machinery, navigating the ocean, laying out and excavating canals, building steam-engines and hydraulic presses, and conducting large agricultural and manufacturing establishments, that knowledge which seems to be essential to them, in their respective pursuits. So long as there is no system of scientific education, "every great improvement must be either the result of accident, or the happy thought of some powerful native genius, which forces its way without education." The safe path to excellence and success in every calling, is shown to be that of appropriate preliminary education, diligent application to learn the art, and assiduity in practising it. That the foundation of a great improvement is also often a single conception, which suggests itself occasionally to strong, uneducated minds, and which afterwards receives aid from others, is illus-

trated by reference to the case of Sir Richard Arkwright; and the proposition that familiar facts may be noticed for ages without effect, till they are observed by a sagacious eye, and scrutinized with patience and perseverance, by allusion to the example of Sir Isaac Newton, and that of our own Franklin as follows:—

The appearance of lightning in the clouds was as old as creation; and certainly no natural phenomenon forces itself more directly on the notice of men. The existence of the electric fluid, as excited by artificial means, was familiar known to philosophers a hundred years before Franklin; and there are a few vague hints, prior to his time, that lightning was an electrical appearance. But it was left for Franklin distinctly to conceive that proposition, and to institute an experiment by which it should be demonstrated. The process by which he reached this great conclusion is worth remembering. Dr. Franklin had seen the most familiar electrical experiments performed at Boston, in 1745, by a certain Dr. Spence, a Scotch lecturer. His curiosity was excited by witnessing these experiments, and he purchased the whole of Dr. Spence's apparatus, and repeated the experiments at Philadelphia. Pursuing his researches with his own instruments, and others which had been liberally presented to the province of Pennsylvania, by the proprietor, Mr. Penn, and by Dr. Franklin's friend Mr. Collinson, our illustrious countryman rapidly enlarged the bounds of electrical science, and soon arrived at the undoubting conviction, that the electric fluid and lightning are identical. But he could not rest till he had brought this truth to the test of demonstration, and he boldly set about an experiment, upon the most terrific element in nature. He at first proposed, by means of a spire, which was erecting in Philadelphia, to form a connection between the region of the clouds and an electrical apparatus; but the appearance of a *boy's kite* in the air, suggested to him a readier method. Having prepared a kite adapted for the purpose, he went out into a field, accompanied by his son, to whom alone he had imparted his design. The kite was raised, having a key attached to the lower end of the cord, and being insulated by means of a silken thread, by which it was fastened to a post. A heavy cloud, apparently charged with lightning, passed over the kite; but no signs of electricity were witnessed in the apparatus. Franklin was beginning to despair, when he saw the loose fibres bristling from the hempen cord. He immediately presented his knuckle to the key, and received the electrical spark. Overcome by his feelings, at the consummation of this great discovery, "he heaved a deep sigh, and, conscious of an immortal name, felt that he could have been content, had that moment been his last." How easily it might have been his last, was shown by the fact, that when Professor Richman, a few months afterwards, was repeating this experiment at St. Petersburg, a globe of fire flashed from the conducting rod to his forehead, and killed him on the spot.

Notwithstanding the examples of a few self-educated men, and the fact that some great discoveries have been made by men of strong and powerful intellect without education, it is said very truly—

The want of a knowledge of the principles of science has often led men to waste much time on pursuits, which a better acquaintance with those principles would have taught them were hopeless. The patent office in every country, where each

an institution exists, contains, perhaps, as many machines, which show the want, as the possession, of sound scientific knowledge. Besides unsuccessful essays at machinery, holding forth a promise of feasibility, no little ingenuity, and much time and money, have been lavished on a project, which seems, in modern times, to supply the place of the philosopher's stone of the alchemists;—I mean a contrivance for perpetual motion, a contrivance inconsistent with the law of gravity. The effect of a familiar acquaintance with the principles of science is not only to guide the mind to the discovery of what is useful and practical, but to protect it from the delusions of an excited imagination, ready to waste itself, in the ardor of youth, enterprise, and conscious ingenuity, on that which the laws of Nature herself have made unattainable.

Mr. Everett adverts to the most prominent circumstances, which ought to act as encouragements to the young men of this country to apply themselves, earnestly and systematically, to the attainment of a scientific education. These circumstances are,—First, the fact that what are called the mechanical trades of this country, are on a much more liberal footing than they are in Europe;—Secondly, the vastly wider field, which is opened to the mechanics and artisans, as the citizens of a new country, and the proportionate call, which exists for labor and enterprise in every department;—and Thirdly, the comparatively higher rank, which our institutions assign to her mechanic classes in the political system. Each of these propositions is explained and enforced by striking examples. Thus, in illustrating the second point, after quoting a variety of well-known facts, Mr. Everett says—

The rising generation beholds before it not a crowded community, but one where labor, both of body and mind, is in greater request, and bears a higher relative price, than in any other country. When it is said that labor is dear in this country, this is not a mere commercial proposition, like those which fill the pages of the price current; but it is a great *moral fact*, speaking volumes as to the state of society, and reminding the American citizen, particularly the young man who is beginning life, that he lives in a country where every man carries about with him the thing in greatest request; where the labor and skill of the human hands, and every kind of talent and acquisition, possess a relative importance elsewhere unknown—in other words, where an *industrious man* is of the greatest consequence.

These considerations are well calculated to awaken enterprise, to encourage effort, to support perseverance; and we behold on every side that such is their effect.—I have already alluded to the astonishing growth of our navigation after the adoption of the federal constitution. It affords an example, which will bear dwelling upon, of American enterprise, placed in honorable contrast with that of Europe. In Great Britain, and in other countries of Europe, the India and China trade was, and to a great degree still is, looked up by the monopoly enjoyed by affluent companies, protected and patronized by the state, and clothed, themselves, in some cases, with imperial power. The territories of the British East India Company are computed to embrace a population of 115,000,000 souls. The consequence of this

state of things was not the activity, but the embarrassment, of the commercial intercourse with the East. Individual enterprise was not awakened. The Companies sent out annually their unwieldy vessels of twelve hundred tons burden, commanded by salaried captains, to carry on the commerce, which was secured to them by a government monopoly, and which, it was firmly believed, could not be carried on in any other way. Scarcely was American independence declared, when our moderate-sized merchant vessels, built with economy, and navigated with frugality, doubled both the great capes of the world. The north-western coast of America began to be crowded. Not content with visiting old markets, our intelligent ship-masters explored the numerous inlets of the Indian Archipelago. Vessels from Salem and Boston, of two and three hundred tons, went to ports in those seas, that had not been visited by a foreign ship since the days of Alexander the Great. The intercourse between Boston and the Sandwich Islands was uninterrupted. A man would no more have thought of boasting that he had been round the world, than that he had been to Liverpool. After Lord Anson and Captain Cook had, by order and at the expense of the British government, made their laborious voyages of discovery and exploration in the Pacific Ocean, and on the coast of America, it still remained for a merchant-vessel from Boston to discover and enter the only considerable river, that flows into the Pacific, from Behring's Strait to Cape Horn. Our fellow citizen, Captain Gray, piloted the British admiral Vancouver into the Columbia River; and, in requital of this service, the British government now claims jurisdiction over it, partly on the ground of prior discovery!

The truth of the third proposition is demonstrated by numerous instances, in which the privileges and prerogatives of the laboring classes in America are contrasted with those of the same classes in Europe, all tending to support the conclusion, that—

The great use to be made of popular rights should be popular improvement. Let the young man, who is to gain his living by his labor and skill, remember that he is a citizen of a free state; that on him and his contemporaries it depends, whether he will be happy and prosperous himself in his social condition, and whether a precious inheritance of social blessings shall descend, unimpaired, to those who come after him; that there is no important difference in the situation of individuals, but that which they themselves cause, or permit to exist; that if something of that inequality in the goods of fortune, which is inseparable from human things, exist in this country, it ought to be viewed only as another excitement to that industry, by which, nine times out of ten, wealth is acquired; and still more to that cultivation of the mind, which, next to the moral character, makes the great difference between man and man. The means are already ample and accessible; and it is for the majority of the community, by a tax, of which the smallest proportion falls on themselves, to increase those means to any desirable extent.

We add one more to the numerous extracts we have already made from these admirable discourses, and heartily recommend the whole of the lectures to the consideration of all classes of readers; but especially to those who compose the laboring and active classes of the community.

The history of human science is a collection of facts, which, while it proves the connection with

each other of truths and arts; at first view remote and disconnected, encourages us to scrutinize every department of knowledge, however trite and familiar it may seem, with a view to discovering its relation with the laws and properties of nature, comprehended within it, but not yet disclosed. The individual, who first noticed the attractive power of magnetic substances, was gratified, no doubt, with observing a singular and inexplicable property of matter, which he may have applied to some experiments rather curious than useful. The man, who afterwards observed the tendency of a magnetized body toward the poles of the earth, unfolded a far more curious and important law of nature, but one which, resting there, was productive of no practical consequences. Then came the sagacious, or most fortunate person, who, attaching the artificial magnet to a traversing card, contrived the means of steering a vessel in the darkest night across the high seas. To him we cannot suppose that the important consequences of his discovery were wholly unperceived; but since, in point of history, near two centuries passed away before they began to be developed, we can hardly suppose that the inventor of the mariner's compass caught more than a glimpse of the nature of his invention. The Chinese are supposed to have been acquainted with it, as also with the art of printing, from time immemorial, without having derived from either any of those results, which have changed the aspect of modern Europe. Then came Columbus. Guided by the faithful pilot, who watches when the eye of man droops,—the patient little steersman, whom darkness does not blind, nor the storm drive from his post,—Columbus discovered a new world;—a glorious discovery, as he, no doubt, felt it to be, both in anticipation and achievement. But it does not appear, that even Columbus had indulged a vision more brilliant than that of a princely inheritance for his own family, and a rich colony for Spain;—a vision fulfilled in his own poverty and chains, and in the corruption and degeneracy of the Spanish monarchy. And yet, from his discovery of America, so disastrous to himself and country, have sprung, directly or indirectly, most of the great changes of the political, commercial and social condition of man in modern times. It is curious, also, to reflect, that as the Chinese, from time immemorial, (as has just been remarked,) have possessed the mariner's compass and the art of printing, to little purpose; so they, or some people in their neighborhood, on the northeastern coast of Asia, either with the aid of the compass, or merely by coasting from island to island, appear to have made the discovery of America, on the western side of the continent, a thousand years before it was discovered by Columbus, on the eastern side, without, however, deriving from this discovery any beneficial consequences to the old world or the new. It was left for the spirit of civilization, awakened in western Europe toward the close of the fifteenth century, to develop, and put in action, the great elements of power and light, latent in this discovery. Its first effect was the establishment of the colonial system, which, with the revolution in the financial state of Europe, occasioned by the opening of the American mines, gave, eventually, a new aspect to both hemispheres. What the sum total of all these consequences has been, may be partly judged from the fact, that the colonization of the United States was but one of them. The further extension of adventures of discovery was facilitated by new scientific inventions and improvements. The telescope was contrived, and, from the more accurately observed movements of the heavenly bodies, tables of longitude were constructed, which gave new confidence to the navigator. He now visits new shores, lying under different climates, whose productions, transplanted to other regions, or introduced into the commerce of the world, give new springs to industry, open new sources

of wealth, and lead to the cultivation of new arts. It is unnecessary to dwell on particulars; but who can estimate the full effect on social affairs of such products as sugar, coffee, tea, rice, tobacco, the potato, cotton, indigo, the spices, the dye-woods, the mineral and fossil substances, newly made to enter into general use and consumption; the discovery, transportation and preparation of which are so many unforeseen effects of former discoveries. Each of these, directly or indirectly, furnished new materials for mind to act upon; new stimulus to its energies. Navigation, already extended, receives new facilities from the use of the chronometer. The growing wealth of the community increases the demand for all the fabrics of industry; the wonderful machinery for carding, spinning, and weaving, is contrived; water and vapor are made to do the work of human hands, and almost of human intellect; as the cost of the fabric decreases, the demand for it multiplies geometrically, and furnishes an ever-growing reward for the exertions of the ever-active spirit of improvement. Thus a mechanical invention may lead to a geographical discovery; a physical cause to a political or an intellectual effect. A discovery results in an art; an art produces a comfort; a comfort, made cheaply accessible, adds family on family to the population; and a family is a new creation of thinking, reasoning, inventing and discovering beings. Thus, instead of arriving at the end, we are at the beginning of the series, and ready to start, with recruited numbers, on the great and beneficent career of useful knowledge.

Lectures on Witchcraft; comprising a History of the Delusion in Salem, in 1692. By Charles W. Upham, Junior Pastor of the First Church in Salem.

The two lectures, upon Witchcraft, originally prepared for delivery before the Salem Lyceum, and subsequently repeated in neighboring towns, became so popular, as to induce the author to give them to the public. The work has probably been successful in the present shape, and it has received, as it has deserved, very liberal commendation from all quarters. Mr. Upham has treated the subject candidly. He has given us a fair history, without attempting to screen the deluded actors, which indeed comprised the whole community, from such reproach as their descendants, in their superior wisdom, may choose to cast back. But no person will participate in the spirit of the author, without admitting that the delusion, incomprehensible as it would be at this day, was hardly unnatural, and that most of those who were active in exciting and perpetuating the folly—if that be not too harsh a term—paid the severest of all penalties, in enduring their own reproaches, and confessing their errors. The work is valuable as a brief historical record of the proceedings against those accused of Witchcraft, and for its liberal and philosophical opinions. But a few extracts will afford the most substantial praise we can bestow.

The first lecture commences with a view of the state of society immediately preceding the "delusion." An extract will be interesting in itself, and afford a specimen of the author's manner.

The province was encumbered with oppressive taxes and weighed down by a heavy debt. The sum assessed upon Salem to defray the expenses of the country at large, the year before the witchcraft prosecutions, was one thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds one shilling. Besides this there were the town taxes. The whole amounted no doubt to more than six thousand dollars, exclusive of the support of the ministry, a weight of taxation considering the greater value of money at that time, of which we have no experience and can hardly form an adequate conception. The burden pressed directly upon the whole community. There were then no great private fortunes, no moneyed institutions, no foreign commerce, few, if any, articles of luxury, and no large capitals to intercept and divert its pressure. It was borne to its whole extent by the actual industry of a population of extremely moderate estates, and very limited earnings, and almost crushed it to the earth.

The people were dissatisfied with the new charter. They were becoming the victims of political jealousies, discontent and animosities. They had been agitated by great revolutions. They were surrounded by alarming indications of change, and their ears were constantly assailed by rumors of war. Their minds were startled and confounded by the prevalence of prophecies and forebodings of dark and dismal events. At this most unfortunate moment, and as it were, to crown the whole, and fill up the measure of their affliction and terror, it was their universal and sober belief, that the evil being himself was in a special manner let loose, and permitted to descend upon them with unexampled fury.

The population of what is now Salem, was at that time and continued, for nearly thirty years afterwards, to be so small, that there was but one religious society in the place. All the people were accommodated in the meeting house of the first church. They participated in their full share of the gloom and despondency that pervaded the province, and in addition to that, had their own peculiar troubles and distresses. Within a short time the town had lost almost all its venerable fathers and leading citizens, the men whose councils had governed and whose wisdom had guided them from the first years of the settlement of the place. Only those who are intimately acquainted with the condition of a community of simple manners and primitive feelings, such as were the early New-England settlements, can have an adequate conception of the degree to which the people were attached to their patriarchs, the extent of their dependence upon them, and the amount of their loss when they were removed. A separate religious society had previously been formed in what was then called Salem Village, now a part of Danvers. This congregation, the same at present under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Braman, lately under that of the estimable Dr. Wadsworth, had for a long period been the scene of one of those violent and heated dissensions, too common in our religious societies at all times. The unhappy strife was gradually propagated, until it had spread alienation and bitterness through the whole town, and finally became of such moment, that it was carried up to the General Court and was a topic of discussion and altercation there. The parties were the Rev. Samuel Parris on the one side, and a large portion of his congregation on the other.

Under these circumstances, the people were alarmed by the strange con-

duct of three young females, two of them belonging to the family of Mr. Parris. "They would creep," says our author, "into holes and under benches, and chairs, put themselves into odd postures, make antic gestures, and utter loud outcries, and ridiculous, incoherent, and unintelligible expressions." The family were frightened, and the physicians, knowing no remedy for a disease which would now be easily cured by birth, pronounced the children bewitched;—that is to say, they were tormented by some person, who had transferred to Satan the allegiance due to the Almighty, for the purpose of obtaining supernatural powers. The wisest men, on both continents, then believed this to be a common transaction, and thousands had suffered death in Europe, for their supposed intercourse with the Devil, before the breaking out of this mental epidemic at Salem. There were few persons whose reflections led them to doubt the truth of this idea, and still fewer who had the courage to express their doubts, for they were immediately supposed to be, and often seized as, parties interested. There were then but two classes in New-England; the clergy and the laity; the one believed that these things could be, without its exciting their special wonder; and the other, that it was not only probable but real.

The whole number of persons executed at Salem was twenty. The first act of this tragedy proceeded from the folly of the children who have been mentioned; but subsequent accusations—and the accusation implied the conviction—undoubtedly proceeded from the basest passions; and the depraved, the malicious, and the envious, found a cloak in the superstition of the community, while they distressed and murdered the innocent objects of their hatred. The close of this scene is happily described by Mr. Upham.

But that which finally overthrew their power and broke the spell by which they had held the minds of the whole colony in bondage, was their accusation of Mrs. Hale, the wife of the minister of the first church in Beverly. Her genuine and distinguished virtues had won for her a reputation, and secured in the hearts of the people a confidence, which superstition itself could not sully nor shake. Mr. Hale had been active in all the previous proceedings; but he knew the innocence and piety of his wife, and he stood forth between her and the storm he had helped to raise; although he had driven it on while others were its victims, he turned and resisted it, when it burst in upon his own dwelling. In crying out upon Mrs. Hale, the whole community was convinced that the accusers had perjured themselves, and from that moment their power was destroyed; the awful delusion ceased; the curtain fell, and a close was put to one of the most tremendous

tragedies in the history of real life. The wildest storm, perhaps, that ever raged in the moral world, instantly became a calm; the tide that had threatened to overwhelm everything in its fury, sunk back in a moment to its peaceful bed. There are few, if any other, instances in history, of a revolution of opinion and feeling, so sudden, so rapid, and so complete. The images and visions that had possessed the bewildered imaginations of the people, flitted away and left them standing in the clear sunshine of reason, and their senses, and they could have exclaimed, as they witnessed them passing off, in the language of the great master of the drama, and of human nature, but that their rigid puritan principles, would not, it is presumed, have permitted them, even in that moment of rescue and deliverance, to quote Shakespeare—

'See! they're gone—
The earth has bubbles, as the waters have,
And these are of them: they vanished
Into the air, and what seemed corporeal,
Melted as breath into the wind.'

There are two inquiries that must have engaged the meditations of all reflecting persons who have followed me thus far. One is this: What are we to think of those persons who commenced and continued the accusations, of the afflicted children and their confederates. Shocking as is the view it presents of the extent to which human nature can be carried in depravity, I am constrained to declare, as the result of as thorough a scrutiny as I could institute, my belief that this dreadful transaction was introduced and driven on by wicked perjury and wilful malice. The young girls in Mr. Parris's family and their associates, on several occasions, indicated by their conduct and expressions that they were acting a part.

It may be that, in some instances, the steps they took and the testimony they bore may be explained by referring to the mysterious energies of the imagination, the power of enthusiasm, the influence of sympathy, and the general prevalence of credulity, ignorance, superstition and fanaticism at the time; and it is not probable that when they began they had any idea of the tremendous length to which they were finally led on.

It was perhaps their original design to gratify a love of notoriety or of mischief, by creating a sensation and excitement in their neighborhood, or at the worst to wreak their vengeance upon one or two individuals who had offended them. They soon, however, became intoxicated by the terrible success of their imposture, and were swept along by the phrensy they had occasioned. It would be much more congenial with our feelings to believe that these misguided and wretched young persons early in the proceedings became themselves victims of the delusion into which they plunged every one else. But we are forbidden to form this charitable judgment by the manifestations of art and contrivance, of deliberate cunning and cool malice they exhibited to the end. Once or twice they were caught in their own snare, and nothing but the blindness of the bewildered community saved them from disgraceful exposure, and well deserved punishment. They appeared as the prosecutors of almost every poor creature that was tried, and seemed ready to bear testimony against any one, upon whom suspicion might happen to fall. It is dreadful to reflect upon the enormity of their wickedness, if they were conscious of imposture throughout. It seems to transcend the capabilities of human crime. There is, perhaps a slumbering element in the heart of man, that sleeps forever in the bosom of the innocent and good, and requires the perpetration of a great sin, to wake it into action, but which when once aroused, impels the transgressor onward with increasing momentum, as the descending ball is accelerated in its course. It may be that crime begets an appetite for crime, which like all other appetites is not quieted but inflamed by gratification.

The following extract presents a new and startling view of the proceedings during this infatuation, and one—were not the evidence, though entirely circumstantial, liable to such an interpretation—which every honest mind would wish to reject at once.

There is much reason to fear that to a great extent it was the effect of deliberate design. The peculiar theology of that period presented inducements to ambitious and enthusiastic individuals among the prominent members of the clergy, to bring about a state of things in which their spiritual power would be felt and displayed to a greater extent than before. The frequently repeated wars with the Indians, especially the struggle with the celebrated and heroic Philip, had preceded a relaxed and licentious state of morals and manners among the people. This appears with sufficient clearness from the doings and declarations of the Reforming Synod convened at Boston in 1679. All patriotic, pious and benevolent citizens were distressed at the contemplation of such a state of things, and many attempts were made to arrest the downward movements of society. It was thought that the only way in which to check it, was to restore and increase the influence of the clergy, that through them the community at large might be brought more under the sway of moral and Christian obligation. The whole machinery of a religious reformation, so far as the methods for producing such an effect had then been discovered, were put into operation simultaneously and on a large scale.

In the year 1692, special efforts were made to renew the power of the spirit of the gospel in many of the churches. The motives of those who acted in these measures were for the most part of the purest and holiest character. But there were not wanting individuals who were willing to abuse the opportunities offered by the general excitement and awakening thus produced. It was soon discerned by those ambitious of spiritual influence and domination, that their object could be most easily achieved by carrying the people to the greatest extreme of credulity, fanaticism, and superstition.

Opposition to prevailing vices, and attempts to reform society, were considered at that time in the light of a conflict with Satan himself, and he was thought to be the ablest minister who had the greatest power over the great enemy, who could most easily and effectually avert his blows and counteract his baleful influence.

It is clear that Dr. Mather contemplated the witchcraft delusion as having been the instrument in promoting a revival of religion, and he was inclined to boast of the success with which it had been attended as such.

I cannot, indeed, resist the conviction, that, notwithstanding all his attempts to appear dissatisfied, after they had become unpopular, with the occurrences in the Salem trials, he looked upon them with secret pleasure, and would have been glad to have had them repeated again in Boston.

In addition to the designing exertions of ambitious ecclesiastics, and the benevolent and praiseworthy efforts of those whose only aim was to promote a real and thorough reformation of religion, all the passions of our nature stood ready to throw their concentrated energy into the excitement, (as they ever will do whatever may be its character,) so soon as it became sufficiently strong to encourage their action.

The whole force of popular superstition, all the fanatical propensities of the ignorant and deluded multitude united with the best feelings of our nature to heighten the fury of the storm. Piety

was indignant at the supposed rebellion against the sovereignty of God, and was roused to an extreme of agitation and apprehension, in witnessing such a daring and fierce assault by the devil and his adherents upon the churches and the cause of the gospel. Virtue was shocked at the tremendous guilt of those who were believed to have entered the diabolical confederacy; while public order and security stood aghast, amidst the invisible, the supernatural, the infernal, and, apparently, the irresistible attacks that were making upon the foundations of society. In baleful combination with principles, good in themselves, thus urging the passions into wild operation, there were all the wicked and violent affections to which humanity is liable. Theological bitterness, personal animosities, local controversies, private feuds, long cherished grudges, and professional jealousies, rushed forward, and raised their discordant voices, to swell the horrible din; credulity rose with its monstrous and ever expanding form, on the ruins of truth, reason and the senses; malignity and cruelty rode triumphant through the storm, by whose fury every mild and gentle sentiment had been shipwrecked; and revenge, smiling in the midst of the tempest, welcomed its desolating wrath as it dashed the mangled objects of its hate along the shore.

The remainder of the first lecture is devoted to a brief account of the measures taken by some of the deluded, after the storm had subsided, to repair the damage they had occasioned. Their actions, and, especially, their publications,—we speak only of those which Mr. Upham has mentioned—afford a happy illustration of the character of times. They indicate unfeigned sorrow, and are sufficiently humiliating in the terms to have satisfied any feeling of resentment which might have remained among the families of the injured.

The second lecture contains a concise account of Witchcraft in Europe, in which a more enlarged view is taken of the condition of the human mind, and the progress of Demonology, from the earliest to the latest periods; for Witchcraft was punished in Europe, long after the people of New-England had become satisfied that it was an imposition, and, probably, the charge of Witchcraft would have been as dangerous to the accuser, as it formerly was to the accused. To the scholar, this is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the volume; but both lectures contain passages of great beauty and eloquence, as well as much information, and they are well calculated to make us acknowledge that "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." The imagination of a sane man would never have produced a volume like this record of facts.

We trust Mr. Upham has lectured his printers upon the impropriety of saying, "Mr. Farris' Family," "Mr. Lewis' history," "King James' Parliament," &c. Such inaccuracies indicate a barbarous want of letters.

A Tribute to the Memory of the late Jeremiah Evarts, Esq. Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, delivered and published at the request of the Executive Committee of the Auxiliary Foreign Missionary Society of New-York and Brooklyn. By Gardiner Spring, D. D.

We avail ourselves of this production, to present to our readers—what we have in vain attempted to procure, originally, from several individuals—a memoir of Mr. Evarts, whose death took place but a short time before the publication of the first number of this magazine. It is a truism, repeated by Dr. Spring, that “it is the allotment of some men to live after they are dead;” and every one may ask, with him, “Why should not the name of such a man be embalmed in the recollection of those he has left on earth? and why should

— ‘History, so warm on meaner themes,
Be cold on this?’ ”

Dr. Spring’s “Tribute” views Mr. Evarts chiefly in a religious character. It was, doubtless, as an active and conscientious agent of a Missionary Society that he labored most; and to promote the ultimate objects of that society he made almost every faculty subservient, and devoted almost every moment of his life. In that respect, he was, as Dr. Spring beautifully expresses it, “like the bush in Horeb—consuming, but not consumed.” But Mr. Evarts was a man who would have been a good study for a painter of intellectual portraits. His learning was extensive, his acquirements various, and his taste in belles lettres delicate and refined. As a politician, too, he was worthy of a rank among the most intelligent and patriotic, though the cause to which he was so entirely devoted did not permit him to mingle actively in the bustle and turmoil of elections and the petty squabbles of every-day politics. In the following extracts we have endeavored to connect the biographical details in Dr. Spring’s discourse, confining ourselves entirely to his language.

Mr. Evarts was born of respectable, but humble parentage, in the town of Sunderland, Vermont, on the 3d of February, 1781. At the age of ten years, he removed with his father to Georgia, in the same State, where he completed the usual English education, and entered upon the study of the Latin language. In January, 1798, he was sent to East Guilford, in the State of Connecticut, with the view of preparing for college, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Elliott, the minister of the place; and in October of the same year, he entered Yale College, then under the super-

intendence of the late President Dwight. His journal at this period, though very brief, exhibits many indications of a thinking, independent mind, that felt the responsibility of guiding and forming itself upon a high standard of excellence. His conversion took place during a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the college, during his senior year, in the winter of 1801-2; and in the April following, he made a public profession of religion, and united himself with the church in the college. At the time his class graduated, in 1802, he united with those of his classmates who were professors of religion, in a *mutual covenant*, a copy of which has been found among his private papers, to pray for each other, to learn one another’s circumstances, and to correspond with, and counsel one another, in subsequent life. After leaving college, he engaged in no settled employment till April, 1803, when he became the instructor of an academy, in the town of Peacham, in his native State, and continued in this charge till near the close of March, 1804. Shortly subsequent to this, and after a short visit to his father’s family, he returned to New Haven, and entered himself as a student at law in the office of the late Judge Chauncey. Early in the summer of 1806, he took the oath of admission to the bar, and opened an office for the practice of his profession in the city of New Haven. In May, 1810, he removed to Boston, for the double purpose of taking the editorial charge of a literary and religious monthly publication, and pursuing the duties of his profession. He continued in the editorial department of the *Panoplist* till the work was discontinued in 1820, and was himself the author of a large part of the original articles and reviews in that highly respectable work. At the third annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Mr. Evarts was elected a member of that body, and at the same meeting was chosen their Treasurer, and a member of their Executive Committee. In September, 1821, he was also appointed their Corresponding Secretary, in which office he remained to the time of his death. In the discharge of the duties of this office, he visited the Cherokee and Choctaw nations, in 1824, and the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Chickasaw nations, again in 1826. In the duties of this office, also, he spent three or four winters in the city of Washington, during the session of Congress, where his principal object was to exert an influence in favor of the education and civilization of the Indians, and especially their protection from oppressive legislation.

The health of Mr. Evarts had been declining for more than a year previous to his decease. During the winter of 1829-30, though feeble, and evidently needing the benefit of relaxation and a warm climate, he continued his labors at the Missionary Rooms till about the 1st of April, when he repaired again to the city of Washington. The debate on the Indian bill was just commencing. The excitement and labor of the months of April and May were intense; and he returned to Boston, with his health little, if at all, improved. During the summer and early part of the autumn, he was laboriously employed in preparing the Annual Report of the Board, publishing the speeches on the Indian bill, writing on the Indian question, and attending to the common business at the Missionary Rooms. After the Annual Meeting of the Board, these, or similar labors, continued; and added to these, he spent a fortnight at New Bedford, superintending the embarkation of a reinforcement to the Sandwich Islands mission. Here he was exposed to cold and storms, and exerted himself in writing and addressing public assemblies in the vicinity on the subject of missions. He returned from New Bedford, December 29th, much debilitated, and could labor only at intervals afterwards. He, however, wrote the memorial of the Board to

Congress, in behalf of the Indians, while he was so weak, as every hour or two to be obliged to lie down and rest. He wrote, also, a number of important letters. His last letter, as Corresponding Secretary of the Board, was written to the missionaries in the Cherokee nation, relative to their removing, or remaining, and exposing themselves to the penalty of the laws of Georgia.

Advised by his physician that a voyage to a warmer climate was the only probable means of restoring his health, he took passage for the island of Cuba, on the 15th of February, and reached Havana, after a favorable voyage, on the 2d of March. But his health was not improved. After spending some time at Havana and Matanzas, and in the interior of the island, enjoying every advantage of climate, exercise, and kind attention of friends, he took passage for Savannah, and arrived there on the 24th of April, much exhausted by the voyage. In a few days his symptoms became alarming, and he proceeded to Charleston, where he arrived on the third day, much exhausted by disease and pain. Up to this time, both he himself and his physicians had mistaken the nature of his disease. There were now evident indications of his being in the last stages of a consumption. While in Charleston, he received every possible attention from eminent physicians, and numerous friends. He continued steadily to grow weaker, often enduring great bodily pain, till 11 o'clock on the tenth of May, when his spirit was permitted to leave her frail, earthly, dissolved tabernacle, and enter on a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Dr. Spring relates, at considerable length, and with an eloquence peculiarly striking, the death-bed scenes of Mr. Evarts. He did not die suddenly, but had sufficient time for deliberate thought, nor in such a state of physical debility, or intellectual tumult, as to be incapable of estimating things according to their real value; but he possessed a large share of sobriety of mind, and cool reflection. He had a strong impression of the scenes that were before him, and they animated and invigorated all his hopes. His mind was perfectly clear, and he endeavored to collect his thoughts to perform the last act of life—to die—as became his character and professions.

In presenting an outline of the character of Mr. Evarts, Dr. Spring dwells with most emphasis on his *piety*. It would be difficult to epitomize the history and description of this trait in his character—a task that we may be excused from undertaking, as no doubt, the whole discourse is extensively circulated among his friends. But we copy entire the sketch of his *intellectual* character—a topic which comes more directly within the scope of this publication, and in regard to which, there will probably be no discordant opinions.

The *intellectual character* of Mr. Evarts was distinguished for strong powers of reasoning, great clearness and precision, and remarkable soundness and comprehensiveness of judgment. He possessed large and rich treasures of original thought, and great powers of illustration. He

had great activity and copiousness of mind. He was remarkably capable of making his existing stock of ideas extensive materials of knowledge. Every thought he acquired added to his capital, and was immediately put out at interest. He had a taste for literary and scientific pursuits, and engaged in them with great ardor and zeal. He was fond of speculation, and yet he was no theorist. Rarely do habits of abstraction and habits of business unite, as they were found in him. His talent for minute and rapid observation was not exceeded even by his talent for comparison and arrangement. But what was peculiar in the intellectual character of Mr. Evarts was the exact adjustment of the several faculties of his mind to each other. He once said to a friend, that, in early life, he was inclined to be hasty and positive in his judgment. But a remarkable balance was observable in the powers and operations of his mind. At almost any moment, he could apply his mind to almost any subject; could pursue that subject at pleasure; could change it for another, and resume it at any time, and almost in any place, and in the same strain of sentiment, however elevated. His memory was remarkably tenacious—very remarkably so for dates, considering the strength of his powers for general analysis, reasoning, and judgment.

He had a great taste for statistical observations and calculations, and indeed for the whole science of political economy. Such was his genius and taste for illustrating, and inculcating a Christian system of political economy—a system founded on the great law, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them"—that some of his friends seriously thought it might become his duty to relinquish his particular connection with the Board of Foreign Missions, and devote himself to the conducting of a paper, which should have for its leading object a reformation in the maxims, rules, and administration of civil government.

He made a frequent and vigorous use of the pen, on a great variety of topics, and was among the best writers of the age. He wrote the essays on the Indian question, signed William Penn: a fact which enrols his name among the friends of humanity, and will give it a place in the history of his country, when the oppressors of the Indians shall have passed away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. A glance at the list of his publications, with a knowledge of their character, will show any one, that he had accustomed his mind to investigate and reflect upon a great variety of subjects, and with uncommon accuracy and force. It was in this school of actual labor that he acquired the ability to write with the accuracy of thought, extent of knowledge, variety and appropriateness of illustration, and force of diction, which characterized his productions during the last years of his life. In composing for the press, which he did to a great extent, his page was usually fair, seldom interlined, rarely copied. His most celebrated compositions were written amid many interruptions. The faculties of his mind operated with so much ease to himself, that a great mental effort in the use of his pen did not produce that degree of bodily exhaustion, which is frequent in men, even of a more vigorous frame. After writing intensely for hours, he was perfectly fresh for conversation, for which he had a peculiar relish, whenever he had access to minds congenial with his own. This balance of mind, with the strength of its several powers, enabled him, although of a slender constitution, to write more hours a day, taking one day with another, than almost any other man.

As a public speaker he was manly and energetic. In deliberative assemblies and in extemporaneous discussion, he was very justly celebrated. Though he was by no means distinguished for an easy and mellifluous utterance, or for those

charms of person and action, which constitute eloquence; yet every man listened to him with the deepest attention, and felt that he was listening to a bold and commanding orator. He had a thin, spare, ungainly person; there was nothing in his manner fascinating or even popular; yet he never spoke without indicating the masculine texture of his mind, and rarely without an energy that made deep, and sometimes overwhelming impressions.

A Sermon, delivered before the Congregational Society, in West-Bridgewater, 27th February, 1831, the Lord's Day, after the interment of their Minister, the Rev. John Reed, D. D. By R. M. Hodges, Minister of the First Congregational Society in Bridgewater.

The venerable clergyman, whose decease was the immediate occasion of this discourse, was the son of the Rev. Solomon Reed, and was born at Framingham, Mass. on the 11th of November, 1751. In 1768, at the age of 17, he entered Yale College, and received, in 1772, its first literary degree. He continued at that institution, pursuing studies preparatory to the profession of the ministry, for two years. Between the period of his leaving New-Haven, and that of his settlement, he was employed one year as a chaplain in the naval service of the United States. On the 7th of June, 1780, he was ordained in Bridgewater, as associate pastor with the Rev. Daniel Perkins. About the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, Dr. Reed was associated with the principal statesmen and politicians, whose hearts were filled with anxiety and forebodings respecting the safety and permanency of our civil and political institutions. The attention, which he then gave to public affairs, his sagacity, his firmness, and candor, commanded great respect and influence. He was elected a representative to Congress in 1794, and held that office by subsequent re-elections, for the term of six years. This political distinction was not one of his own seeking, for he never sought distinction as a politician, either in the hall of legislation or through the medium of the press. He was called to serve the state as a representative by the almost unanimous voice of his immediate constituents. His usefulness was not limited to the mere fulfilment of his political trust. In his private character so sedate, and, at the same time so child-like and free from guile and ostentation; in his views of religion so clear and consistent; in his intercourse with others, so sober, sincere and kind,—he

exerted a healthful and moral power, and won affection and esteem. The knowledge, which, while a member of Congress, he acquired of men and things, and of the influence of association on the intellectual and moral powers, aided his mind in that discrimination, for which it was ever distinguished. As a Christian Philanthropist he loved his country, and cherished a deep interest in the civil, religious, and political rights of man, to the very close of his life. He was never satisfied with any sentiments, drawn from second hand or subordinate authority, on any subject, and especially on the subject* of religion, when he could have access to the highest authority itself. It was with him, a primary principle of moral obligation to seek out and avail himself of all the aids and lights which had been given for the investigation and discovery of truth. His thoughts, when expressed in formal discourse, were apposite and full of meaning, solemn and impressive. He selected the plainest and simplest language, always sacrificing every ornament to perspicuity, for he loved truth above all things. He made no display of imagination, nor did he attempt to play the orator in manner and gesture. His opinions on ecclesiastical affairs were so just and accurate, that they have been highly respected, and received the approbation of courts and judges. A result of an ecclesiastical council, drawn up by him, has been, in substance, adopted as the foundation of an important leading decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He excelled as a controversialist. His religious sentiments were of that class now distinctively known by the name of Unitarian. In 1803, he received from Brown University the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. His usefulness, during the last ten years of his life, was much impaired, by one of the heaviest afflictions that can befall our physical nature—the loss of sight, by an inspissation of the crystalline humor of the eye, denominated “cataract.” To remove this malady, he submitted, with wonderful fortitude, to two very painful, but ineffectual operations upon his eyes; but he had resources within himself, provided in his brighter days, from which he could derive intellectual enjoyment, and it was often remarked with surprise by his friends, how rich and retentive was his memory, and with what facility he could avail himself of the stores of knowledge he had acquired. Notwith-

standing, his blindness, he continued to officiate in the pulpit, to the close of his life. His final sickness was of short duration. Sensible that the hour of dissolution was approaching, he gave directions respecting his funeral, and, with expressions of tenderness and the kindest counsel, he bade farewell to those, whom nature and affection had made near and dear to his heart. He died on the 17th of February, 1831, in the eightieth year of his age, and the fifty-first of his ministry. Dr. Reed published a number of occasional sermons, a volume entitled "An Apology for the rite of Infant Baptism," and some other religious tracts. He preached the Dudleian Lecture, at Harvard College, in 1812, which was not printed.

The sermon, announced at the head of this article, has supplied the facts and most of the language of which it is composed. The whole performance will be read with satisfaction by the friends, to whom Dr. Reed was an object of great and sincere veneration, while living, and of grateful remembrance, when dead.

The Moral Class Book; or the Law of Morals; derived from the created Universe, and from Revealed Religion. Intended for Schools. By William Sullivan, Counsellor at Law.

This is unlike all other books of this kind; it is shorter and more adapted to general use. There is a fund of either philosophy or common sense in the author's observations, and much good advice concerning common affairs, which makes the most useful and agreeable part of the work; and this part might to advantage occupy the somewhat large space that is taken up in proving the existence of a Supreme Being. Of this few people require evidence, and to those that do, all evidence would be unsatisfactory.

The social duties are very clearly and feelingly insisted on; and the treatise has the more authority in coming from one who performs them so well. If there are no new principles found in the Moral Class Book, it is because there is there little *terra incognita*; the chart is perfect; and the best treatises are those that the best instruct us how to carry sail. The work may be safely placed in the hands of *youth* by the most scrupulous sectarian, without fear of contamination; and we think that even a good man may read Mr. Sullivan's book with advantage, and rise up from it with his better qualities fortified.

An Epitome of Universal Geography, or a Description of the various Countries of the Globe; with a view of their Political Condition at the present time. By Nathan Hale.

The name of the author, we presume, is the best assurance, that so far as facts are concerned, this is an authentic work; or rather that it was such, at the time of its publication. For although less than "one little year" has elapsed since its publication, many changes have taken place in the civil geography of the earth, which are of an important character. In France, for instance, although the prominent features of the ancient government are retained, yet the administrators have been changed; and Poland has become, to all intents and purposes, an independent government. These changes, however, have become almost as ordinary as the operations of nature. It is true, as the author says, that "the science of Geography is peculiarly progressive," the number and variety of facts is infinite, and it requires perpetual labor to keep a record of its changes. The subsequent rise or fall of a kingdom, therefore, can be no objection to a geographical work which was completed a few months ago; for, unless the earth "and all that it inhabit" shall stand still as the Sun did above Gibeon, there is little probability that the commencement of a geographical work will be correct at the time the volume is concluded. The present work is all that it assumes to be, an Epitome of Geography; and as accurate as it is possible in the nature of things to make a work of this kind. The notices of each country are necessarily brief, but they are as comprehensive as was consistent with the plan of the work, and sufficiently so for the purposes of instruction in the common course of education; and, it may be added, that the number of persons who would read an elaborate work upon general geography, is comparatively few. Brief as the notices are, they embody some account of every country on the globe, its domestic and foreign possessions, rivers, mountains, soil, climate, inhabitants, government, religion, education, finances, defences, commerce, towns, improvements, &c. &c. There are also sixty maps, sufficiently accurate and full to convey a general idea of the relative positions and distances of places, and questions prepared by the author for the benefit of teachers and students; and this whole volume is sold for one dollar.

Poems, by Alonzo Lewis.

A respectable duodecimo of about two hundred pages, embellished with a lithographic likeness of the author, by Pendleton. A short and modest preface makes us acquainted with the author's notions of what Poetry ought to be, and what are its most appropriate subjects. There is no affected sensitiveness in regard to criticism, nor any sickening or untrue apology for the publication. His modesty and independence are both to be applauded. The Poems are chiefly short—written apparently with great care in the versification—on ordinary topics—and, if they do not excite admiration by exhibitions of miraculous powers, they will produce no aversion by affectation of pathos or abortive attempts at sublimity. They are pious, moral, social, and affectionate in their character and tendency, and precisely, we imagine, what the author intended to produce. The two pieces here given are taken almost at random.

GOD.

I see thy power, eternal God !
Engraved upon the dark blue sky ;
The trees that on the mountain's nod,
Thy name in whispers sigh.
The sun that rolls through burning space,
Shines to illumine thy temple's dome ;
In all thy varied works I trace
Marks of thy secret home.

Thy dwelling is yon distant star,
That burns with scarce perceptive ray ;
The comet is thy flaming car,
Carveing on his way.
I view thee in the splendid arch,
That shines upon the summer cloud ;
I hear the footsteps of thy march
In the storm thunder loud.

The lightning is thine eye's deep glance,
That looks upon the world below ;
And when the northern streamers dance,
Thine is the lustrous glow.
The flaming night arch shows thy skill ;
Thy breath impels the tempest's roar ;
And as I learn thy potent will,
I tremble and adore.

God ! thou art every where ! I see
Thy beauty in the deep hued flower ;
Thy strength is shown mysteriously
In the dread earthquake's power.
I view thy varied hand in waves,
That gently kiss the pebbled shore ;
Or rolling o'er their ocean graves,
In wrathful anguish roar.

The dark green pines that feel the breeze,
Talk of thee to the forest rill ;
And mighty torrents when they freeze,
Display thy wisdom still.
The birds that raise the morning hymn,
Feel, as they chant, an impulse proud ;
They catch the fire of seraphim,
And speak of thee aloud.

All nature has a living voice,
Thy wisdom and thy praise to show,
And as I hear thy works rejoice,
I feel my spirit glow.
But most thy goodness I admire,
When I behold the sacred plan,
That formed the soul of vital fire,
And bade it live in man.

Teach me, Oh God ! thy truth to know,
To see how vast thy wisdom flows ;
Thy mercy to my spirit show,
And bid my soul repose.
Illumine the spark thy hand has drawn
From the deep realm where spirits stray,
And let it greet the kindling dawn
Of Heaven's immortal day.

THEY HEARD HIS WORDS WITH SCORN.

They heard his words with scorn, and cried, "Is this not
Joseph's son ?
And whence hath he the wondrous power to be some mighty
one ?

Are not his brethren here with us, and who hath ever seen
The day a noble deed was done by servile Nazarene ?"

The humble sufferer bowed his head, and passing through
the crowd,
With patience saw their scornful smiles, and heard their
tauntings loud ;
He saw the ox returning to his owner's nightly shed,
But found no friendly dwelling there to rest his weary head.

He passed along where Cedron's brook divides the humble
vale,
And heard their sounds of revelry come down the evening
gale ;
He entered then a garden lone, whose gate invited there,
And kneeling spent the tedious night in solitude and prayer.—

Hark ! heard ye not the dreadful cry that rent the yielding
air ?
And saw ye not the gathering gloom on faces of despair ?
And mark ye not the astonished dead, slow-bursting from
their graves,
Beneath whose feet the kindling earth heaves high like rol-
ling waves !

And who is he on yon white horse, whose eyes are eyes of
flame ?
And on his head are many crowns, and on his thigh a name ;
And he is clad in vesture red, dipped in his own best blood—
He was—the trembling nations cry—he is the Son of God !

Mr. Lewis, it is said in the Salem Gazette, is an Essex-county man, and his work has been composed under a weight of avocations which would have sufficed to give full employment to most men,—as teacher of one of the public schools in Lynn, editor of a newspaper, compiler of a history of his native town, and performer of all the odd jobs of a literary nature which are universally thrust upon every man who "holds a ready pen." Happy would it be for the community if there were more men of this amiable character among us, who instruct their fellow-mortals by the best of all precepts—example.

Roman Antiquities and Ancient Mythology—for Classical Schools.

By Charles R. Dillaway, A. M., In-
structor in the Boston Public Latin
School.

This is but a brief description of the innumerable subjects included in the title. The mythological part is more full than the antiquarian, though we should have preferred the reverse, inasmuch as there is more profit and pleasure in reading of the Roman remains, than of the lives and characters of the best goddesses and gods. The gods of the heathen, saith an early bishop, are devils ; at the best they were doubtful characters, and Jupiter the king of them all, was very unsatisfactory in his moral relations.

A chapter upon the ancient sculptures, coins, gems, and other antiquities found in the buried cities, would be a profitable addition to the volume ; as these throw much light on the famil-

iar and domestic life of the Romans. When we shall have become to others as ancient as the Romans are now to us, our newspapers and novels will furnish to posterity a perfect and minute picture of every-day life. These include traits not found in histories, and the ancients had neither novels nor newspapers.

It seems to us that the author should have been more full upon the ancient remains, of which there are some very stupendous from the age of Tarquin the Proud; the busts and the statues too deserve their chapters, for they are parts of history, and illustrate mythology. The Laocoon, which is so well described in Virgil, that it seems doubtful whether the description was not made from the group, and many other groups and figures, have probably more attraction for the minds of pupils, than all the mythology. Yet the book, as it is, cannot fail to be useful.

Letters on Junius, addressed to John Pickering, Esq., showing that the author of that celebrated work was Earl Temple. By Isaac Newhall.

What can be said of a book, written for the avowed purpose of proving that the Letters of Junius were written by a certain individual, but that the author collects all the facts and arguments which sustain his favorite theory, and adroitly slides over all those which weaken or "nullify" it? Mr. Newhall has, in his introductory essay, given an account of no less than eighteen persons, who have, at various times and by various other persons, been supposed to be the author of these celebrated letters; and it can hardly be speaking extravagantly to say, that the claims of each individual are about equally well supported. In vulgar parlance, the last hot day was the hottest, the last hail storm was the severest, and the last thunder was the heaviest ever recollected. It is much the same with a certain class of readers; the last new novel obscures all the splendor of Scott, Smollett, and Goldsmith; the last poem pushes Byron, and Campbell, and Moore into the swamp of oblivion, and the last essay on Junius proves unanswerably that the writer has discovered the true Junius, and that all his predecessors have deceived themselves and the public. The truth is, it is idle for any man to undertake at the present day to fix the authorship of Junius upon any individual. He may write an amusing

and an instructive work—his work may be useful as a collection of historical anecdotes, or as an exhibition of the political principles and feelings of a former age; but to pretend that it identifies the authorship of Junius is, in the expressive monosyllable of Mr. Burchell—*fudge*. It is pretty certain, though not beyond doubt, that the letters of Junius were written by a single individual; but there were a hundred individuals, each of whom might have been the author; and Mr. Newhall has shown in a few pages that the testimony in favor of eighteen is pretty nearly balanced. Mr. Newhall has made one discovery, which is a little amusing to ordinary readers, and must be somewhat startling to Dr. Waterhouse. It is the fact, that Dr. Waterhouse's book, which he (Mr. Newhall) did not see till the first of April last, (an ominous period) "contained nothing that would interfere with, or invalidate, or disprove, anything which I [Mr. N.] have urged in support of the claims of Lord Temple;" but on the contrary, he found some things which strengthened his previous opinions, that Lord Temple was the man. Dr. Waterhouse must be astonished to learn that he had written a ponderous octavo, to prove Lord Chatham to be Junius, which establishes the negative of his proposition, and proves Lord Temple to be the man.

We mean to pass no censure on Mr. Newhall's Letters. His book contains a vast deal of matter that is worth reading. But it no more *proves* Lord Temple to be the author of Junius, than the greenish hue of the moon, during her last approach to the full, demonstrates that she is a *sage* cheese.

The Law Summary, a collection of Legal Tracts on subjects of general application in business. By Benjamin L. Oliver, Counsellor at Law.

The profession has been much indebted to Mr. Oliver, for several books in general use among the gentlemen of the bar. The present work, however, is one that will inform even the unlearned of some of his more prominent liabilities in making contracts, &c. Perhaps the followers of the Bona Dea who presides over glorious uncertainties, may not favor this invasion of her mysteries, or be well pleased that the science should be so clear that every man may act as his own lawyer. Be that as it may, no person who has transacted much business, can read

over Mr. Oliver's Treatise without finding, that if he had always known as much as is therein contained, it would have saved him something in fees and other expenses.

In this traveling season it may be well to inform some, who have not Mr. Oliver's book, or any knowledge on the subject it treats of, how far travellers have claims on those who furnish public conveyances or accommodations.

The proprietors of coaches, as we learn from Mr. Oliver, are accountable in damages for injury to persons, unless it be occasioned by accidents not to be foreseen, or guarded against. They are accountable for the slightest negligence; it will be negligence if the carriers omit to examine, at every journey, the state of the vehicle provided—and the same rule applies to harness and to horses. The proprietors will be liable for damage, if they have not careful coachmen—or if the coach be overturned by having too much baggage on the top—or if, in dangerous places, the coachman should not drive with extra care.

Supposing the traveler to have arrived safely at his inn—he is still under the immediate protection of the law; for though the keeper of a boarding house may set his own prices, an

innkeeper may be indicted for extortion, who sells provisions at an unreasonable rate. It is actionable, and perhaps indictable, in the innkeeper to refuse admittance to the traveler without sufficient cause. All these advantages, however, extend only to the traveler, or sojourner; and a boarder for a specified time, or from week to week, cannot recover the value of the innkeeper, should his goods be stolen from the chamber, though he must make good the loss of any other guest. If he refuse to entertain a guest he may be indicted.

The innkeeper is the guardian of his guest's property, but not the protector of his person entirely. If his guest is beaten, he is not accountable; but if his guest be devoured, a question might arise.

The guest, too, has some liabilities; for, as it would be ungracious in the innkeeper to ask his guest to pay in advance, the law gives him the right of retaining, not only the goods, but the person, of his guest, for security.

A great many things necessary to be known in the transactions of every day, may be learnt in Mr. Oliver's book, and though they are not such as would be new to the profession, they are yet not so familiar to society at large.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, Maine. The commencement of this institution was held on Wednesday, July 27. The Rev. Dr. Chaplin was unanimously re-elected President. The degree of A. B. was conferred on five young gentlemen, graduates of the college. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on the Hon. Nathan Weston, jun. On Tuesday evening, an address was delivered before the "Literary Fraternity," by Moses G. Appleton, and a Poem by R. H. Vose. On Thursday, an address was delivered before the "Associated Alumni," by John Holmes, a copy of which was requested for the press. This was said to be "a sensible and pithy discourse on the evils of ignorance, and on the necessity of institutions of learning to the preservation of liberty, and on the obligation of our Legislature to cherish the colleges, as well as other seminaries, in this state. He combated, with great force, the illib-

eral spirit which has got abroad, in our state, and withheld from our colleges their scanty pittance, and thrown them upon individual charity, in defiance of the constitution, at a time, when, better than ever, that pittance might have been increased."

A mechanic's shop, for the benefit of the students of this college, was established, and a building about eighty feet long was erected in the vicinity last summer. At the commencement of the spring term, a suitable superintendent having been provided, the students commenced operations in the shop. The first labor was in making benches for their own accommodation in the shop; they have made tables, desks, bedsteads, &c. to furnish the rooms in the college; some of the articles have been sold in the vicinity, and a considerable quantity is now on hand. Immediately after the opening of the shop, it was found that the number of students

disposed to labor was so great, that another shop would be required for their accommodation. Timber was accordingly procured, and a building thirty feet by twenty-two, and two stories high, was framed, raised, boarded, shingled, clapboarded, &c. by the students.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, at Burlington. The annual commencement took place on Wednesday, August 3. The performances of the class of graduates are said to be of a superior character. The exhibition of the junior class was held the evening preceding. A new University Chapel was dedicated on the day before the commencement, on which occasion a discourse was delivered by President Marsh.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE. The number of students in this institution, during the Academical year just completed was 38—viz. in the junior class 13, in the middle class 12, and in the senior class 13, three of whom received invitations to settle in the ministry before completing the regular course of study. The Faculty of Theology consists of the Rev. Henry Ware, D. D. Sidney Williard, A. M. Rev. Henry Ware, Jr. A. M., Rev. John G. Palfrey, A. M. Dean. The library contains fifteen hundred volumes, among which are the best commentaries and text books in the various departments of Theology.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, Hartford, Conn. The fifth annual commencement of this popular institution was held on Thursday, August 4, in Christ Church, and attended by a large number of clergymen and literary gentlemen from various parts of the state and from adjacent places. The examinations of the senior class in all the studies of the collegiate course, and of the under classes in the studies of the last term, were continued for several days previous to the commencement, and were in general very satisfactory to such of the examining committee as were present. The degree of A. B. was conferred on sixteen, and that of A. M. on seven gentlemen. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon His Excellency John Samuel Peters, Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon the Rev. Daniel Burhans, Rector of St. James Church, Newtown, the Rev. Harry Crosswell, Rector of Trinity Church, New-Haven, and the Rev. Bethel Judd, Rector of St. John's Church, New-London. On the day preceding the commencement, the "Association of the Alumni of Washington College,"

was organized, and Isaac E. Crary chosen President; Henry G. Smith, Samuel Starr, Augustus F. Lyde, Vice Presidents; John D. Russ, Secretary; Samuel S. Lewis, Treasurer; Edward Goodman, William H. Walter, Charles J. Russ, Executive Committee. Mr. Samuel Starr was appointed to deliver an oration before the Society at their next regular meeting, and Mr. Park Benjamin to deliver a poem.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, New-York. Annual commencement on Thursday, July 14. The degree of A. B. was conferred on near thirty graduates, most of them belonging to the senior class—that of A. M. on five, alumni of the college. Honorary testimonials were awarded to several members of each class of students. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Levi S. Ives, Bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal church in North-Carolina; the Rev. George Upfold, Rector of St. Thomas's church in the city of New-York; the Rev. Eli Baldwin, Pastor of the Reformed Dutch church, and the Rev. Robert McCartee, Pastor of a Presbyterian church in the city of New-York. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on Charles Anthon, Esq. Jay Professor of the Latin and Greek languages in Columbia College. The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on James Shea, Principal of the English and Mathematical Departments in the Grammar School of the College; and on James Ryan, Mathematical instructor in the city of New-York.

On the evening preceding the commencement, Lieutenant-Governor Livingston delivered a discourse before the Peithologian and Philoloxian Societies, of which the subject was ELOQUENCE—its nature, uses, and importance.

GENEVA COLLEGE, N. Y. The commencement was held the beginning of August, of which we have seen no very full detail. The orations of the graduates possessed a high degree of literary merit. An address to the collegiate societies, by the Rev. Mr. Whitehouse, was distinguished for its powerful reasoning and brilliant eloquence. A "professorship of civil and military engineering and statistics," has recently been established, and Gen. J. G. Swift, formerly at the head of the engineer department of the United States, has been appointed professor.

RUTGER'S COLLEGE, New-Brunswick, N. J. Annual commencement on Wednesday, July 20. After the customary services of the graduates, eight-

een received the degree of A. B. and eleven that of A. M. A very able Address to the graduates was delivered towards the close of the exercises by the President, the Rev. Dr. Milledoler. The evening previous to the commencement, the annual address before the Philolexan and Peithosophian societies was delivered by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, in the city of Philadelphia. This institution has been re-organized within the last two years. The annual commencement was held on Saturday, July 30, in the Musical Fund Hall. Twenty graduates received the degree of A. B. and eleven that of A. M. The Zeleosophic Society celebrated its anniversary on the 29th. The address was pronounced by Judge Hopkinson. The United States Gazette says of it—"The orator made a happy plea for learning—noticed the aspersions that foreign critics had cast upon American education—admitted that the higher branches of science, and the more abstruse points of metaphysics, had attracted less attention—but contended that the education of our country had been precisely such as its advancement and the character and circumstances of its citizens rendered most useful to them; he referred to the arguments in our national councils and correspondence of our foreign and domestic ministers to show that all of international law, or usages that the country's good required, was fully understood and clearly explained by them; and that in no instance had the practised diplomatist of Europe, been able to circumvent our accredited agents. The judge, however, cautioned his auditors against the error, that what would do for the past generation will answer for that which is to come. He urged upon parents the necessity of giving their children a good education, without reference to the inquiry whether they would be professional men, merchants, or mechanics; and especially were they to avoid acting upon that narrow and dangerous principle of false economy, that considered the value of a child's time while he should be engaged in studies, and debarred him the privilege of education that he might help to amass a little wealth. He quoted as an eminent instance, the good practical collegiate education which the laboring father of Daniel Webster gave his son, by which means "the boy of the woods, became the man of the nation."

This college is placed in the midst of a quiet, orderly, and moral population,

with access to the best libraries, and with a superior chemical and philosophical apparatus. The students are furnished with accomplished teachers in the German, French, Spanish and Italian languages. In their hours of recreation, their health has been considered, and arrangements effected, by which they are enabled to employ and enjoy themselves in gymnastic exercises. It is connected with a distinguished Medical School, and an Academical Department, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Crawford, where youths are either fitted to engage in the ordinary pursuits of life, or prepared to enter College.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, District of Columbia. The annual commencement was held on Thursday, July 28. After the exercises of the day, the degree of A. M. was given to eight gentlemen, and medals and premiums were distributed to those students who had distinguished themselves in their respective classes. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on William Glynn of Baltimore.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. The session of this institution closed on the 18th of July; the next will commence on the 10th of September. The faculty is composed of the following professors, viz. 1. Of Ancient Languages—Dr. Gesner Harrison; 2. Of Modern Languages—Dr. G. Blaetterman; 3. Of Mathematics—Charles Bonnicastle; 4. Of Chemistry and Materia Medica—Dr. J. P. Emmet; 5. Of Natural Philosophy—Dr. R. M. Patterson; 6. Of Medicine—Dr. Robley Denglingson; 7. Of Anatomy and Surgery—Dr. Thomas Johnson; 8. Of Moral Philosophy—George Tucker; 9. Of Law—John A. Davis; chairman of the Faculty, for the ensuing session, Dr. Patterson. The Board of Visitors have lately established the offices of Proctor and Patron, and appointed Lieutenant John A. Carr, of the United States Navy, to the former office, and A. S. Brockenbrough, to the latter. The prospects of this institution are said to be flattering. The honorary degrees were conferred on twenty-five graduates, all of Virginia.

WILLIAM-AND-MARY COLLEGE, Vir. We have no information of the present condition of this ancient institution, but what we derive from a communication in the Richmond Enquirer. The writer of that communication quotes the testimony of Mr. Jefferson, whilst a member of the board of visitors, and adds—"Those who are acquainted with the institution, need not be told that in-

struction has kept pace with the improvements in the sciences, and if, in 1785, the College rivalled the best Literary Institutions in Europe, surely it would not be going too far to say, that all the objects of the best American education may now be obtained, at William-and-Mary, the Alma Mater of so many of the great men that have been engaged the last fifty years, in conducting the public affairs of the state and of the Union. At this time the legislative halls of the state, and of the United States, are indebted to the same college for many of their brightest ornaments.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA. The semi-annual report of the President, presented to the Board of Trustees on the first of August, recommended the senior class, consisting of eighteen, for the degree of A. B. The junior class consisting of nineteen—the sophomore class, consisting of thirty—and the freshman class, consisting of eighteen, were regularly advanced, after due examination, to the next highest class respectively; and twenty-four were admitted to the freshman class. The trustees elected Dr. Malthus A. Ward of Salem, Mass. professor of natural history; and the Rev. William Lehman, of Pittsfield, Mass. professor of modern languages. It is stated that Dr. Ward was preferred to other candidates on the recommendation of Mr. Nuttall of Harvard College. Dr. Ward was educated at Middlebury. He has traversed the country from Kennebec to the Lakes—thence to Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico—crossed the Alleghanies at three distinct places, and resided six years westward of them. He returned to New-England in 1822, and became a Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. For the last six years he has been superintendent of the Museum of the Salem East-India Company, and is now professor of botany to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. But the principal fact on which the Board relied was, that the government of Harvard had selected him as the successor of Mr. Nuttall, if the latter had determined to come to Georgia. Rev. Wm. Lehman, is a native of Germany, a preacher of the German Lutheran denomination, was regularly educated at the University of Bonn, was compelled to leave his country, after an imprisonment, on account of his liberal political principles, has resided several years in Albany as a preacher, and subsequently for two or three years as a teacher of Modern Languages in the High School at Pittsfield. The Faculty

of the College now consists of the Rev. Alonzo Church, D. D. President. Jas. Jackson, A. M. Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. Rev. James Shannon, Professor of Latin, Greek and Hebrew Languages. Dr. Henry Hull, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. Rev. Stephen Olin, Professor of Belles Lettres. Dr. M. A. Ward, Professor of Natural History. Rev. Wm. Lehman, Professor of French, Spanish, German and Italian Languages.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE. The Introductory Lecture before the members of the Institute, was delivered by Rev. James Walker, in Chauncy Place Church, in Boston, on the 25th of August. It was a highly respectable performance, addressed to the minds and not to the sensibilities of the audience; for it was the eloquence not of words but of thoughts, and might be denominated, finished and beautiful, although almost entirely destitute of rhetorical ornaments. The influence of accidental or contingent education, was the subject of the discourse. The main proposition was that man is not, according to the old maxim, the creature of circumstances, unless man himself be considered one of the circumstances, with all his thoughts, affections, dispositions, and accomplishments; for no truth strikes the reader or the scholar with the same force in which it had acted upon the mind of the original teacher; and thoughts, like the seeds scattered by nature in the earth, must strike from within outwards; and are more valuable and enduring as they strike from the seed instead of the transplanted shoot. The circumstances under which knowledge is communicated are of little consequence. A word accidentally overheard, a story read in a particular frame of mind, or even a dream, and many other contingencies, trifling in themselves, not only may, but often do, influence the destination of the child, by exciting in its own mind, thoughts and aspirations which entirely baffle all the systems of education to which it may be subjected. The lecturer argued from this indisputable fact that no system of education, of itself, can be sufficient for the pupil; but that everything depends upon the teacher. Stupidity and dullness, he said, might be natural gifts, but genius and enthusiasm were to be imparted by the instructor. He therefore urged upon teachers the important influence of their own characters upon the minds of those under their charge, and thus upon the interests of the community.

MISCELLANIES.

THE KENTUCKY CAVERN. The following description of a remarkable natural curiosity, situated in the county of Edmondston, in Kentucky, is abridged from a letter written by a correspondent of the *New-England Review*.

"In the month of December, 1826, the writer, in company with another gentleman, being on his way from Louisville to Nashville, took occasion to visit this cave. Its entrance was in a steep declivity of a hill. The dimensions of the mouth are about forty feet in height by fifty in breadth, decreasing gradually for the first half mile, till the cavern is no more than ten feet in height and as many in breadth; at which place a partition has been erected, with a door of convenient dimensions, for the purpose of protecting the lights of visitors. There is at this place a current of air passing inwardly for six months, and outwardly for the remainder of the year. Sufficiently strong is it, that, were it not for the door that has been made, it would be impossible to preserve an open light. It is called the mouth, as far as this place, on account of its being the extent of the influence of daylight, which here appears like a small star. Formerly, when the cavern was first discovered, this part of it was nearly filled with earth, which has been recently manufactured into saltpetre.

"Having prepared ourselves with a sufficient quantity of provision, oil and candles, and taking two persons as guides, we took our last view of the daylight, and proceeded forward, closing the door behind us. Immediately we found ourselves in thick and almost palpable darkness, the whole of our four lights spread but a feeble radiance about us. Such is the height at this place, that we were hardly able to discover the top, and, to see from one side to the other, was utterly impossible. From this place, extended several cabins, or, as travelers have named them, rooms, in different directions. This part of the cave is called the First Hopper. The soil at the bottom of the cave is very light, and strongly impregnated with salt. The sides and top are formed of rock. We proceeded forward, passing several rooms on our right, and one on our left, until we arrived at the second Hopper, a distance of four miles from the mouth. About one mile in the rear of this, was pointed out to us by our guide, the place where the celebrated mummy was found, which is now ex-

hibiting in the American Museum, at New-York. It was found, in a sitting posture, by the side of the cavern, enveloped in a mat, and in a complete state of preservation.

"We next entered the room denominated the Haunted Chamber. It is nearly two miles in length, twenty feet in height, and ten in breadth, extending nearly the whole length in a right line. The top is formed of smooth, white stone, soft, and much resembling the plastering of a room. There is a small quantity of water, constantly, (though almost imperceptibly) falling from above, which, in the course of ages, has worn from the stone at the top, some beautiful pillars, which extend to the bottom of the room. They have the appearance of being the work of art. In one of them, there is formed a complete chair, with arms, which has received the name of Arm Chair. By the side of this, is a clear pool of water, strongly impregnated with sulphur. The sides of the room are likewise elegantly adorned with a variety of figures, formed from the stone at the top, and coming down upon the side of the cavern, like icicles in the winter, from the eaves of buildings, the reflection of our lights upon them forming a most brilliant appearance. At the end of this room, we descended a kind of natural staircase, to the depth of near three hundred feet, in many places, affording only room for one person to proceed. Here we found a beautiful stream of pure water, winding its way along between the rocks. The situation of this part of the cavern is rendered really awful, from its being associated with a variety of names that travelers have given it. The portrait of his Satanic Majesty is painted here upon the rocks, and a large flat stone, resting its corners upon four others, is called his Dining Table. A short distance from this, is a place said to be his Forging Shop. On the whole, they are admirably calculated to frighten the cowardly. We returned to the main cavern, and resumed our course, climbing over rocks that had evidently fallen from above, and passing a number of rooms on our right and left. With much exertion, we reached the place denominated the Six Corners, in consequence of six rooms or caverns here, taking different directions. Not having time to examine these, we proceeded to the first water fall, about two miles further, over a level plain. The track

of persons who might have preceded us for ages, were as plainly visible in the sand as when first made. There is no air stirring that would move the slightest feather, or prevent the impression of a footstep from remaining for centuries.

"We now directed our course to the Chief City, about one mile further. A large hill situated in the centre of the cave would have exhibited a most commanding prospect, if the darkness had not obstructed our vision. One of us, however, standing upon the top, with the lights stationed at different parts of its base, obtained a novel and interesting view of the cavern. There is an echo here that is very powerful, and we improved it with a song, much to our gratification. We started forward again, traveling over a plain of two miles extent, and about the same distance over the rocks and hills, when we arrived at the second water-fall. The water here dashes into a pit below of immense depth. A circumstance occurred here, that had nearly proved fatal to one of us. The sides of the pit are formed of loose rocks, and we amused ourselves by rolling them down, in order to hear them strike the bottom. Such is the depth of it, that a minute elapsed before we could hear them strike, and the sound but very faint. One of our party venturing too near, for the purpose of rolling a large stone, started the foundation on which he stood, and was precipitated down about twenty feet, with the tumbling stones, but fortunately, a projecting rock saved him from destruction. This put an end to all our amusements, and being much fatigued with a travel of twenty-four hours on foot, and seeing no fairer prospects of finding the end, than when we commenced, we concluded to return. We accordingly took up our line of march, returning the way we came. After being forty-two hours absent from the light of day, we again found ourselves at the mouth of the Cavern, and gave ourselves up to a refreshing sleep.

"There are a number of pits of great depth, in different parts of the cave, which made it necessary to be very careful in exploring it. There is danger, also, of taking some unexplored room, and becoming so lost as not to be able to find the way out. This is, however, obviated by the precaution that has been taken as far as has been explored, to place the figure of an arrow at the entrance of every room, pointing to the mouth of the cave. Care should always be taken to preserve the lights, as it

would be impossible for any one to find the way back in darkness, farther than the first Hopper. We found the names of ladies inscribed at the farthest points we reached, and our guide remarked that they were the most courageous visitors he had. For three miles from the mouth, the sides and top of the cavern are covered with a remarkable quantity of bats, hanging down from the top in the form of bee hives, from two to three feet thick. They are in a torpid state, and are seldom known to fly. There are about twenty different rooms that have been discovered, and but three of them that have been explored to the end. This vast cavern is apparently hollow beneath, from the sound that is made by walking through many of the rooms. It would probably take months to explore to the end of all the rooms that have been, and which remain yet to be discovered. The removing of some few obstructions, at a trifling expense, and lighting the cavern, would enable a stage coach to go with safety to the second water fall, a distance of fifteen miles."

ARKANSAS SPRINGS. The Hot springs of this territory are situated in a creek, or gap of the mountains, about sixty miles southward of Little Rock, and but a few miles from Washita river. They issue from the sides of the mountain, and the bottom of the creek, in a hundred and fifty or sixty places. The mineral qualities are different, some depositing a sediment of black or green, some of red, and some of white; and the temperature varies, from those that are hot enough to boil an egg, to cold water. Hot and cold springs are so near together, in some places, that one can put a hand in each at the same time. The largest and warmest of these springs affords sufficient water to turn an over-shot mill. The place would not be very attractive to the people of the Atlantic coast. The improvements in the neighborhood consist of fifteen cabins of hewed pine logs, with board roofs, loose plank and puncheon floors, and some of them with wooden chimneys. There are also four sweat and five bath houses; the sweat houses are either wood or stone, covered with boards, made tight, and the floors are of small poles upon which seats are fixed; by remaining in one a few minutes, the heat and steam arising from the hot water passing along the poles or floor, creates a profuse perspiration and it is continued as long as he deems it necessary. Some of the baths are of plank and some dug out of timber, others are scraped out in

the rock near to the spot where the spring issues out of the mountain, and all are tempered by letting a stream constantly run in, more or less at a time. Formerly thirty or forty persons waited here for their breakfast, till the hunter went out and killed the meat for them, and when they got that, they had but little if any bread to eat with it, or any thing else; there were then three cures performed where there is now one, and every year, as they increase in the use of strong diet and ardent spirits, the cures decrease. There are many sulphur springs within a short distance.

SILK. The cultivation of the mulberry tree, for the purpose of raising silk worms, is attracting the attention of farmers in every part of the country, but particularly in New-England. It will, in a few years, be one of the most important branches of our manufactures. The principal difficulty now to be encountered is a want of the proper machinery for reeling it from the cocoon in the best manner. Notwithstanding this, for it is a difficulty which must soon be remedied, an intelligent writer in the *Lowell Journal* calculates that if each state in the Union should produce one hundred millions of trees, the demand for raw silk could not be satisfied. He says—"one gentleman on the banks of the Connecticut river has planted the present year two hundred and fifty-six ounces of white Italian mulberry seed, from which he will grow several millions of trees, and his neighbors are following his example. The facts within the knowledge of the writer of this article, justify him in the opinion, that thirty millions of trees will be produced the present year in addition to the large stock on hand, in the small state of Connecticut."

AUDUBON, THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGIST. We learn from a late English paper that Audubon left Edinburgh in May last, for Paris, where after remaining a short time, he will embark in August for New-Orleans. It is his purpose to spend eighteen months or two years in exploring the western side of the Mississippi, up towards the Rocky Mountains. Should he survive, he intends returning to Edinburgh, and spending the rest of his days in arranging his collection, and publishing a continuation of his "*Ornithological Biography*." John James Audubon is a native of America—after prosecuting his researches with untiring zeal, and endeavoring, but in vain, to publish his work here, he was at last forced to go to Scotland, where it was published in

a style far exceeding any thing of the kind before known, and under patronage almost unexampled. His *Ornithological Biography* has lately been republished in Philadelphia. In that city Audubon resided for a long time, and yet, in that city, (as we lately saw announced in the *Philadelphia Gazette*) not a single copy of the work had been sold. In New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, it has however, met a limited sale.

ALGIERS. Our French papers state that several thousand families of Baden, Wurtemberg, and the banks of the Rhine, intend to emigrate to Algiers this autumn, with the intention of settling and cultivating the soil. These papers announce, also, that one hundred and twenty Bedouin Arabs have been sent from Algiers to France, and that they will be distributed among the great farmers of the south of France, and employed in agricultural labor, until they shall be judged capable of applying to the cultivation of their native soil the lessons they shall have learned in France, when they will be sent back to their own country.

NEW-ENGLAND GLASS BOTTLE COMPANY. This company as we learn from a Boston print, went into operation in January, 1827—and the manufacture of glass bottles, of every description has since been very successfully prosecuted. They are now manufacturing one hundred and fifty groce of bottles per week, which far exceeds the amount made in the same time by any other factory in Europe or America. A hydraulic press, for testing the strength of the bottles, has been obtained, which operates with perfect equality on every species of bottle submitted to its operation. A table is given of the comparative strength of English, Bristol, and American, Boston porter bottles, by which it is shown, that the latter are altogether superior to the former. The same results were elicited in regard to the strength of French claret and champagne bottles, and those for the purpose, of American manufactures.

NEWSPAPERS. There is no book or print so cheap as a newspaper; none so interesting, because it consists of a variety, measured out in suitable proportions as to time and quantity. Being new every week, or day, it invites to a habit of reading, and affords an easy and agreeable mode of acquiring knowledge, so essential to the welfare of the individual and community. It causes many an hour to pass profitably which would otherwise be passed in idleness.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

At Jersey City, opposite New-York, Col. RICHARD VARICK, aged 79. Col. Varick was born at Hackensack, New-Jersey, and received his collegiate education at King's now Columbian College, in the city of New-York, at which he took his degree before the commencement of the revolutionary war. Upon the breaking out of that war, he entered the service of the country, as military secretary to General Schuyler who then commanded the Northern Army; he was subsequently appointed Deputy Commissary General, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He remained with that army until after the capture of Burgoyne, in October, 1777. Afterwards he was stationed at West Point, and acted as Inspector General, until the discovery of Arnold's meditated treason and the desertion of that officer. Having been in Arnold's family as aid-de-camp, a court of inquiry acquitted him of all participation in Arnold's treachery. He was then a member of Washington's military family, and acted as Recording Secretary, until nearly the close of the war. After the evacuation of the city by the British troops on the 25th November, 1783, and the restoration of the civil government of the state, Col. Varick was appointed Recorder of the city of New-York, and subsequently Mayor, and held the latter office for many years. He was elected President of the New-York State Society of the Cincinnati 4th July, 1808, and has held the office ever since—having been re-elected annually.

For many years he has been out of all public employment, both in civil and political life; and has devoted much of his time to the promotion by all the means in his power, of the various objects of moral and religious improvement, for which the period has been greatly distinguished. Almost all the charitable institutions in the city have his name enrolled among their numbers; and an examination of their books will show that he has been to them not merely an influential member, but a liberal benefactor.

He was one of the founders of that great national institution—the American Bible Society; was appointed its first treasurer, afterwards, a Vice President; and, upon the resignation of the Hon. John Jay, he was unanimously elected its President. He has always maintained, through life, a distinguished character for the strictest integrity in all his intercourse with men, and for unaffected piety among Christians. He has left a widow, with whom he has lived in the enjoyment of domestic happiness for nearly half a century; but had no children.

At Livingstonville, Schoharie Co. N. Y. DAVID WILLIAMS, aged 77. He was born on the 31st of October, 1754, was a soldier of the Revolution, and the last survivor of the captors of Major Andre. For his services on that occasion, he received a medal from Congress, in 1780, bearing, on one side, the word "Fidelity," and on the other the motto "Amor patriæ vincet." Congress also granted him a yearly annuity of two hundred dollars during his life. He was in reduced circumstance at his death, and left an aged widow and one son.

At Winchester, Va. ALFRED H. POWELL, Esq. aged 50. He was engaged at the time in arguing a cause before the county court, and had spoken about ten or fifteen minutes, when after having read a passage from a law authority before him, he laid down the book, staggered back into a chair, and extended his arm,

saying, "My friends, bleed me!" These were the last words he spoke. Medical aid was almost instantly afforded, and every means employed to restore him, but in vain. The attack came on at a quarter before 2 o'clock, and he breathed his last at half past 3.

Alfred H. Powell was the son of Col. Levan Powell, of Loudoun county, Va. At an early age he entered Princeton College, N. J. where he made himself accomplished in the various branches of general knowledge, which have always been extensively taught in that institution. Upon leaving college he commenced the study of law, in Alexandria, under the direction of Colonel Charles Simms, an eminent member of the bar. Here he laid the foundation of those legal attainments which subsequently made him one of the ornaments of his native state. He settled in Winchester in the year 1800, and immediately acquired an extensive practice, which continued until his sudden and lamentable demise. Possessed of a powerful and luminous intellect, he easily mastered the subtleties and cleared away the obscurities of legal controversy, while the ardent and animated qualities of his nature invested his argument with glowing eloquence. His worth was not overlooked by his fellow citizens, who called upon him to serve them in various and important public trusts. He represented them in the house of delegates—in the state senate—in the United States congress—and in the late convention which formed the new constitution. In all these stations he acquitted himself with high and distinguished honor—conspicuous alike for his talents and political probity, and occupying a high rank amongst the great men of the land. In his private character Mr. Powell was peculiarly interesting. It sometimes happens that the statesman or jurist is so wrapped up in the important business of life, that the social affections wither from neglect and absence of cultivation. Not so was it with the subject of this notice. Benignant, generous and courteous, his heart attracted the affection, while his mind commanded the admiration, of all who knew him; and the general grief which has followed his untimely death is one of the purest tributes ever paid to the memory of buried worth.

In Exeter, N. H. August 3d, Hon. OLIVER FRANKLIN, aged 79. He was a native of Andover, Massachusetts, and was born August 22, 1752. He graduated at Harvard College in 1773, being in the first class after the aristocratical arrangement of the graduates according to the rank and station of their parents, which had prevailed from the foundation of that institution, was abolished. He studied the profession of law, and settled in practice in Exeter, before the year 1778. In that town he was soon brought into public life, being appointed Judge of Probate for the county of Rockingham, 7th July, 1790, which office he held until June, 1793. In 1793 and 1794, he was elected Senator of the second district, under the revised constitution of the state, and in the latter year, was chosen President of the Senate. On the 17th June, 1794, he was elected State Treasurer, upon which he resigned his office of Senator. The office of Treasurer he sustained the same number of years that his friend and townsman, John Taylor Gilman, sustained the office of governor. Both came into office together, and both retired at the same time. In December, 1795, he was appointed Justice of the Peace and Quorum through the state, and at the

time of his death was the oldest magistrate of that rank in New-Hampshire. He was appointed Sheriff of the county of Rockingham, 2d May, 1805, and filled that office for five years. In 1813, he was again elected Senator in the Legislature, and the same year, when a new arrangement of the judicial courts was made, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Eastern Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas, and remained in office until 1816. He was three times, viz. 1796, 1800 and 1804, chosen one of the Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. In all these stations, Judge Peabody acquitted himself with a dignity, integrity and impartiality, which, will secure to him a long and grateful remembrance. Of his character, it is presumed some one will speak who knew him personally, and who can do it justice.

At Cambridge, Ms. BENJAMIN PEIRCE, aged 53. Mr. Peirce was a native of Salem, and graduated at Harvard University, in the year 1801, with the first honors of his class. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate in 1811, and was for several years a representative of his native town. In 1826, he was selected by the corporation of Harvard College to fill the honorable and responsible office of Librarian to the University—an office of much greater importance in its various relations than is generally supposed; and which, in all countries where science and literature are respected, is not limited to the mere duty of keeping an account of the delivery and return of books, but is reserved for men of talents and learning, who are capable of using a library for the benefit of the community, while they personally give distinction and character to the establishment with which they are connected—for such men as Porson in London, Hase in Paris, and Heyne in Göttingen. With how much ability and fidelity he discharged the duties of that station, has long been well known to the governors of the University; and the public, generally, have now also the means of forming some judgment, in his ample and invaluable Catalogue of the University Library, lately published, in four octavo volumes. In addition to this important publication, Mr. Peirce had begun, and brought to a considerable degree of forwardness, another work, in which every son of Harvard in particular, will take a most lively interest—a full History of the University, from its foundation; with notices of its distinguished sons, who have been ornaments to our country, as well as to the place of their education. A great body of new and highly interesting matter will be found in the collections made by Mr. Peirce with a view to this History; and it is to be hoped, that measures will be taken, as early as circumstances permit, for the completion and publication of this work—in itself, the most appropriate monument to the memory of a devoted son of the College, and one whose deep interest in her welfare and intense application to the duties of his office have contributed to hasten his death.

At Black Rock, near Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. LETITIA PORTER, aged 45 years, wife of General Peter B. Porter, late Secretary of War. Mrs. Porter belonged to the first rank of women. Her intercourse with the great world was as grateful as it was extensive. She had every thing, from life's commencement, that was fitted to make it appear most attractive, and she so cultivated the mind with which her Maker had largely gifted her, as to render her one of the very noblest of our race. Her generous spirit was replete with every delicate sensibility; and its frankness, which rendered her incapable of concealment, was equally

incapable of any thing that would degrade by its meanness. Much of her time, her labor and her solicitude, were always her free will offering at the command of those who desired the assistance of her ready hand. The poor and the distressed had their anguish and their wants mitigated by her alleviating attentions; but all that she effected was performed so much in the simplicity of her heart, and such were her lofty conceptions of the awful responsibilities of the Christian, that she shrunk from the thought of calling them the acts of religion. The National Journal says—The death of Mrs. Porter, the estimable wife of General P. B. Porter, formerly Secretary of War, has caused unaffected grief among our citizens. A little more than two years since, she was the centre of attraction in this city. Wherever she moved, she seemed to cast about her a spell which captivated all hearts. At her soirees there was no dullness, for she was the moving spirit, diffusing cheerfulness and animation throughout the scene. Nor was her mind less accomplished than her manners. Intellect found in her a kindred grace; so that while she had a fascination for the gay, she had an equal charm for the grave. The spell is broken; the fascination is over; the charm is annihilated. Just in the maturity of life—before age had changed a feature or marred an expression of the countenance, or chilled the ardor of affection, or blunted sympathy, or destroyed the buoyancy of character, or even lessened the blandishments of hope, by a sudden blow she has been stricken from the list of the living. Consternation mingles itself with our sorrow; and while we weep and bow with humble submission, we also tremble and adore.

In Scituate, Ms. Rev. NENEHIAH THOMAS, aged 66, having been minister of the East Congregational Church in that town for thirty-nine years.

In Salem, Ms. NATHANIEL STACY, aged 71, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Worcester, Ms. Capt. WILLIAM WARREN, aged 80. He commanded a company at the battle of Bunker Hill, and received a wound from which he suffered until his death; he served, however, through the whole war.

In Rowley, Ms. NATHANIEL JOHNSON, aged 78, a revolutionary soldier.

In Harvard, Ms. OLIVER HILDBERTH, aged 79. He was at Concord, in 1775, and served through the Revolution.

In Sanford, Me. ELISHA ALLEN, aged 56, a native of Rochester, Mass.; he was a representative to the legislature before the separation, a member of the convention which formed the constitution of Maine, a member of the Executive Council, and an Elector of President, at the expiration of Mr. Monroe's first term.

In Gardiner, Ms. MICHAEL TAPPAN, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Machias, Me. Rev. MARSHFIELD STEELE, aged 61. He was the first minister, and for twenty years, the only settled minister in Washington county.

In Bath, Me. JOHN RUSSELL, aged 66, formerly editor of the Boston Gazette.

In Winchester, N. H. JONAS HUNT, aged 74, a volunteer at Concord and Bunker Hill, and a soldier at the capture of Burgoyne.

In Acworth, N. H. Rev. THEOPHILUS B. ADAMS, aged 42. He took an honorable part as a soldier in the last war, and received a wound in one of its engagements which impaired his constitution, and for which he received a pension until his death.

In Temple, N. H. JOSEPH WALTON, aged 95, a soldier in the French and Revolutionary wars.

In Pelham, N. H. JONATHAN LYON, aged 79, a soldier of the Revolutionary war.

In Stoddard, Vt. RICHARD RICHARDSON, aged 73.

In Craftsbury, Vt. DANIEL SAEVER, aged 79, a soldier of the Revolution.

In Burlington, Vt. Rev. JONATHAN NUTTER, aged 70, in the forty-eighth year of his ministry.

In West-Hartford, Ct. MOSES GOODMAN, aged 81.

In Cleveland, Ohio, DANIEL KELLEY, aged 76, a native of Norwich, Ct. but for the last fifteen years a resident of Cleveland.

In Andalusia, Penn. WILLIAM CHAPMAN,

Esq. aged 53. Mr. Chapman was a native of Newport Pagnel, Buckinghamshire, England, and the discoverer of the cure for stammering. Afflicted to a great degree in his early years, and finding no relief from any course recommended by the faculty of his native country, he was induced to attempt something himself; he succeeded, and since his arrival in this country has been the means of imparting relief to many others.

Near Lambertsville, Pa. CORNELIUS CORYELL, aged 99; formerly the proprietor of "Coryell's Ferry" across the Delaware, and a soldier of the Revolution.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

By J. & J. Harper, New-York.—Xenophon, the Anabasis, translated by Edward Spelman, Esq.; the Cyropedia, translated by Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper, 2 vols.—A View of ancient and modern Egypt, with an outline of its natural history, by the Rev. Michael Russell, 1 vol.—History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present time, by James Fletcher, Esq. with a narrative of the recent events, obtained from a Polish Patriot nobleman, 1 vol. [These works form numbers XXI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, of Harper's Family Library.]

By H. Howe, New-Haven.—Annals of Yale College, in New-Haven, from its foundation to the year 1831, with an appendix, containing statistical Tables and exhibiting the present condition of the institution, by Ebenezer Baldwin.

By Stimpson & Clapp, Boston.—The American Library of Useful Knowledge, vol. 2, being a Treatise on mechanics, by Capt. Henry Kater and the Rev. Dyonisius Lardner.

By Lilly & Watt, Boston.—The Modern Traveler, a popular description, geographical, historical and political, of the various Countries of the Globe, vol. tenth, containing the Description of Russia.

By Hogan & Co. Philadelphia.—An Abridgement of Elements of Criticism, by the Hon. H. H. Kames; edited by John Frost, A. M. 1 vol. 12mo.

By Carey & Lea, Philadelphia.—Lessons on Things, intended to improve Children in the Practice of Observation, Reflection, and Description, on the System of Pestalozzi; edited by John Frost, A. M.—The Journal of a Naturalist, (this work forms the second number of the Cabinet Library.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE PERILOUS CONDITION OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The aim of every political Constitution is, or ought to be, to obtain for RULERS, men, who possess most WISDOM to discover, and most VIRTUE to pursue, the common GOOD OF SOCIETY."—*Federalist*.

DURING the progress of that great political excitement, which has convulsed the Union for the last ten years, and still rages with accumulated violence, the standard of public morals has been reduced, and an unwarrantable distinction countenanced, between popular and private virtue. An impression has been induced, that a latitude was admissible in the exercise of the right of suffrage, and in electioneering disquisitions, which was degrading to the citizen, trenched upon the bounds of truth, tolerated duplicity, and scouted the lofty dictates of honor.

The national *morale* has been so far corrupted, that talents, intelligence, public services, and unimpeachable rectitude of character, are no longer considered as the distinctive qualifications for office, in competition with partizan zeal, unprincipled devotion to men, and the debasing intrigues of the demagogue. It is not asked,—Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the constitution? but, Is he a clamorous, a reckless and a boisterous champion of faction? Does any one desire official patronage, the only inquiry is, Will he do whatever the executive or its adherents demand,—whether right or wrong? Will he, with unhesitating alacrity, sacrifice principle to policy, duty to expediency, and compromise the great interests of the country for sectional objects, and party aggrandizement.

Such a corrupt and groveling course of statism, indicates a proclivity towards national degradation, of alarming import. It is the precursor of that decadence, to which the best governments are inclined. It is incompatible with the enjoyment of civil liberty, has prematurely shaken the foundations of the republic, and threatens the speedy prostration of that magnificent structure. Will not measures be adopted to prevent such disastrous consequences? Are the prudential lessons of our revolutionary worthies to be thus soon disregarded? Is the

patriarchal advice of Washington to be lost upon his countrymen? Is the experience of ages to have no influence? Will the people heedlessly abandon their rights, and surrender the boasted freedom of Americans, without one glorious effort to correct the flagrant abuses of the times? No! Having been grossly wronged, by base and designing men, they will promptly seek redress for past grievances, and guard against the repetition of offences, which, having been so arrogantly committed, and so complacently tolerated, scarcely seem obnoxious to rebuke.

The career of commendable ambition has been converted into a political arena, by the profligate competitors for place. The aspirants for public distinction, instead of mounting the Olympian chariot, as rival conservators of the public weal, and contending for the prize of immortality, we behold descending to the humiliating condition of purchased gladiators, or the degraded slaves of faction, and furiously struggling for personal reward, rather than the glory of their country, and the reguerdon of patriotism.

An epoch has been reached, from whence the ruin or regeneration of our republican institutions must be dated. It depends upon the virtues and intelligence of the people, whether the future destinies of their country shall be adverse or propitious. At such a momentous crisis, the generous co-operation of steadfast patriots, under the instruction and guidance of the most illustrious statesmen, is of more vital consequence than victories in the field, when discords shall have assumed the attitude of civil war. It will then be too late for counsel or conciliation; and when peace shall be restored, who can foretell, whether it be to many independent nations, or to this unsevered and united republic. This is the moment for cool deliberation, harmonious concert, and vigorous action. Prejudices are to be conquered, sectional exasperations appeased, and turbulent excitements quelled, by an appeal to the understanding rather than to arms. Principles are to be supported by argument, the errors of angry partizans corrected by the influence of reason, treasonable combinations discountenanced by the frowns of loyalty, and the rash threats of insurrection silenced by the stern voice of public disapprobation.

In times of civil commotion, the precepts of wisdom and the warnings of experience come with a most cheering influence. Impassioned declamation being opposed by intelligent appeals to the understanding, and the absurdities of sophistry by the inductions of reason, we may be assured that rebellious denunciations will be lost in the animating shouts of "*Independence and Union forever*," and tranquillity be again restored throughout the land.

The real friends of the Constitution, the able and venerated apostles of freedom, and their zealous disciples, must come forth in the majesty of their strength, and boldly confront the desperate leaders of disorganization. No man, who is capable of rendering assistance, can remain inactive without a gross dereliction of duty. He cannot avoid participating in the conflict, which rages with such alarming violence, without being considered traitorous to his country. The services of every citizen, who values the blessings he has long enjoyed, are imperiously required. It matters not how indifferent he may have been to stations of honor and confidence,—how regardless of the rea-

pectful attentions of his countrymen,—how confident in the stability of the Union,—how obtuse to the apprehensions of danger. During nearly half a century of unexampled prosperity, he may have been lulled into an unwarrantable security, against every possible adverse change of fortune. Faithful in his attachment to the constitution, sanguine in its efficiency under all emergencies, and fearless of disastrous consequences, from domestic feuds, or foreign outrage, the future has been gilded, by the effulgent radiance of the past. But he must no longer be governed by such consolatory, yet delusive considerations ; he must be roused to a vivid conception of the actual position, in which he is now placed ; he must be animated by more stirring and exalted sentiments ; he must act from a profound respect for that government which has been the wonder and admiration of the world ; he must evince a pure and holy reverence for those rights which are the acquisitions of adventurous independence and sanguinary conflict. The tranquil pursuits of retirement must be abandoned for the energetic duties of the ardent patriot. Emulating the examples of seventy-five, he must offer up his services on the altar of liberty. Appealing to those, who are acquainted with the impressive history of these United States, from the period of their individual existence, how natural, yet how painful is this inquiry : Could you have anticipated such a sudden and wide deviation from the virtuous course of your forefathers, such an entire abandonment of the fundamental principles of a republican confederacy, such an alarming aberration from the prescribed orbit of national glory ? Was there an original and radical defect in the organization of the government, to which such flagitious consequences may be attributable ? This cannot be alleged, with the least semblance of truth ; but rather, let it be acknowledged, with compunctious sincerity, that the age is in fault ; that there has been a lamentable degeneration from that sublime political morality, which characterized our ancestors ; that we must go back to the days of primitive purity and excellence, and be imbued with that holy spirit of independence, by which the adventurous founders of this western empire were inspired, and by whose influence their gallant and zealous descendants were enabled to throw off the yoke of foreign domination.

Let us then hasten to read, with renovated interest and astonishment, of the personal sacrifices of the pilgrims, of the causes which induced their bold and hazardous emigration, of their unwavering fidelity in periods of the greatest peril, of their firm adherence to the axioms of eternal justice, of their indomitable hostility to oppression, and of their undoubted confidence in ultimate success ; let us once more dwell, with increased pride and admiration, on their deeds of enterprize and valor, their constant, uniform and uncompromising opposition to arbitrary encroachments, during the long and onerous cycle of colonial dependence ; let us again endeavor to realize that lofty tone of thought and noble bearing, for which the sages and soldiers of the revolution were distinguished, and exult in their triumphant achievements. Having been excited by these glowing and instructive reminiscences, we may duly appreciate what has been acquired, what there is to cherish, what to correct, what to defend, and what are the demands upon us, by the present and all future generations,—by oppressed and persecuted man throughout the globe ; for to this country the eyes of the

whole human race are directed. Encouraged by the example here presented, the people of all civilized nations have evinced a determination to retrieve their long lost liberties, and to establish representative republics on the ruins of despotism. How important is it, then, that this nation should maintain that exalted character and station which it has so early and so justly acquired ; and how responsible is every citizen for the great trust which has been confided to him by the constitution and the law ! He is under the most solemn obligations to qualify himself to discharge his public duties with fidelity and ability ; it is therefore indispensable that he should be thoroughly instructed on all subjects connected with the theory and practical operations of the government, and so fully capable of deciding upon the requisite qualifications of the legislator and statesman, as never to disgrace himself, or dishonor the country, by impolitic selections. He must be so circumspect in the bestowal of confidence, and so armed in honesty, as not to be deceived by the specious promises of the ambitious, the zeal of the factious, or the assumed gravity of the incompetent and venal ; but, with wary investigation, test the talents and integrity of all candidates for office ; be cautious that precedent does not sanction error, or innovation be hallowed by prescription.

It must be ever borne in mind, that there is no other mode, by which private happiness and public prosperity can be promoted, than the universal dissemination of intelligence ; it is our only reliance—the rock of our political salvation. There can be no confidence in the continued purity and stability of the government, unless information shall be as generally extended as the rights of suffrage. All our advances in civilization, all the ameliorations which have been effected, beyond the condition of regal subjects, are the result of moral and intellectual instruction. In proportion as the faculties of the mind have been cultivated, the virtues of the heart developed, and the genial precepts of Christianity cherished and diffused, have the bounds of civil and religious freedom been enlarged.

From these considerations, how evident is the conclusion, that the citizens of the United States should receive, not merely a literary and scientific but a political education, in the most expansive signification of that term. They are the source of all power, the absolute sovereigns, the creators of their civil and national existence. In their own name, and for their own especial benefit, they established an unprecedented system of government, under which they are at all times in the full enjoyment of equal rights ; and while they alternately fill the stations of rulers and subjects, they reserve to themselves, exclusively, the supreme and indefeasible authority of prescribing the limits of the former and the duties of the latter. Such a novel organization of a republic pre-supposes an enlightened population ; and a retrogradation in morals and education is fatal to its existence. In them is placed the conservative principle of this anomalous experiment to elevate the character of man, and place him beyond the possibility of future degradation. If it should fail, it will not be from the imperfection of the theory, but the criminal negligence of the people, who are charged with its execution. Each and all being deeply interested, can it be possible, that the requisite means should not be efficiently applied, for insuring success ? The difficulties which are to be encountered

may be learned from history. The causes of the rise, progress, decline and fall of other nations, which have vainly attempted to establish just, equal and free governments, should be profoundly investigated, that we may avoid the calamities which they suffered. Such retrospective inquiries are not urged for the mere purpose of theoretical speculation, but for practical appliance and substantial utility.

As past ages are the admonitors of the present and the future, we must appeal to them for the stern lessons of experience; and when contrasting the condition of man and of nations, at different epochs, in various climes, and under every form of government, with that here presented, how satisfactory is the result, how favorable to our hopes, how encouraging to our efforts! But there must be no lack of vigilance, no want of activity, no relaxation of measures. Our duties as citizens, and the great interests of the country, must be the constant objects of meditation. While watching with eager gaze the progress of events in distant realms, where the wars of freedom and despotism are waged with desperate fury; and while speculating on the probabilities of victory or defeat, on either side, with what deep solicitude should we revert to the peculiar position of our own country! so admirable in the estimation of the liberal in foreign nations, and so perilous in aspect to its faithful citizens.

If it is interesting and instructive to trace the phenomena of physical effects to their remote and recondite cause, and most useful to seek in principle, for the test and corrective of moral delinquency, how vastly more important is it, that we should be well versed in the history of our political institutions,—of the constitutions, legislation, jurisprudence and statistics, of the several states and of the United States; be ever watchful to detect and counteract deleterious innovations, whether of foreign or domestic origin,—of minor or momentous import; and zealous to secure the stability and promote the prosperity of the Union.

It should never be forgotten, that, when the war of the revolution had closed, and these United States assumed the rank of an independent nation, infinite and most serious difficulties were to be encountered, from the inefficiency of Congressional power, as prescribed by the articles of confederation. During the excitement and pressure of war, the administration of the general government was rendered effectual by the generous co-operation of the states, as well as of the whole people. One common and all-engrossing cause united all hearts and nerved every arm. But on the return of peace, innumerable obstacles successively arose, which national legislation could neither remove nor avoid. The public and private debts were enormous, and from the inadequacy of means, credit was destroyed. The requisitions upon the states were either entirely disregarded, or but partially and reluctantly answered. Commerce and navigation languished from the want of protection and encouragement. Agriculture, manufactures and the mechanic arts were in a lamentable state of decadence; and there was no power in the general or state governments to cheer on exertion, re-establish confidence, and insure ultimate prosperity in any branch of national industry.

A general gloom overshadowed the union, and portentous gleams of

insurrectionary movements flashed along the political horizon. Those gallant soldiers, firm statesmen, and unwavering legislators, who had fearlessly buffeted the revolution, were alarmed at the perilous situation of the country. At last, urged on by Washington and his illustrious compatriots, measures were adopted for averting those disastrous consequences, which they had "but too much reason to apprehend." A convention was assembled at Philadelphia in 1787, "for the purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation, and reporting such alterations and provisions, as would render the federal constitution adequate to the exigences of government and the preservation of the Union."

The meeting of that august assembly marks a most important era in the annals of our country and of the world. Gentlemen, eminent for their erudition, talents, moral excellence, and patriotism, had been selected, as the responsible Amphictyons, who were to form a system of government for this vast empire. Such an able, dignified, and imposing assemblage, and for such a purpose, had never been convened; and the result of their deliberations was looked for with intense solicitude; on it depended the happiness of millions. From the peculiar situation of the recently emancipated colonies, the causes of embarrassment were of no ordinary magnitude. Political, commercial, and various sectional jealousies existed among the states, while there was a difference in their extent, wealth and population, as well as in the habits, education and religion of their inhabitants. This presented obstacles, apparently insuperable; and at one period it was seriously apprehended that the convention would be dissolved without being able to accomplish the object of its meeting; but, fortunately, a liberal, magnanimous and exalted spirit prevailed, and a disposition for mutual compromise and concession, at length, overcoming every difficulty, the result was the admirable Constitution, which is now our boast. Under the salutary provisions of that great charter of our liberties, this country has advanced in all the arts of civilization, with a rapidity, unexampled in the history of the human race.

During successive administrations, however variant the speculative opinions of rival parties, the great interests of the people, and of the whole country, have, generally, been kept constantly in view, and claimed the most serious attention of all branches of the government; and if there have been periods, when every measure did not quadrate with public sentiment, in all parts of the Union, they were either modified or abandoned, or, after more mature consideration, so universally sanctioned, as to be effectually maintained. But whatever party has been dominant, men distinguished for their talents, integrity and honorable deportment, have, most usually, been called upon to fill the executive departments; and with few exceptions, there was a cordial and an efficient co-operation of the cabinet and congress, for the prosecution of all such measures as were best calculated to promote the prosperity and happiness of the people, and to subserve the great interests of the general weal.

The nation went on triumphantly through the sunshine of peace and the lurid storms of war. We were honored by all nations. Successful commerce adventured round the globe, and the "star-spangled banner" was hailed with respect, in every clime. Within our borders, how cheering has been the advance and how encouraging the future!

But to realize all those bright visions, which loom in the prospective, it is indispensable that there should be no abatement of vigilance, no want of energy, no negligence of duty. We must take warning from the fate of other republics, and recollect that the sentinels of liberty can never slumber with impunity, for the demon of usurpation is ever on the watch, to enter the unprotected portals of her sanctuary.

The people have, but too often, been the sole cause of their own irremediable bondage. Instead of being guided by the honest, high-minded and patriotic, they have been grossly deluded by the wily stratagems of reckless demagogues. In this country an opinion has, unfortunately, prevailed, which it is not prudent longer to sustain, although sanctioned by the highest authority, for it may be of disastrous consequence. It was presumed that so enlightened were the citizens, so fortified their rights, so jealous were they of even delegated power, so mistrustful of ambition, so determined to preclude the possibility of deception, that none but the truly eminent could ever receive their confidence and support. These exhilarating expectations were early induced; they had their origin in the establishment of the constitution; that governmental code was framed for the express purpose of warranting their indulgence, and inspired the doubtful with a full confidence in their complete consummation. So sanguine were the erudite authors of the *Federalist*, in the conservative provisions of our national charter,—such their reliance upon the sound sense, and incorruptibility of the people, and on their unremitted vigilance, that it was considered impossible that any other than the great and meritorious could, in any event, reach the most exalted stations in the government. This is their emphatic declaration;

“The process of election affords a moral certainty that the office of President will seldom fall to the lot of any man, who is not, in an eminent degree, endowed with the requisite qualifications. It will not be too strong to say, that there will be a constant probability of seeing the station filled, by characters pre-eminent for ability and virtue.”

Such an asseveration, and from such mighty men, could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression. It was dictated from magnanimous conceptions of the American character, and enlarged views of an inevitable progress in political science; a belief that there was the disposition and determination, throughout the country, to extend the means of education among all classes of society; that the nation would, in after ages, be as distinguished for the moral improvement of its citizens, as for the free institutions, whose eternal foundations they successfully laid. But enough has been developed to cast a desponding shadow over that brilliant prospect, which, with elated thoughts and gladdened hearts, was beheld in the distance, by the venerated compatriots of other days. Is there not danger in giving an unqualified assent to an axiom, which has not yet been sufficiently tested, to preclude the denial of its correctness?

History recounts innumerable instances of the ruinous consequences, which result from political as well as religious frenzy. There are times, when even the sage become demented, the intelligent stultified, and the habitually prudent are carried away by the delirium of public excitement. Such scenes may be anticipated here. Disappointment and revenge brutalize the mind; pride of opinion often generates

arrogance ; error becomes contagious, and heedless ignorance, with remorseless treason, hastens to form the most terrible combinations ; the barriers against lawless innovation are broken down, and every thing is made to yield before the tremendous torrent of popular exasperation. In such an event, men, without talents, experience or moral rectitude, may be elected to the highest offices in the republic. Victorious commanders contended for the imperial sceptre of the Roman empire. Military fame dazzled the multitude, and divided their admiration, plaudits and suffrage, among the various competitors for power. At the most enlightened period of their existence, how many nations have been suddenly cast down, by the usurpations of ambition ! Man, in the most exalted state of refinement,—in the plenitude of his unalienated sovereignty—instead of being guided by the lights of a cultivated understanding, is often actuated by the same considerations which operate on the mind of a barbarian ; and, however strange and inexplicable, some fortunate warrior gains precedence in his estimation. All other qualifications are disregarded, and it matters not, whether a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, a Tamerlane, or an Attila is called to the throne ; it is sufficient, that he has been a victorious chieftain. Similar examples of general hallucination may be exhibited in the United States ; so far from being impossible, they are to be dreaded, as probable occurrences. Individuals may become candidates for the first offices in the gift of the people, who are as objectionable from their incapacity as obnoxious to censure from an indisposition to act with honesty, wisdom and dignity. They may have evinced firmness and decision in the field of battle, and acquired a reputation for boldness and independence in the ranks of an army ; but for civilians and statesmen, how inadequate are such endowments, without the prerequisites of erudition, philosophical habits, laborious investigation, discretion, and long experience in public life ! Decision is incompatible with ignorance, and firmness and independence cannot be evinced, when reliance is reposed on others for instruction and advice. Bold they may be, but only in a total disregard of private rights, official duty, and the honor of their country.

Unconscious of their imperfections the least informed are the most presumptuous ; not knowing the difficulties to be encountered, in situations of high trust, they are incapable of appreciating the talents, by which alone they can be surmounted. Ever ready to undertake the duties of any station, they soon discover their inability to execute them ; and, compelled to rely upon others for counsel, there is no security that it will be wise and efficient ; for mediocrity seeks congenial associates, and ministers may be selected equally as deficient as themselves. With such Presidents, and cabinets thus constituted, what would be our condition ? The foreign relations of the country would be so impotently managed, as to bring down inevitable disgrace upon our diplomacy. The rights and interests of the nation would be basely sacrificed, at the expense of humiliating concessions. We might expect dastardly acknowledgements of wrongs to be tendered, when redress for wanton acts of outrage should have been strenuously urged ; that appeals would be made to the mercy rather than justice of nations ; that principles would be abandoned, instead of being energetically enforced. Negotiations might be concluded, as objectionable for

the direct violations of law which they involved, as the groveling subserviency of manner, in which they were conducted. We might behold that proud national spirit, which had never brooked insult, quail in the presence of royalty, and stoop to arrogant dictation ; and the glory of the country,—that priceless gem of all governments,—might be ignominiously tarnished, by the recreant guardians, to whom it had been confided.

The interior condition of affairs would be as lamentable as the external, for it might be expected, that the patronage of the executive would be prostituted to reward personal friends and clamorous partizans ; a system of proscription adopted of the most offensive and despotic character ; the law wantonly violated ; the constitution put at defiance ; the powers of congress disregarded, and a system of espionage instituted over civil, military and naval officers, calculated to preclude confidence among equals, create insubordination in every grade, destroy all independence of deportment, and effectually check the freedom of thought and of action.

Such are the inevitable consequences, which are to be apprehended from a decadence in education, and the prevalence of political immorality, and they deserve the most grave consideration of the whole people ; they must not be deceived, by a confidence in their own strength and virtues, even for the present. How important is it, then, that they should adopt such measures as shall have a salutary influence on the future ! They are bound, by the most solemn obligations, to maintain, unimpaired, the rich inheritance bequeathed to them by their fathers. They must look well to their rights, and be actuated by the deeds rather than the declarations of the ambitious. Unless the ablest and best men are selected for the great offices of government, the ultimate ruin of the republic is certain.

A.

THIRTY-THREE.

ALAS for the lost ! for the friends that are dead ;

They are gone where my errors they cease to deplore ;
And the bosom, in childhood that pillowed my head,
Can never be torn by ingratitude more.

And alas for the living ! more hard is his fate,
For weary, depressed, and disheartened am I ;
And, when my few virtues are graven on slate,
Few friends will weep over the spot where I lie.

The springs I have seen have been thirty and three,
And the brightest I would not live over again ;
The world is no longer an Eden to me,
For I love not the planet nor honor its men.

What is Beauty ? a cheat on the heart by the eyes ;
And Reason ? but intellect cramped in the schools ;
Ambition ? the folly it is of the wise ;
And Love ? 't is no more than the wisdom of fools.

Ye insects that flutter, ye emmets that moil,
Ye that worship the idols of Pleasure or Gain,
Disappointment is all the reward of your toil,
Wealth ends in disquiet, and pleasure in pain.

H. K.

FROM THE MSS. OF A TRAVELER IN THE EAST.

NO. IV.

CAMPAIGNING IN THE PELOPONNESSUS.

It was a clear but sultry day in July that our band of mountain-soldiers halted under the deep shadow of a cluster of the broad-leaved fig tree, to take some refreshment and pass the heat of the day ; we had been enjoying our siesta, and when I awoke, which I did without raising my head from the root of the tree upon which it had been resting, I half drowsingly took a look at the singular group around me. The little blue banner of the cross was planted in the ground ; the baggage mules, relieved from their burdens, but tied each one with his head to his fore-leg, were nibbling the short grass ; the soldiers, with their picturesque costume, " with their snowy chemise, and their shaggy capotes," were scattered around on the ground in every attitude ; there were some, whose heads thrown back, and lips apart, and deep heaving chest, proclaimed the soundest sleep ; while others, with languid, half-open eyes, were lying between sleeping and waking ; here was a group smoking their pipes in silence, and there a soldier combing out the long curly locks, that reached below his shoulders. The object, however, which most interested me, was the slender but elegant figure of a stripling lad of nineteen, who lay at my feet with his head half raised, and resting on one hand, while in the other he held a morocco case, which I took to be a miniature, and his eyes were fixed upon an open letter on the grass before him. My companion always looked interesting, but now more so than ever ; his graceful figure, just budding into manhood, had the suppleness and ease peculiar to his age, which make every posture graceful ; his features were regular and beautiful, though strongly marked ; and his complexion, dark by nature, was still more darkened by exposure ; yet was his soft skin clear, and you might see the rich blood mantling beneath it ; and his eye, his large black eye, ever restless and full of fire, gave life and animation to his whole countenance. Then his costume, the rich and picturesque costume of the Albanian Greeks ; the blue-lapelled red cap ; the neck and bosom bare ; the gilt and embroidered jacket and sash with slashed sleeves, thrown back, and the right arm bare to the shoulder ; the tight sash of blue silk encircling his slender waist ; the white flowing kilt, embroidered gaiters, and knit sandals ; the whole relieved by the large shaggy capote, or over-cloak, on which he was lying, gave a perfect picture of a young Greek, in the person of an Englishman of family and fortune.

I gazed on him for a while after he had put up his miniature and lay pulling his just budding mustachios, and giving signs of impatience. Suddenly he sprung to his feet, and, calling me by name, cried out, " Will you be off with me, or not ? for if I stay here any longer, waiting for these Turkish hounds, may I be d——d." His exclamation roused the whole band ; the sleepers started up ; the before silent were now all alive and chattering away, as if a spell were broken ; and while some ran to catch the mules, others began to examine the priming and locks of their muskets and pistols, and all were engaged in

making their preparations for departure. "I'll not be beating about with you any longer in these parts," said W. ; "I'll be off to Ulysses with my five soldiers, and we shall see more fighting there in one week, than you will have here if you wait until dooms-day." "Nonsense!" cried I ; "do have patience, and I'll warrant you'll get your neck acquainted with a scimitar soon enough, without holding it out unnecessarily; besides, what kind of an example of subordination shall we set to these Greek soldiers, if, neglecting the post assigned us, we should go Don-Quixoting it over the country in search of adventures?" "Oh, hang it, that's always the burden of your song; but I did not come to Greece to teach them subordination; I came to fight the Turks, and here have I been campaigning a whole month without getting a squint even at the tail of a Pacha." "But," said I, "we can be of no service to Greece, unless"—"Service to Greece!" you are always prating about that; I tell you I want to do service as well as you, but I want to be quick about it; I want a chance to fight, and be promoted, and get some credit, and go home to England, and enjoy it; for who can stay in this miserable dirty country, where one gets nothing to eat but onions, black bread and olives; and nothing to drink but wine, sour enough to give a vinegar bottle a fit of the cholera." I tried to pacify the petted and spoiled boy, and he agreed to accompany us another day's march.

The soldiers had by this time got ready, the mules were loaded with our outside capotes, and two or three earthen pots, which served to do the little cooking of our band; each one tightened his pistol belt, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, swung his musket over his shoulder, and away we went, leaving only the trampled grass, and the ashes of our fire to tell that we had been there.

I did not as usual mingle in the march with the soldiers, but let them go ahead, merrily singing their light songs, while I dropped behind to join W., whom I saw fretted and disappointed. Like most Philhellenes, he had come out with ridiculous and extravagant notions; he expected glory, and promotion, and a speedy end of his labors; he was brave as steel, and would have exposed his life most cheerfully to gain his object; but he had been deceived in his expectations; he had thought of the Greeks as the descendants of Leonidas; he found them merely cautious, cunning, and common men; he thought of the land as one of glorious recollections; he had anticipated of war only its thrilling excitements, its bloody struggle, and its strangely enticing dangers; he found its trying vicissitudes, its constant exposures, its daily privations and sufferings. Hence the disappointment and disgust of many; to W. it was peculiarly trying; he was brave but impatient, and burning with ambition, or rather goaded by that morbid craving for distinction, which so often torments common minds, without inspiring them with that degree of originality, resolution, and perseverance, necessary to the attainment of distinction.

To-day he saw everything through the medium of ill-humor; the Greeks were a cheating, trickish set of cowards; the splendid and interesting remnants of antiquity that we passed were mere humbugging piles of marble; the picturesque and enchanting scenery was miserably tame and trite; he was sick of forever seeing ragged cliffs, and dark glens, and steep mountains; there were as fine, and even finer

ones in Scotland and Switzerland, and all the boasted Grecian scenery was common-place. I felt that his ill-humor was beginning to put me into a pet with him; so I left him in the rear, and gained the group which was cheerily bounding over the crags ahead.

Evening was now approaching, and the discussion begun among the soldiers as to where we should pass the night; this village had good honey, and that had good cheese; and in a third could be had, perhaps, some fowls or sheep. As we eagerly debated this question, we came to the summit of a ridge, from which there burst upon us one of those romantic prospects so common in Greece; in front was a chain of lofty, precipitous, and ragged cliffs, behind which the sun was just sinking in a soft yet intense blaze of light, that threw into bold relief the wild and picturesque shapes of the craggy summits; here was a cliff sinking into the sombre twilight; by its side another threw back a full blaze of reflected light, while between the two, the chasms thrown entirely in the shade, seemed black portals leading to the very bowels of the mountain. Betwixt us and this ridge was a deep valley, seemingly under our feet, and already shrouded in the obscurity of evening; a little stream purled through the centre of it, and on either side of this, was a group of cottages, from which rose mingled sounds of human voices, lowing oxen, and bleating sheep; and a zigzag path led down the steep descent, along which some peasants with their mules were clambering their way. I stood gazing on the lovely scene, which it is impossible to describe justly, and awaited the coming of W.; he toiled slowly and sullenly up, but the moment he gained the summit his countenance changed, his eyes sparkled, he looked a moment, and then burst out impetuously—"Well, by Heaven, Greece is a glorious and a lovely land; and all toil and suffering are nothing compared to enjoying such unrivalled scenery." The enthusiastic boy was happy for a moment, and who that hath an eye to see, cannot be happy when gazing on the glorious picture which the God of nature sometimes hangs out in the sky at sunset in every clime; but which in Greece is ever glowing with her choicest, deepest, richest hues.

It is not that the setting sun here melts into a flood of splendor unknown in American scenery, for the gorgeous beauties of a New-England sun-set are unsurpassed in any clime; but there is here a certain something which is wanting even in our clearest skies; the horizon seems wider and more boundless; the arch above is of a mightier span; and, as the eye revels in the vast blue, one feels that it is not bounded by any substance or vapor, but lost from want of power to dive farther into the infinity of space beyond it. Then there is here a lightness—a balmy softness in the air one breathes—that animates and braces the spirits; the breath plays more freely, the blood seems to flow more easily, and man lives more rapidly, if I may so express myself, than in our clime; and if his life is shorter in years, it is longer in enjoyment, for there we live on in spite of the weather, and struggle against east winds, and damps, and cold, and sultry heat, while here, "to be, to feel, to breathe, is purest extacy."

The climate of Greece for eight months in the year is most delicious, and, though in summer, the heat, as measured by a thermometer, may be as great as with us, still, from the clearness, the lightness of the atmosphere, and from the rapidity with which evaporation goes on, (or

from some other cause unknown to me,) the heat is not oppressive; one feels inclined, at noon, to lie down, not as with us, to labor under and better bear the heat, but to enjoy it; he relaxes mind and body into complete and pleasing lassitude; he lies between sleep and watching, yet is he not drowsy; the bands which bind soul and body together seem rather to be unloosed, and, careless of the past, present, and future, one lies and enjoys a sort of twilight existence.

But we were obliged to quit this lovely scene, and hasten to clamber down the winding path that led to the village. And a rapid descent we made of it too, in our anxiety to join the soldiers before they entered.

Ere we gained the village we had been discovered by the peasants, and in an instant every sign of life had vanished; sheep, mules, fowls, and men, had alike disappeared; every door and shutter was fastened, and one would have supposed the village totally uninhabited; in fact, I saw many of the men stealing away in the distance. But the soldiers soon commenced a clattering at the doors, and Francesco, beckoning me to follow him, selected one of the best looking of the mud-walled cottages, and began to unload the mule before the door, crying out at the same time—"Come, come, old mother, open your door, and quickly too, for I have brought some great men for your lodgers." Not a soul answered, however; I listened at the door, but not a sound was to be heard. "Hollo! hollo! there within," shouted Francesco, coming up and kicking violently against the door; "open, open; what! all gone? well then, here goes—I'll stave in the door." "Oh, Lord bless us! Lord bless us!" shrieked a shrill voice from within; "Who is there, what do ye want, and can't you have patience a moment till I open? there now," said an old hag, thrusting her wrinkled face out of the half-open door, "what do ye want?" "Want!" says Francesco, pushing in, "want, old mother of mine? we want—lodgings, and fire, and some eggs, and butter, and a chicken, forsooth, if ye have any." "Oh!" shrieked out the old woman, "you cannot come into my house; there is nothing in it; I have not a bit of bread even; I swear to you, by the Holy Virgin, I have not seen oil, nor butter, nor eggs, these many months—no! no! ye can't come in, ye can't come in," said she, struggling with Francesco, who kept edging into the door-way; "go over to my neighbor, he is rich, and has everything; there is nothing in my house that ye can eat. There now!" added she, after he had fairly pushed her in, "you see what there is, and ye are welcome to my house." Changing now her tune entirely, she became quite enchanted to see us, and tried to make the best of it; and indeed we found it a comfortable place, though apparently poorly stocked; but there was a bright fire burning on the earth floor, and other indications sufficient to guide Francesco in his researches.

"My good mother," says he, "how many have you in your family?" "Family!" said she, "I have no family, none but a widowed daughter, and we are so miserably poor we are almost starved." "But what are all those wooden spoons for?" said he, drawing out a half a dozen which had been hastily covered up by a coarse towel. "Spoons! spoons!" cried the old woman, hurrying to take them from him, "they have been lying there these two months." "By my faith, then," said he, smelling of them, "they have kept the scent well, for, mother, they smell of

good soup ; and, bless me, they are quite soaked yet ; come, come, out with the remnant of the lamb you had for dinner." " I eat lamb ! Lord bless me ! I hav'n't seen meat in these walls these many months. I lent the spoons to-day to neighbor Yanni, and he sent them back unwashed." " And did he send you back bones also ?" said Francesco, picking up two or three little ribs of lamb from the ashes ; " come, come, cousin, out with it, out with it," said he, rummaging around the cottage, the old woman keeping before him ; and at last sitting down on a bread trough which was turned bottom upwards, she declared she was old and tired out, and just ready to die. " Get up," said Francesco, " get up, and let us look under your trough." " I can't get up, I can't, there is nothing here, by the cross,—nothing ;" but he pulled her up gently, and, turning over the trough, he there found the remnant of the lamb.

" Nothing in the world," said the old woman, " but some cold lamb, and you are entirely welcome to that ; I meant to have given it to you ; you are welcome my child," said she, in a coaxing voice, " to all I have in my house." She found it was impossible to get rid of us, seeing that W. and myself had hung up our muskets, taken off our belts, and were making ourselves quite at ease with our pipes. For my part, I said nothing, but amused myself with watching the movements of Francesco, who searched round as though it had been his mother's cottage, looking now for oil to cook with, and now for meal to make bread,—the old woman following him close up, trying to divert his attention from the spot where the things were concealed, swearing by all the saints that she had not the articles ; but Francesco, without minding her, continued to look round, and stooping down he examined carefully the floor, which was nothing more nor less than the hard dry earth ; suddenly he stopped, and began scratching the dirt in a part which seemed loose, and removing a few inches of it, he came to a broad bit of wood, which he removed, and found it was the cover of an immense earthen jar, holding several barrels, and filled with excellent oil. " Bring me a dipper, mother," said he, coolly ; " Oh ! is it oil you want my son ? why, why did 'nt you tell me before ? we have plenty of *that*, thank God !" Flour and wine were soon forthcoming, and in a short time Francesco had a meal bannock ready, and, scraping away the ashes, he laid it on the hot bricks, and covering it with cinders and coals, left it to cook, and proceeded to lay the table, which was a round one about eight inches in height.

Wooden spoons and forks were all the furniture, and we squatted upon our heels, with six soldiers around the bare board, drew our jack-knives, and assaulted the bannock and the cold lamb with vigor, meat being a luxury we had not enjoyed for several weeks. Wine, too, we had, and Francesco, acting the part of our Ganymed, poured out to us, in his silver cup, and enlivened the meal by his stories and jokes. By the time our repast was finished all the family had come home, and we found out that the old woman's family of one sick daughter comprised some others whom she had forgot to mention, such as a hale old man, her husband, three sturdy young men, two girls, to say nothing of a hired man, two mules, three jackasses, and a pair of oxen, all of which were ushered into the long cottage where we were sitting. The men had fled, according to their custom of late, on the approach of the

soldiers, leaving their crossest and ugliest old women to battle it with the soldiers, and to keep them, if possible, from quartering in their houses during the night, as they have been harassed to death by the bands continually passing. They found, however, we were not inclined to abuse them; I promised to pay them even for the salt we took, and they, soon giving way to their usual gaiety, lightness of heart, and loquacity, the cottage-walls rang with loud voices and peals of laughter; and, as the peasants waxed merry, and pledged us in uncalled for cups of wine, the soldiers grew merry also. Francesco danced outright in the gladness of his heart, and at every pledge, or good joke, some soldier, who could not make noise enough by shouting, discharged his pistol into the roof, and brought down a shower of mud about our ears.

But all this din and racket ceased at the suggestion of our to-morrow's march; a coarse horse-cloth was spread on the ground outside the cottage, and laying down our pistol belts for pillows, and wrapping ourselves up in our capotes, we took up our night's lodgings, *à la belle étoile*, and soon were in deep forgetfulness. H.

DESTRUCTION OF *LA SEMILLANTE*.

ABOUT the year 1795, *La Semillante*, a French corvette of twenty-two guns, after having lain some time at New-London, in order to procure horses for a detachment of dragoons destined for the Isle of France, sailed for the latter place with the sincere good wishes of all who had come in contact with her officers. When nearly in sight of her haven, she fell in with an English ninety-gun ship. Notwithstanding her vast inferiority, the commander of the corvette nailed his colors to the mast, cleared the decks for action, and summoned his men to their guns. The shot of *La Semillante* did but little damage to her enemy, whose tall and massive sides towered above the French deck like the walls of an impregnable castle, while her destructive fire swept the exposed deck of the corvette. Shouting their national war-cries, the French officers cheered the men under their command, who answered them with equal and characteristic enthusiasm, and crowded gaily to the tops, from which an uninterrupted fire of muskets and swivels was kept up for four hours. Night closed on the belligerents,—the firing ceased—but, for some time after dark, the spirit-stirring notes of the *Marseilles Hymn* were heard from the deck of the corvette,—the wounded suppressing even their groans, that there might be no interruption to the sounds of defiance and triumph, which continued until *La Semillante* went down in the obscurity, and the ocean closed over every vestige of the stout little vessel and the gallant crew who had lavished their life-blood to maintain untarnished the honor of her flag.

HER keel was on the rushing deep,
Her prow upon the swell,
And they who trod her moving deck,
Had bade their home farewell.
"Farewell to France the beautiful,
To France the proud, the free—
Yet freer they who sweep the deep,
And on the wave are we."

They gazed upon the graceful masts
That bent to greet the wind,
That lingered in the snowy sails,
As loth to leave behind
A sea-bird of such glorious shape,
That trampled ocean under,—
Whose dwelling was the element,
Whose music was like thunder.

Destruction of La Semillante.

Well might men love the light corvette,
 For laurels had been won,
 Whene'er she gave the open sea
 The thunder of the gun.
 And they who held her in command
 Had sworn by her renown,
 To die before a hand should drag
 Her rainbow colors down.

Oh ! many a heart beat high with pride,
 When, from her sleeping bay,
 To meet the ocean in its might,
 Their sea-bird bore away.
 And gladly to the shore her guns
 Gave out the parting word ;
 And to the breeze she spread her wings—
 The beautiful sea-bird !

“ Land for the slave—the cowardly !
 For him who 'd sit and sigh,
 Till Beauty in her moonlight bower,
 Upraise her languid eye !
 Land for the smiling mountain maid !
 For scribes with scroll and pen—
 Land for our unsexed sycophants—
 But ocean for our men ! ”

Thus spake the dwellers on the deep,
 Who paced the quarter-deck,
 Less firmly when the sea was calm,
 Than when it threatened wreck.
 And late and long, as on they rushed,
 Full many a brilliant eye
 Was bent upon the line where met,
 The ocean and the sky.

A speck is on the distant main—
 It nears—“ A sail ! a sail ! ”
 And onward sweeps a gallant ship,
 Before a sudden gale,
 With all her white sails' bravery,
 And leaning on the tide ;
 With guns, upon La Semillante
 Their muzzles gaping wide.

Above the beautiful corvette,
 Her banner meets the sky,
 Her sails are gathered to their yards,—
 The stranger ship draws nigh.
 Hark to the roar of her broadside !
 The crash of spar and plank !
 The life-blood of full many a heart
 That iron tempest drank.

Night on the ocean's gloomy waste !
 The cannonade is o'er,
 The muskets of the staunch corvette
 Are clamoring no more.
 The warlike hymn of France comes up
 In triumph o'er the main—
 The music of her fearless hearts—
 Then dies away again.

La Semillante went down at night—
No eye to see her sink,
No friendly hand to snatch her brave
From ocean's stormy brink.
La Semillante went down at night—
The rosy morning came,
But o'er her shattered hull no more
It glanced a kindly flame.

Full long a watch was kept for her,
From Gallia's lofty towers,
Full many an eye was wet for her,
In Gallia's summer bowers.
But tears will dry, hearts cease to ache,—
So easily we blot
Sad passages from thought—and they,
The fearless, were forgot.

Nor think ye that La Semillante
Found one recording pen
To tell her story in the tongue
And country of her men;
Earth's fortunate may sleep beneath
The requiem of Fame—
Misfortune finds but transient tears,—
A grave without a name.

THE MORALITY OF MACBETH.

I AM one of those who have no faith in the morality of the theatre. It is long since I have entered the walls of one; and I know not that I ever carried from a dramatic performance a salutary impression. A sarcastic friend tells me the fault was my own; he assures me I wanted the finer feelings which these oblique instructions were designed to reach; and that it is only on the chords of a nicer sensibility that the tones of the drama will act. He informs me that I never had wit enough to guess the riddle; and that it was in the latent meaning of the well-wrought scene, that the best instruction was found. It may be so; if there was any deep moral instruction in the theatre, it was always latent to me; and therefore I have long since left the school from which no profit was derived. Yet I once listened to the public exhibition of the drama with the deepest interest and delight. Though I never saw on our stage that perfection of art which we read of in Garrick; the art which is lost in nature, and leads the spectator to forget that it is acting which he sees; yet I used to admire the fine tones of Cooper, the majesty of Fennel, and the simplicity of Mrs. Jones. Still I never saw a tragedy, (especially of Shakspeare's,) which I thought, on the whole, improved in the acting.* Certain passages

* This very tragedy, (*Macbeth*), is a striking example of how completely the designs of the poet may fail in the public exhibition. There can be no doubt that the author meant that the appearance of the witches should be exceedingly solemn; he wished to thrill our blood when these agents of the world of darkness meet their victim and allure him to perdition by their *metaphysical aid*. Yet I question whether it is possible to introduce three great strapping men on the stage, in the shape of women, with beards on their chins and broom-sticks in their hands, and not make the whole theatre laugh. The whole intended effect of such a scene must be lost. Though it is many years since I have seen a play, yet I distinctly recollect that the cauldron-

were, to be sure, elevated to a rant; an unexpected emphasis was given to certain lines; but the general tenor of the play was enfeebled; and its pathos and its moral (if it had a moral) were less striking on the public scene than in the closet.

With little faith, then, in the charms of the theatre, and still less in its utility as a school of morals, I cannot help seeing that the dramatic form is the most striking mode of exhibiting the human heart; and that such exhibitions may be moral so long as example is a motive to action. I assent to the proposition of the critics, that a good drama is the highest effort of human genius; and, perhaps, no man can give a faithful analysis of human nature without exhibiting truths from which a moral inference may be drawn. The great masters of human nature, however corrupt their own designs may be, must sometimes be teachers. Their keen discernment leads to truth; and virtue is built on truth. Rousseau himself, with all his ravings, is often moral; and moral without meaning to be so. When we see something new in the structure of the human mind, we see more clearly the pivots on which the passions turn, and the foundations on which actions are built. We advance in self-knowledge. The corrupt writer, who explores the mind, is like the assassin, who rips open the body; in both cases it was malice which urged the attempt; but the moralist may enlarge his knowledge from the one crime, and the anatomist from the other; and both may turn their discoveries to a good account.

Of all the dramatic writers, it seems to me that Shakspeare is the most moral, though such a design, when he sat down to write, was the farthest from his thoughts. He is moral, because he gave himself up to a kind of instinctive perception of what is true in human nature; and thus made his character just what God has made man—a moral being. His pictures are so true, his course of events is often (not always) so natural, that we receive the same impression from his drama as from the living world. Now no one can doubt that the course of events is moral. If the life of any man, the worst that ever breathed, were written faithfully by some recording angel, it would be a fine moral lesson. Thus Shakspeare is the most moral of the dramatic writers, because he painted the human heart just as God made it.

I have remarked that he wrote without any moral design; and as a proof of the truth of this remark, I would adduce one of his most moral plays. *Macbeth* is one of the noblest productions of his genius. To say nothing of its fine language,—the charming *antique* of the expression,—the unity of the interest,—the change in the fortunes of the actors, and the solemn grandeur of the events,—we see there an amiable man, beginning the career of prosperity; with many excellent qualities, but corrupted by ambition,—tempted to crime,—dallying with the temptation,—yielding,—and going from step to step, until he dies in a misery as deep as his guilt was great. Never were the balancings of the mind between duty and transgression brought out more fully;

scene in the fourth act was, in its effect on the audience, a perfect farce. Not all the agonies which Cooper was accustomed to excite in himself, when the armed head arose, could make the audience sympathize with him. We saw nothing but a company of ridiculous old women, talking mummerly, while they were boiling a pot. When we read this play, we can imagine the existence of witchcraft enough to feel its power; but when we see it acted, the dream is broken, and we cannot but laugh. Perhaps the effect becomes more ludicrous from the sublimity of the design. We laugh at the farcical effect; and we laugh more at the contrast.

and never were the agonies of remorse more strongly painted. Every scene seems to say,—Resist the beginnings of evil; and beware, beware of those peculiar temptations, which are most powerful, because they are most adapted to your character. Yet we have reason to think that this fine play was written without any moral purpose. Shakspeare went through it with as much *non-chalance* as he wrote the filthy scenes in *Love's Labor Lost*. There is a passage in Burnet's History which, I apprehend, explains the object of this play. The king (James I.) was once hunting at Theobalds in a very careless and unguarded manner. Sir Dudley Carlton told him, that "Queen Elizabeth was a woman of form, and was so well attended, that all the plots of the Jesuits to assassinate her failed; but a prince, who was always in woods and forests, would be easily overtaken. The king sent for him in private to inquire more particularly into this; and he saw it made a great impression on him. But it wrought otherwise than as he intended. For the king, resolved to gratify his humor in hunting, and in a careless and irregular way of life, did immediately order all that prosecution (i. e. against the papists for the gunpowder-plot) to be let fall." The truth is, he lived in constant dread of assassination, and any production, which showed the agonies of a murderer of a king, would be grateful to him. Besides, he was a great advocate for witchcraft. Shakspeare knew his trade; and hence we owe, probably, the solemn incantations and the fine moral of this tragedy to the same cause,—the desire to flatter a coward and a king.

We have, in the first place, presented before us, a man of a very amiable and excellent character, skilled in his profession, and warmly devoted to his country. His valor is unquestioned, and his good conduct has gained for him the confidence of his sovereign.

O worthiest cousin,
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
The swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

This testimony in his own favor he is represented as receiving with great modesty; and professing still great devotedness to his king.

Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe towards your love and honor.

Nor is it in public stations alone that the social virtues of this man are seen. His wife, who is his bosom friend, and is represented as possessing remarkable discernment and energy of character, draws his portrait, in moral colors, which are stronger because she seems to blame them.

Yet I do fear thy nature,
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way; thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

It is evident, if such a man becomes abandoned, it must be through the influence of some strong temptation, addressed to some evil principle dormant in his heart, which may be the root alike of virtues or vices, as the occasion may be.

Accordingly, Macbeth is tempted by the powers of hell and by his wife; and both of them, with great art, suit their suggestions to the weak side of his character. The witches meet him on a blasted heath with predictions, which set before him his future honors without suggesting the means by which they should be obtained. This temptation is managed with great art, inasmuch as it involves one prediction which is immediately to be fulfilled; and that, too, without any crime or agency on the part of Macbeth. He becomes Thane of Cawdor without any guilt; and thus a possible door of hope is left open that he may reach the crown without soiling his hands in blood. But the case is doubtful; the king has sons,—is yet alive,—and a crown is a prize, which is seldom innocently obtained, except by the lawful heir. Macbeth is thrown into deep musings; and, though he does not resolve to commit a crime, he makes no resolution against it. The idea of murder crosses his mind; he is agitated; and these are no good symptoms.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

The last thought is most beautifully expressed; though the poet has pushed the energy of expression to its utmost limits. He means to say,—I am so lost in those ideal visions; the future honors of a kingdom have so absorbed my mind; that my imaginations have become realities, and my real state is nothing. Such was the strong desire of this ambitious heart to attain its end.

Now it may be laid down as a maxim, that, when some great prize is before us to be obtained by doubtful means, and we shuffle out of sight the means and think only of the end,—we are in a most dangerous state. The mind, whatever palliations it may offer to itself, is beginning to incline the wrong way. We are in the exact situation of our first parents, when they gazed at the forbidden fruit and forgot the command of God.

Thus far Shakspeare appears as a moralist. But he now rises almost to the standing of a theologian; and his instructions assume the awful solemnity which is found only in the Bible. One would hardly believe it possible, that such principles of the closest religion would be introduced on the stage with so little appearance of departing from the histrionic path. We have always been told by the teachers of religion, that the law of God,—a sacred regard to his authority,—is the only principle that can carry us through the crossing interests, which meet us in the shock of life. The virtue, which is based on interest, will vary as that interest varies; and the man, who *loves the praises of men more than the praises of God*, will act only as his fellow creatures ap-

plaud or condemn. He will regard the outside of his character more than the state of his heart ; and his seeming goodness is only ambition in a moral dress. Such characters abound in the world ; such virtues deceive innumerable hearts. Human nature has often the sweetest flowers spread over its depravity, and, what is wonderful, these very posies are nourished by vice. Hence we find the man changes with circumstances. He is the same idolater, but he changes the image which is the object of worship ; and it is useful, to tell the young and thoughtless, that that virtue which has no hold on futurity and no reference to God, is sure in time to break away. Christianity is a new passion ; and it enables us to overcome the temptations of life, because we love something better. This is perfectly philosophic ; the mind is like balances ; and, if the temptations of life are powerful weights in one scale, they can only be overcome by a more powerful weight in the other,—supreme love to God.

Shakspeare has introduced Macbeth, in a soliloquy, in which the contending principles are at war in his heart. Behold a most interesting spectacle ! Behold a sinner pausing on the brink of his crimes ! It is an awful moment. What will be the result ? Will the better principle prevail ? Will his good Angel come down to drive away the suggestions, and break the passions, which impel him to crime ? No ; the battle is decided before it is begun. He is careful to inform us that he lays religious principle out of the question ; and such a man must fall. He is like a besieged city with batteries thundering at every gate, and provisions and powder exhausted. That man is sure to yield to temptation, who *jumps the life to come*.

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly ; if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,—
But here upon this bank and shoal of time—
WE 'D JUMP THE LIFE TO COME.

Such was the theology of Shakspeare ; he had no system, but it was forced upon him by his rapid and intuitive knowledge of the human heart. Though Macbeth is conscious that life is but *a bank and shoal*, he is willing to give up every principle for its transient and perishing rewards. Who now will say that a man's religious faith does not have some control over his actions ? Believe it, ye licentious, on the authority of Shakspeare. Real faith is a mental view ; and our mental views govern us. A man, who has eyes, is influenced in his walk, by the prospect before him ; and, in moral things, that prospect is future truth.

.But it seems that one lucid interval returns ; Macbeth resolves not to commit the crime, and this resolution is grounded, not on religious principle, but on some *compunctious visitings of nature*. Even the good purposes that cross his mind rest upon no solid base ; they are the mere calculations of the same selfish spirit which urged him to murder the king. There are opposing principles in our hearts, to the greater crimes, which are not strictly virtuous. The dialogue between Macbeth and his wife, after the soliloquy, last alluded to, is the most striking in the whole play. Let the reader ponder the words well ; and remember that they are the best purposes which arise in the murderer's

mind during the whole transaction. He is talking of repenting and abstaining from his guilty design, and mark on what his best purposes are based.

We will proceed no farther in this business ;
He hath honored me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Here is not one word said about the intrinsic depravity of the deed, no reference to a higher power, no regard to the law of God, or our obligation to obey it ; the man shows himself as totally destitute of good principles, when he is entertaining purposes of amendment, as when he is pacing to his crime. It is all a calculation of selfishness ; it is a striking exhibition of the great law of nature and doctrine of religion, that no man is safe who builds his outward virtues on false principles ; who never reached a higher motive than the *golden opinions*, which he could buy of men.

We find the effect just what might be expected. A little sophistry from his wife overcomes him ; and he soon enters into her design, not only with no reluctance, but with eagerness. He hears her detail the plan of treachery and murder ; and bursts into the raptures of ambition.

Bring forth men children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.

This is now the turning period of his character ; he gives himself up to guilt ; he expects all his pleasure from it ; he passes the line from which there is no return ; and whatever remorse he may feel, or however keen his perception of his own state, there remains *no more place for repentance, though he seek it carefully with tears.*

It is thought by some to be an extremely mystical doctrine, that no man can be good without a great change in the affections of his heart. But surely a reference to the principles of our nature will lead us to this conclusion ; and we have Shakspeare on our side. Macbeth, in the outset, has every amiable principle of humanity ; nor was there one new principle called into action when he proceeded to the last stages of guilt. All his crimes were grafted on the common propensities of the heart. But the poet has told us the secret ; he was a mere man of the world ; he had no regard to a future state, and no fear of God. He was like thousands of specious characters, who are living at random, and are ready to receive the first temptation. No cord of law, no band of faith bound him to his duty. He was a bark on the sea, ready to be blown in any direction. He was a specimen of human nature, and from his mournful story every man, who lives for this life only, may learn to *know himself.*

These truths have often been taught from the authority of revelation ; but they have been disregarded. They are here repeated, in the hope that some may receive them on the authority of Shakspeare.

There is another theological truth, which Shakspeare has brought out and sanctioned in this remarkable tragedy ; and that is, the distinction between repentance and remorse. Macbeth is in the deepest remorse ever after he committed the murder ; though he is as far from

repentance as the most desperate persistency in sin can place him. He knows his guilt ; he knows the vanity of all his honors ; he knows that not one moment's repose lies between him and the grave ; and the prospect beyond he shuts up in darkness and unbelief. Yet he hugs the vain shadows of his dignity ; and finds his hope in the exhausted rewards of ambition. He stands alone on the mount ; and enjoys nothing but the playing of the sun-beams on its barren ice. There is one speech of his where the regret of a hardened heart is brought out in the most striking language that tragedy can show. I allude to the speech, in which the usurper, in the very bloom of his success, and on the throne of his power, turns to the victim he has murdered, contrasts his condition with his own, and envies him the repose of the tomb. No poet ever surpassed this ; for a moment, our detestation for the wretch is lost in pity ; and we own the deep anguish there is in mental punishment.

Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further !

I have long been convinced, that, when Christianity assumes or presupposes a distinction in human nature, a careful analysis of that nature will always show such distinctions to be just. I am, therefore, happy to find, in this important tragedy, that the Bible and Shakspeare agree. That great Master of human nature, who had no theories to support, and hardly a prejudice to blind him, has come, by the powerful impulses of his genius, to a conclusion on which some of the most important truths of revelation are built. There is something very convincing in the careless discernment of an untutored mind. The man of theory makes observation warp to his system ; but the voice of nature is always the voice of truth. G.

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.

WE weep at the death of an old friend, and why should we not lament the extinction of a favorite fashion? There is but one reason for tolerating the present shrivelled state of the civic helmets we call hats, and that is the increased security of the sylvan people—the beavers,—whose own furs are as dangerous to them as the poisoned garment was to Hercules.

O Sam. Rogers, and the Pleasures of Memory ! How many sweet and bitter remembrances hang upon the corner of an old cocked hat ! What a catenation of murdered joys and misspent happy hours, extends from it, like the long line of kings in Banquo's posterity ! That respectable old beaver is a chronicle of the olden time ; it is a page in history ; it is an anchor in the great sea of time, that drags up drowned antiquity by the locks. It is a monument of the Augustan age of English literature, and of the golden age of morals and politeness. A

part of that era Mr. Webster has called the age of Franklin. Out upon that thrifty old curmudgeon, for he represented his country at Paris in a little vile round hat, instead of the broad sky-scraper of his fathers ;—and fie upon the pretty French ladies, who wasted so much flattery upon Poor Richard in such a hat.

The head is the principal part of the man, the hat is the main part of the head, and your cocked hat is to the man what the dome is to Saint Peter's, or the capital to the Corinthian column ! Alas, for the age of courtesy, which succeeded that of chivalry. Both are passed with the stately politeness of Sir Charles Grandison, and the courtly vivacity of Will Honeycomb !

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their hats."

The cocked hat was indeed the symbol of courtesy ; but why lament the emblem when the thing no longer exists. The men who flourished under it lived in a favored time. The present is the age of Brummel and of brass, (for though Brummel is deposed, his principles are in force ;) it is the brazen age of impudence and ease, the evil days of Paul Clifford, tight fits, and round hats. But, thank fortune, it is also the age of revolutions, and our modes are now at a stage when every change must be advantageous. I am republican in sentiment and practice, yet I would fain see the time when every citizen should be so far aristocratic as to cover his bleached or raven locks with a three-cornered hat.

It is now about four hundred years since hats have covered the heads of all civilized men, and for more than half that term the cocked hat has maintained its civil and military ascendancy ; nor is that or virtue yet entirely extinct. There are even now in *aliquo abdito et longinquo rure*, some secluded nooks of New-England, or of the image of New-England, Ohio, (*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*,) where the tri-cornered hats come forth at least one day in seven, excite glorious recollections and vain regrets that the present race of hats and heroes is so much inferior to the past. O sorrow ! that I must grieve for the good old schoolmaster, whose hat, not whose life, I have depicted. He died lamented by many, but *nullo febilior* than by me. It was from him, whom I was wont to call Uncle Hugh, that I received all the Latin I have, and which I now delight to render back to its source, by illustrating him and his hat. He clung to that beaver, not with obstinacy, but with tenacity. He would give up any "time-honored" prejudice, but his hat was a part of his being, a moiety of his heart. "Bury me," said he, "where you will, but let me die, like the Great Napoleon, in the cocked hat. *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu*."

I esteem it fortunate that I was educated in a family where ancient modes were not extinct. One of my uncles wore, and, thank Heaven, still wears, a queue ; not the mean appendage that was in vogue Anno Domini 1806, the last glimmer of capillary effulgence, before the mass of men became crops, but a real, substantial, pump-handle tie, secured by an eel-skin, and which hangs down beneath his shoulder-blades, leaving a brilliant semi-circle of powder. I remember to have seen a trial, wherein the defendant was mulcted in \$500 and costs, for wilfully and maliciously cutting off the plaintiff's queue. The plaintiff, who was a man of substance as well as feeling, gave his testimony like

a person who had been outraged in what he held most sacred—"there where he had garnered up his" hair. He wept like a child, or rather like a man, for a less cause would draw tears from a crocodile. The attorney wept too, but, as he was paid for it, the jury were not moved by his sorrows. The injured party appeared in a wig with a magnificent tail-piece, but this was a poor substitute,—it was but a changeling, and the child of his affections was gone.

He had reason to weep and to refuse to be comforted. What was Alcides himself without his *club*, and what was Sampson without his locks? There is a young Chinese of a pleasing countenance and carriage that attracts much attention in the streets. My heart warmed towards him at first sight, for he has a genuine, unsophisticated queue, that sweeps the ground. It tapers like the streamer of a frigate, and when he walks briskly, it hangs out behind like the tail of a comet. It has been suggested to me, however, that it has been pieced out with silk, as a coachman lengthens his lash with a *snapper*.

O mores! where shall a man go in these days to ask for hair-powder? the word as well as the thing is obsolete, and the inquirer, like Rip Van Winkle, would talk of what his hearers had forgotten. As I hope for distinction, by reviewing ancient forms of dress, I believe that there is in this whole city but one pair of shoe-buckles. These are political ones, and are so well known that I need not describe them. The wearer deserves a good epitaph, (may he have it late,) for the brave stand he has made against innovation.

It rouses my earliest and latest affections, to behold any of these remnants of the ancient days, that remind me of my grandfather's family. Every member of it resisted innovation like a Turk; and they had a chronology of their own. They reckoned time from the remarkable events that marked the fortunes of the family. Thus my own age was computed from the year in which Uncle Hugh lost his great hat in a puff of wind on Long wharf. Another era was the year in which Jowler was killed on suspicion of worrying sheep. A favorite point of time from which my grandfather measured the succeeding years was when the thief cut open his pocket and attempted his tobacco-box. This was at a commencement in the last century, just as the old gentleman had taken his hands from his pockets to applaud my first and last speech, a discourse upon Absence of Mind. The "balloon year" is also often quoted in our annals, and it indicates the time when the whole family, closely packed in the covered wagon, came to the city to see the ascent of a balloon, and went back disappointed. These recollections are to me better than silver or gold, for they recall the forms of those that I shall never see again. When they lived, I neglected to return their kindness, and now, when they are no more, I think of my ingratitude with unavailing regret. But they have all their epitaphs, in which their virtues are not omitted; and over Uncle Hugh is the semblance of a sable three-cornered beaver, and a legend, purporting that he who slumbers below may be well called the Last of the Cocked Hats.

H. K.

MASSACHUSETTS.

YEs, Massachusetts! though a stubborn soil,
 Condemns thy sons to lives of ceaseless toil;
 Though Winter visits thee with many a blast,
 And annual snows their mantle o'er thee cast;
 Though on thy trees no golden orange glows;
 No purple wine from thy scant vintage flows;
 No antique ruins meet the traveler's eye,
 The mouldering monuments of times gone by;
 No gothic spires, no lofty columns rise,
 To pierce the azure of thy cloudless skies,—
 Still thou hast charms, dear to the patriot's heart,
 Charms Nature gave, and charms bestowed by Art;
 And oft on thee my thoughts in fondness dwell,
 While pride and pleasure all my bosom swell.

As powerful Fancy wings her rapid way,
 And still untiring, takes her wide survey,
 Neat towns and smiling villages are seen,
 With cultured farms, and waving woods between;
 A little lake in every hollow lies,
 Spreading its placid bosom to the skies;
 On every hill the well-fed cattle stray,
 Through every valley sparkling streamlets play,
 Spotted with flowers the grassy meads extend,
 With blushing fruit the loaded orchards bend,
 And frequent cornfields, dressed in native green,
 Give a rich beauty to the various scene.

Mountains appear, with unshorn forests crowned,
 And lofty hills, in bands of granite bound,
 Broad rivers pour their copious floods along,
 Clear, full and deep,—though little known to song;—
 And yet, Connecticut, where flows the stream
 Worthier than thine, to be a poet's theme?
 Whether in flashing falls thy waters break,
 Or calm and quiet as the mountain lake,
 Through fertile meads in peaceful beauty glide,
 And picture all the landscape in their tide?
 Others may sing of golden-sanded streams,
 The fabled favorites of poetic dreams,—
 My homebred muse, in rugged verse, will tell,
 What tides, dark Merrimac, thy channel swell;
 For, oft admiring, on thy banks I've stood,
 And oft, with bending oar, I've stemmed thy flood,
 As, just at night, the breeze began to fail,
 And, from the mast, loose hung the flapping sail.

Hark! with impetuous force, and ceaseless roar,
 The ocean waves dash proudly on our shore;
 Stretched at our feet, the boundless seas extend,
 And a stern grandeur to the prospect lend;
 The frequent ports, with piers of solid rock,
 Repel the surge, and break the foamy shock,
 While, far within, the peaceful waters glide,
 And storm-tossed ships once more in safety ride.

These sea-beat shores, these hills, and sloping lands,
 No peasant race tills with unwilling hands;
 But those who turn the sod, with patient toil—
 Theirs are the fruits, and theirs too, is the soil.
 Each town and village is a little state,
 That has its forum, and its grave debate,
 Its common treasury, its public schools,
 Its courts, its magistrates, its laws and rules;
 Its equal laws,—for no unjust decree,
 Blots the fair volume of our liberty,

Condemns the many to a servile state,
And bids a favored few be called the great.
Talents and virtue,—may they ever be
Our only badges of nobility!

When bigot kings to bigot priests gave aid,
And England saw her dearest rights betrayed,
Fair Freedom, weeping, fled the hated sight,
And bade her ancient home a long good night;
Launched her light pinnace, her bold sail unfurled,
And sought a refuge in this western world.
Before her steps the savage woods gave way,
Opening their dusky bosoms to the day;
Beneath her feet, up sprung the rising grain,
And all the arts came smiling in her train.
But grim Oppression saw, and sighed to see,
One country happy, and one people free;
Prepares to visit this, her chosen seat,
And banish Freedom from her last retreat;
Of just authority assumes the mask,
And spirits Britain to the unworthy task.

Our sires were first the aggression to withstand,
First roused the sleeping Genius of the land,
With hasty grasp snatched up their rustic arms,
Forsook their workshops, and forgot their farms;
Yorktown and Saratoga's well-won fame,
Their toils, their courage, their success, proclaim;
And Lexington and Bunker's Hill, can tell,
How well they fought, how gloriously they fell.

Z.

THE LIMPING PHILOSOPHER.

NO. II.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

MASK OF COMUS, v. 475—480.

In the early times of the Massachusetts colony, one Mr. Josiah Plaistowe, having been guilty of stealing corn from his Indian neighbors, it was solemnly adjudged, as a part of his punishment, that thenceforward, he should be called by the name of Josiah, and not Mr. as he used to be. Such, in that primitive age, was the dignity attached to a title, now the common property of every man and boy, who chooses to assume it.

Anciently too, as it is related by credible writers, the appellation of philosopher, was one of some consideration. It was only by profound learning, or eminent gravity, great wisdom, or a flowing beard, that one could hope to attain the honor of so illustrious a title. A philosopher was a personage, one did not meet with every day. Some cities there were, which could not boast of one; and some country towns and retired villages, where the name, even, was unknown. If it had been my misfortune to live in that distant and unenlightened age, the world, I fear would never have known me,—at least—not by my title of

the Limping Philosopher. I should have hesitated to assume an appellation so lofty, even though qualified by an adjective so lame ; and handling a goose-quill would have been the very last thing I should have thought of attempting. But, at the present day, we are all philosophers ; and while Fundungus lectures at Lyceums, like a second Plato amid the groves of Academus, and Humdrumbius plays the sage in the reviews,—shall I pine in dull obscurity ? What?—when every drawing room is a school of science, where the young ladies dance quadrilles, and talk metaphysics, and do one almost as well as the other ;—when shop-boys read behind the counter, the profound treatises of the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge ;—and every hamlet, has, besides its tavern and blacksmith's shop, its learned lecturers, —with all this passing before his eyes, can any man be thought vain, because, inspired by the spirit of the age, he dubs himself philosopher, and exhibits, like his neighbors, on the public scene ?

But though I am very positive of my right to the title of philosopher, think not, courteous reader, that, by assuming it, I mean to hint or imply any superiority in myself over thee. Far, far be such a thought from my imagination. I repeat it, "we are all philosophers," and thou, I dare say, one of the chiefest ;—a second Solomon, no doubt,—a Newton, Locke, or Franklin at the very least,—or, if thou wearest petticoats, a modern Aspasia. "There is an air comes from thee."—Ah ! my friend, how delightful are the sympathies of science ! I clearly perceive, that thou belongest to the brotherhood ; and from the bottom of my heart I wish, that thou didst but feel for me, one half the admiration and respect, I have already conceived for thee. Think not I would assume to be a teacher ; the very name makes me blush at the thought of my own incompetency ; I pretend to teach !—I,—who was never even asked to lecture at a Lyceum !—may Heaven preserve me from such impertinence ;—teach, I cannot ; but, in this age of intellectual equality, we all, you know, must have our turns. 'Tis mine now, 'twill soon be thine ; and recollect,—the indulgence I ask for myself, most readily will I grant to thee. When thou lecturest,—at the very least thou art a lecturer,—I will be the most attentive of hearers ; when thou writest,—for 'tis ten to one thou art a scribbler,—I will be the most assiduous of readers ; when thou publishest,—for if thou art not one already, I take it, thou art soon to be, an author,—I will be the most unwearying of puffers ;—do you understand me?—is it a bargain ?

I have been so much occupied, in vindicating my right to the title of philosopher, and in bespeaking the good will of my readers, as almost to have forgotten that I promised, in this number, some account of my philosophical opinions. In conformity with the universal custom of my cotemporaries,—(and an excellent custom it is, for it sometimes occupies a number of pages, and a number of pages, as every one knows, make a book, and to make a book, is, in these times, the chief end of being ;)—in conformity with the universal custom of my cotemporaries, I shall, in the first place, give a sketch of the opinions of all the rest of the world, and then, briefly set forth my own views of the matter.

The philosophers of this philosophizing age, though the principles they maintain exhibit a series of hues, more various than the colors

in the tail of the peacock, and more changeable than the tints of the evening sky,—may yet be all arranged in three principal classes,—the Croakers—the Perfectionists,—and the Skeptics ; a division, which seems more or less to have prevailed, since the light of philosophy first shone upon the world. The Croakers, however, may perhaps boast of the greatest antiquity ; and certainly of the most illustrious doctors. Their sect was, once, almost co-extensive with the name of philosophy ; and, although in these present days, somewhat diminished, they are still very numerous, especially—in a domestic way. The great art of the Croakers is in picking flaws and finding fault. They excel particularly in detecting mistakes, and in exposing the foibles, the follies, and the weakness of their neighbors. A Croaker can write an excellent treatise on total depravity, and makes a capital opposition editor. My friend Willowby is a disciple of this school. He reads Lord Byron, and pronounces the whole world to be miserable. We were walking the other day up Washington-street ; the weather was cool and agreeable, and the shops were filled with people, gay, busy, and, to all appearance, happy. “Look,” said I, “at the laughing multitude about us ; is it possible, Willowby, to doubt that pleasure sometimes visits the human breast ?” With half a smile and half a sneer, he recited a dozen lines of his favorite author, and then very solemnly assured me, that I labored under a strange delusion, if I imagined any of the people about us to be happy. “That lady there, so tastefully dressed, and so very gay,—doubtless, you imagine she only lives for pleasure. So far from it, her ill-natured husband has just been reading her a lecture on economy ; and methinks I can see the frown, with which she heard it, still lingering about her brow.” “And what think you,” said I, “of the young man who attends her ? he certainly has the air of a happy fellow.” “That young man,” my friend replied, “inherited a great fortune ; he is still reputed to be rich, and there is not a young lady in the city who would not be quite pleased to call herself his wife. Tomorrow, he will be announced a bankrupt ; he knows it well ; and for all his smiles, I can see it in his face.”

My friend sometimes presses the mathematics into his service, and supports his opinions by the doctrine of chances. I met him the other day, and inquired what he thought of the new poem. “A very stupid affair,” he answered. “You’ve read it then ?” “Oh no, I’ve not read it—but ’tis ten to one that a new poem will be stupid.” It was but yesterday, that Willowby informed me, a mutual friend of ours was lately married, “Indeed ?” said I, “I wish the lady may be worthy of him ; she is agreeable, I hope, pretty and rich.” “Quite the reverse,” he replied ; “she is ill-tempered, ugly, and without money enough to buy her own bonnets.” “You know her then ?” “No, I never heard of her, till I read the marriage in the newspaper.” And pray Mr. Willowby, how did you discover, that our friend had married such a bundle of ill qualities ? “Take women as they go,” he answered, “and ’tis a hundred to one, she is just what I have described her.”

Straws show how the wind blows ; and these trifling anecdotes betray the spirit of the Croakers. In greater matters they are much the same. In politics, they are apt to be of the opposition ;—in monarchies, republicans ; in republics, savoring of monarchy. In morals, their

oode is austere and stoical ; in religion, they incline to Calvinism ; as critics, they are apt to treat their cotemporaries with too much contempt ; they sometimes maintain that the world degenerates, though they hold, that it was always too bad to degenerate much. The Croakers are generally shrewd men ; very good at an argument ; and often what they affect to be—a little wiser than their neighbors. But they look forever at the dark side of the picture, and seem to hold sadness another name for wisdom.

The Perfectionists are a very growing sect. It was once held almost universally, that these modern ages were but the aftergrowth of antiquity ; that the ancients were giants, and the moderns, pigmies. The famous controversy as to the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, first betrayed the heresy of the Perfectionists ; and Voltaire, with the other French philosophers, did much toward converting the world to that doctrine. But it is only in our times, that the sect has become predominant. It is the prevailing opinion of the Perfectionists, that the present inhabitants of the earth, and themselves in particular, are the wisest people that ever existed. Not content, however, with their present attainments, they aim at still loftier heights of wisdom, and, not satisfied with enlightening themselves alone, they seem determined that all men shall know all, that can be known. They appear to hold knowledge a cure for all evil, and to believe that education can supply all the deficiencies of nature. They are generally ardent and enthusiastic men, who feel much, but reason little ; and, as some writers have held that no man can be a great poet without being a little mad, so it seems impossible to be a great Perfectionist, without the brain being a little cloudy.

Tom Puffball is a great Perfectionist. I heard him lecture the other day at a Lyceum to which we both belong. His subject was the recent discoveries in Africa. After talking a full hour about Park, Clapperton, Timbuctoo and the Landers, he closed his discourse, with the following burst of eloquence :—" It is impossible, my friends, to anticipate the result of these great discoveries. No doubt, it will be prodigious. Within a year, we shall see steam-boats stemming the tides of the Niger, and within ten years there will be a great city at the mouth of the river, and trading towns scattered along its banks. The civilization of Europe will be introduced into the heart of Africa ; and the merchants of America will delight to instruct, to Christianize, and to enlighten their negro brethren. We, who are assembled here, may live to see a great and polished empire arise in Nigritia. Schools, lyceums, and other literary institutions will be founded ; the English language will be introduced ; a republican government will be established ; Negroland will partake of the spirit of the age, and join with Europe and America, in helping on the march of mind, and the great triumph of mind over matter."

The third sect is that of the Skeptics. Compared with the other two, this sect is very small. Men hate to doubt ; and to doubt is the philosophy of the Skeptics. They are held too in very bad repute, and both the other sects have a great dread of their cool-headed logic. The true Skeptics are generally very superior men ; though now and then a dunce will pretend to be of the party. Yet, as they are alone, few, without enthusiasm, and, by principle and temper disqualified from

playing upon the imaginations of men, they commonly make but little figure in the world, and never become conspicuous but as the ally of one of the other sects. They commonly side with the weaker party. Formerly they joined the Perfectionists, but now, for the most part, they unite with the Croakers.

And to which of these sects does the Limping Philosopher belong?—not to the Skeptics;—Heaven shield me from such an imputation; and not always to the Croakers; nor yet, altogether, to the Perfectionists. Before dinner, I am apt to be a Croaker; and all my forenoon speculations are tinged with a certain degree of acerbity. After dinner, and over a comfortable bottle of claret, my heart gradually relaxes. I grow pleased with myself and with the world. It is then, that my bosom swells with universal benevolence, and I begin to grow a Perfectionist.

ICELAND AND ICELANDERS.

THE study of man under every aspect of his existence has an interest, which belongs to no other subject that can engage enlightened curiosity. We are naturally desirous to learn, how far he is the master of his own destiny, or if he does but rough hew the course which is shaped for him by a power beyond his control. We desire to know, if it is indeed in the power of a tropical sun, to enervate the moral force of nations, and unfit them for the enjoyment of liberty and the delights of invention; and again, if the intensity of the cold at the remote north can, indeed, make the blood flow lazily, and chill the passions that stimulate to enterprise.

For ourselves we believe that man, if not wholly the master of himself, is yet not subservient to the elements, to time, or to climate. We believe, that very much the same feelings throbbed under the breast of the ancient Greek and the modern republican; that the well-springs of the affections flowed as abundantly and as purely under the skies of Latium as now on the banks of the Miami; and the burdens patiently endured beneath the turrets of Babel, produced very much the same servility as is now visible in the serfs of Russia. Man is essentially the same, though the circumstances of his age may somewhat modify his character. Nor does climate necessarily control his destiny. The same wild laugh bursts from the peasant girls of Sweden when they greet the return of May, as from the Tuscans when they celebrate their early festivals; and Iceland had trafficked for centuries with America, or at least had fished in its waters, before Genoa produced a pilot, to carry the Southern European across the ocean.

It was as to an asylum, that men, in the ninth century, made their escape from the excessive tyranny of the despot of Norway to the remote coasts of Iceland. It was to fly from persecution and intolerable oppression, to gain a safe emancipation from the dominion of injustice, that men made their way to the island, whose name might have struck terror into the minds of brave men, and whose position on the very verge of the Arctic region seemed to threaten nothing but inhos-

pitiable sterility ; it was to this place of night and solitude, that men came, to dispute the possession of the desert with the ferocious brutes of the Polar regions, and the still more fearful climate. Strange that no kindlier asylum should have offered for the reception of emigrants, who asked so little of fortune. But the place of refuge of the unfortunate is sure to thrive. A republic soon started into being, and the country became famous for its civil organization as well as for the contented prosperity of its inhabitants.

We have said that the land, which is the asylum for the unfortunate, will always prosper. It is the sturdy minds, the choice and daring spirits, who resist the evils of accident and fortune, and fly from the scenes that are embittered by oppression or hardship, to regions, where their enterprise may expand, and their abilities gather round them the safe reward of action. Hence it is, that civilization makes progress most rapidly, where such spirits meet together ; and as they are able to contemplate life under a simple aspect, remote from the influence of prescriptive abuse, and unmolested by the menaces of surrounding prejudices, so their institutions and their works usually exhibit evidence of the most successful application of human activity and wisdom. Is it surprising, then, that the refugees who had fled to the verge of Europe, should have been distinguished by astonishing deeds ? Is it wonderful, that the Icelanders were the first to make their way across the Atlantic, and return to announce the discovery of the new world ? Such is the fact, and centuries elapsed after the first voyages of these unpretending islanders to the American continent, before the daring of the Genoese mariner ventured on the enterprise, which has secured to him immortality. True, the successful seamen, who had anchored in the bays of Newfoundland, and had been the first from the old world to take fish on the Grand Bank, did not promulgate the tidings to the rest of Europe. Why should they have done so ? They were but exiles from the kingdoms of the continent ; they had crept away into the realms of frost, to be safe and independent. Their moderate views did not aim at glory ; as for the nations whom they had left, they asked only for peace, and desired only to live unknown and unnoticed. It was enough for them, that their own curiosity was gratified. So their knowledge remained confined among themselves ; and as for emigrating to America, it seems not to have occurred to them. Their entire contentment with the spot where heaven had blessed them with the undisturbed possession of liberty, left them no sufficient inducement to change their abode.

Is it remarkable, that under such favoring circumstances an original and highly valuable literature should have sprung up in a state of society so admirably suited to encourage and to reward ? This, also, is the just distinction of the Icelanders. The rivals of the Troubadours appeared in the authors of the Edda ; the bards of the gay South found nowhere so powerful, so original, so excellent competitors, none so worthy of engaging permanent attention, as the poets who lived where moss grows instead of violets and flowers, and where there are icebergs for fountains. The poets, whose minds were ripened by the contemplation of the wrecks of antiquity, and by the genial influences of a Southern sun, were rivalled, nay, were surpassed, by those who lived where there was no shade but of the rock and the mountain, no

communing with other men but across the ocean, no inspiration but such as existed in the hearts of the bards. The Icelandic literature is superior in independence of character to all the antiquities of the Gothic nations, and surpasses them all in fervid excellence. The ancients represented the god of poetry as also the god of light, radiant in youth and joy; here everything was reversed. In a climate

“Where summer, shivering, hurries through the sky,”

where, in the depths of winter, the sun is hardly seen, a literature bloomed, and the various productions of poetry came into existence in wild abundance among the rocks that resist the Arctic seas. Tell us then,—Is not the mind of man master of circumstances? Cannot the mind triumphantly resist the influence of climate? Here, in the land which produces neither wine nor corn, no fruits, no trees, almost no esculent vegetables, the land of volcanoes and ice, high honors for intellectual culture have been won by this rude offset of the family of the Gothic nations. The thing would be incredible; if the evidence were not complete. And what a life of privations and hardships these early Icelanders must have led? Their maritime adventurers were so charmed with the aspect of Greenland, that, anticipating the Spaniards in the case of Florida, they gave it a name indicative of its lovely appearance. Much in the same manner, at a later period, the Swedes having found their way to the Southern promontory of Delaware, named it Paradise Point; it was such a heaven compared with their native marshes. And when the Icelandic adventurers approached Newfoundland, they were enraptured with its enticing appearance. But, ascending the St. Lawrence, to where the waters are brackish, they found, on the shores of what seemed to them a vast lake, enormous wild grape vines, and, in an ecstasy of admiration, they called it the Land of the Grape. Ye inhabitants of Anticosta, (we believe two or three contrive to live on that island,) do but enjoy the thought, that your climate was an object of envy! They say, that man, having been created in the evening, did homage to the stars, till the moon rose, and then he worshipped the moon till the sun came forth upon the Eastern hills. So it was with our worthy Icelanders; Labrador was admirable, till they saw Newfoundland, and Newfoundland delightful, till Cape Rosier was discovered. But when that Cape was once passed, admiration could rise no higher; the splendid visions of the luxuriant South appeared to be more than realized.

Times are changed. The Icelanders no longer take the lead in maritime enterprise; their commerce is shackled by the restrictions of monopolies; their fountains of inspiration are dried up; their independence has been lost; their ancient diets superseded or dissolved, and now, politically and intellectually, their country might seem but subordinate to the Danish court. So true it is, that freedom, and freedom only, is the nurse of greatness.

But if the political character of the Icelanders has declined, the rugged features of nature still remain, furnishing the strangest incongruities and the wildest and sublimest contrasts. Here we have glaciers of many miles extent, with rivers gushing impetuously from their sides, and near them, perhaps, the earth heaves with subterranean fires, and the mountain is pouring forth its liquid torrents of fire. All that there is of surprising and of grand in the rugged scenery and the

chilling aspect of the Arctic regions, and all that nature can accumulate of the wonders of volcanic energies, exhausted or in action, are here crowded together into one island, whose harbors are sometimes blocked up with the ice from Greenland, and sometimes by the currents of lava. The traveler is now stopped in his career by the encroachment of an ice mountain on the usual path, and is now compelled to make his way across fields of sulphur. A thin crust only divides him from the subterranean heats; and as he moves onward, he is compelled to lead his horse in the gentlest manner, lest that thin crust be broken. If by chance he breaks through, he is in danger of being scorched by the intensity of the enduring heat; and where the hoofs of his horse have indented the surface, a flame bursts forth; smoke issues; and the path of the lean animal is marked by fiery footsteps. At one time, a lake or a morass may impede the progress of the wanderer; or it may be a burning quagmire, which offers no safe resting-place for the foot. The cold and the heat are perpetually transforming the face of nature. The "cold, resistless mass" of the glacier is perpetually stealing into the valley; and, in one instance, a field of ice has extended for a distance of twenty miles, and is still advancing, till now it has almost reached the sea-shore, and promises soon to present the rare phenomenon of a river of solid ice, discharging itself into the ocean in a frozen state. And, perhaps, in the depths of that very ocean, the heavings of earthquakes are preparing new islands, and the volcanic activity of nature laying the foundations of new abodes for man. Nay; in 1783, a new island was sent up from the depths of the ocean; and was of such magnitude and promise, as to excite the cupidity of his Danish majesty. It was accordingly claimed and seized upon in his name; but a decree went forth from a higher power, and it was not long before the sea resumed its own again.

In the midst of such scenes the quiet of nature strikes terror into the soul; and the silence of the valleys, which are sheltered behind the ramparts of lava, is appalling. Nature seems to sleep amidst the wrecks of her own creating. The stillness of death rests among the ruins of former forms of being. The very mountains decay; the very rocks melt with fire; the earth itself is consumed and wasted. The traveler shudders, as he winds his way among these relics of former existence. Why should he muse on the vanity of human life, on the transient nature of human enjoyments? when, behold Nature herself is changing, and the very hills, which he had deemed everlasting, are wasting away.

If from this fearful quiet, he turns in quest of motion, he can hardly find it, except where he finds it in turbulent excess. The waves of the surrounding seas are never still; now dashing against each other in sullen majesty; now breaking on the immoveable rocks; now making their way in eddies far into the interior, and indenting the coast with infinite irregularities; and now throwing upon the shore masses of drift wood, the relics of a former creation, or, it may be, the plunder of the ocean from some undiscovered shore; or the restoration of forests which, ages ago, were buried in the sea. All is mystery. At times the winds rage so furiously, and the billows rise with such power, that the masses of Greenland ice on the waters are hurled against each

other with so great force, that the drift-wood which may be caught between them is set on fire by the concussion.

Nor are we to suppose, that the present race of inhabitants is wholly recreant. There are no more bold adventurers like Eirik the Red, or Leif Eirikson, the discoverers of Greenland and America; but still the island is occupied by an intelligent population. It is not easy to find a child of ten or twelve, who cannot both read and write. Indeed there is no country where men write so well. The young Icelanders indite their letters in a style, which the nicest engraver would fear to attempt to imitate.

The Icelanders do not appear to be deficient in the qualities, which conciliate and preserve affection. They are so merciful, that no one among them can be found, who is willing to do the office of executioner; so that Copenhagen enjoys a monopoly of punishing the Icelandic rogues. And further, believe it who may, dispute it who can; in an island of fifty thousand inhabitants, there is not one lawyer.

Nor has the love of poetry quite expired. In a room, eight feet by six, which is entered by a door not four feet high, and is lighted by a window of about two feet square, the *chef d'œuvre* of Milton has been rendered into Icelandic in a style which is thought to excel every other translation of the bard. De Lille is surpassed by the simple islander; and Thorlaksen is said to merit all the veneration with which his countrymen regard him.

We have said, that the population is generally an intelligent one. Books are scarce; but the few that exist are abundantly read. When the British and Foreign Bible Society sent a consignment of Bibles in the Icelandic language to the island, they were purchased with an avidity which would take no refusal; and in their long wintry nights, it is common for the whole of a family to be assembled at household employments, while one reads aloud either from their ancient poetry and *sagas*, or from the Bible. Many of the farms are established in retired nooks, where in winter there can be little or no communication. In some of these places the farmer feeds his imagination with antiquarian recollections, and revels in the poetic traditions of the old Icelandic mythology.

The manners of the good people are now marked by the characteristics of rural innocence and simplicity, rather than by the sturdy efforts of daring. In some instances the hospitality is more than patriarchal. After a meal, the guest salutes the master and mistress of the house with a kiss, and thanks them for their liberal entertainment. And at night, when the guest retires, (*honi soit qui mal y pense*,) the eldest daughter of the house enters his apartment, pulls off his pantaloons and stockings, in spite of his modest perturbation, sets by his side a lamp and a bowl of milk,—and withdraws.

But there is one point, in which it seems to us the inhabitants of Iceland must be most surprised by the contrast of their condition with ours. A house is only a shelter; and a house five feet high can keep off wind, and rain, and cold, as surely as one of the comfortable constructions of our cities. An Icelander might, therefore, admire the decent neatness of our dwellings, and only perceive a difference in the degree of advantages secured. But in all Iceland there is not (or a few years ago there was not) a tree. Ye lovers of rural comfort; ye

horticulturists and foresters ; ye planters of avenues ; ye enthusiasts, that recline under the shade of some stately elm, that shows its branches fantastically disposed ! in Iceland there is not a grove, nor a tree. Rocks and moss, ice and plains of sulphur ; with here and there a little plat of verdure ; but not a forest, not a grove, not a tree. Imagine a young Icelander, who has learnt by heart the picture of the Garden of Eden, as described in the version from Milton, suddenly transplanted to the densest shades of Goat Island, and as he lifts up his head, wondering what it is that intercepts his view of the sky ; or, taken by witchcraft to the plains of Ohio, and shown the gigantic forms which there tower to such a height as to threaten the invasion of heaven ! How his blood would tingle with the rush of emotion at the novel and exciting spectacle. What an admirable incident it would be for one of Kotzebue's plays :—Scene, the sea-shore ; an Icelandic ship off the coast. Scene changes ; a young Icelander, who had been carried on shore asleep, discovered just awakening under the great elm on the Boston Common !

Finally, the Icelanders are a very religious people. Poverty is said to be the bulwark of their happiness ; it doubtless gives them a stronger interest in religious attainments. Their churches are very rude structures ; but then they all attend church. Their clergy receive seldom more than one hundred and fifty dollars annually, and often not more than twenty or thirty ; but then they are sufficiently learned, devoutly sincere, and cherish their humble parishioners with affectionate sympathy. Piety is the common habit. Every journey is preceded by a prayer ; the fishermen, as they go out to sea, when they have passed the surf, pull off their hats and pray. The common courtesies of life are interchanged with a benediction. Contentment generally prevails, and Providence, which neglects no living thing, protects these Arctic exiles from the severities of life, and gives them a due share of enjoyment and happiness.

A WEEK OF FRAILITY.

MY window, like the post of worthy Mr. Sly, the Spectator's viceroy, is a very convenient and comprehensive point of observation, looking out upon the great thoroughfare of the metropolis. To be sure, it is in an attic, but it is one of my whims to affect the economical. It may well be supposed, that an inquisitive individual will take some cognizance of the fantastic stream that runs along so near him, or, if you can excuse a professional simile, that he will sometimes feel the pulse which beats so strong and close, that it is always jarring on his ear. I trust I have not been unmindful of my local advantages. I call to witness the inventory of three hundred bonnets and their wearers,

Black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery,

the long catalogue of newly-entered street gentlemen, with their paraphernalia, and the ample appendix of nondescripts, all which repose in my cabinet, that I have been diligent and faithful.

Well is it for the public that there are some thinking minds to keep watch over the extravagance of domestic foolery and the efflorescence of imported dandyism. I do believe, that, but for a few cold gray eyes at their loop-holes, our gentlemen would pad themselves into pin-cushions, and our ladies retrench skirt and corset until they met in the primeval strip of Eden!

I was sitting at my aerial station one morning, watching one of my unknown protégés, (No. 14, I think he was enrolled in the note book,) who, as I saw with great sorrow, was encouraging a pair of whiskers, evidently too large for the resources of his puny constitution. I shall lose him, I said, and my fears were too true; he has since fallen a victim to their vampyre exactions. Miserable defunct;

Sit terra tibi levis!

As I was looking at him, he curved his girded figure to its utmost point of tension, and an elastic girl tripped by him with a careless nod in return for his elaborate salutation. She threw her eye up accidentally in my direction; it looked as if she was saying, "Poor devil." I am not over fond of description, but the eye was a good one, duly compounded of the four elements; just mortal earth enough to keep it from being seraphic and saintly, just air enough to make it ethereal, just water enough to make it liquid, and just fire enough to vitalize all the rest. I brushed a coat which had held its unfading green amidst the falling leaves of three autumns, smoothed a hat which had outlived the progeny of its paternal beaver, and hurried down stairs, something as a cataract might have taken its first leap from its ledge to its basin. It is but just to add, that my boisterous precipitancy occasioned me a gentle rebuke from a deaf gentleman, who lived two stories nearer Pluto than myself, as I have reason to think, at the instigation of my landlady. This was not until evening, however; there is no time like twilight for love confessions and curtain lectures. When I got into the street I found the lady had been joined by another. I walked as close behind as I dared.

"You do n't like him," said the second lady, in the subdued tone of a conversational second fiddle.

"I have no objection to the imbecile," she answered.

"Do you not think him very handsome?"

"I have seen more repulsive creatures."

"What can make all the girls like his whiskered face so?"

"It is nothing but capillary attraction, my dear."

What a pretty little soul, thought I to myself, and I do fear I said so out loud, for she turned round with a sudden start that made me feel like Lot's wife. She was just about turning a corner, when down fell a steel-bound reticule. It clattered on the sidewalk just before me. Could she have done it on purpose? I thought of the evergreen coat,—the inveterate beaver. But after all, I reflected, I am not an ill-jointed animal; and, as I handed it to her with my best bow, she smiled so very graciously, that I could not help thinking she really did drop it on purpose.

Three days after this, a cobweb was waving over Mr. John Hunter's treatise on the blood, and one of my pauper patients, or rather patient paupers, had gone to his long home,—a barrel of proof spirits,—in the

corner of a dissecting room. At noon, on each of those days, did I emerge from my receptacle ; and every day as I met her,—O no, it could not be accident,—the glance of recognition grew deeper and warmer. I must play the troubadour, said I to myself ; and on the fourth day, an unsealed note, *couleur de rose*, fell at the feet of the lady as I was walking before her. If I had turned round like a simpleton, she would have let it lie untouched. I walked on, unmoved as destiny, and trusted to feminine curiosity.

The verses—nobody but a New-Hollander would attack women with prose—were the following.

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?
Such should, methinks, its music be ;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee,
And she, to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,
I look upon thy folded hair ;
Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare ;
And she, who chains a wild bird's wing,
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,
To all but thee, unseen, unknown ;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone ;
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise, but not reveal !

I find by turning to my books that it was two days after this when a rose-bud slipped from the lady's bouquet—it may be seen by calling at my lodgings.

What can the icy buckler of philosophy avail in the summer sunlight of love ? Science menaced me from her crowded pages, Ambition fixed her eagle eye on me as she sat on the distant summit, and I forgot both for a passing look and a withering flower. It is very pleasant and praiseworthy to take Principle by the hand, and follow her calmly through all the changes of her path ; but when Impulse shuts her eyes and spreads her wings and lifts us like the bird of the eastern tale into her own atmosphere of freedom, there is an extasy in our very dizziness.

I never thought for a moment what all this was to end in ; I was as moral as a martyr, and if the lady had advanced half as far to meet me as some of her liberal sisters will do to anybody that can adjust rhymes to nonsense, I should have been sadly embarrassed.

But it is time to record my next aberration. Before I introduce the few coming stanzas, it may be as well to request all that class of readers, who look through spectacles and wear more than three wrinkles on their foreheads, to turn over to Politics and Statistics.

The lines beneath were conveyed to her for whom they were intended, by a stratagem, well enough conceived but unfortunate in its execution. This accident may have had some connexion with certain subsequent proceedings.

Hast thou a look for me, love?
A glance is lightly given;
Though small the cost to thee, love,
To me it may be heaven.

Hast thou a smile for me, dear?
One smile may chain a rover;
A laughing lip, a flashing eye,
'And Love's first page turns over.

Hast thou a word for me, love?
Why not a soul is near thee;
And there is none that will betray,
And only one to hear thee.

Hast thou a kiss for me, dear?
O spoil it not by keeping,
For cheeks will fade, and hearts grow cold,
While youth and joy are sleeping.

What a pity it is that one cannot throw the silken net of romance around a young creature without entangling in its threads a covey of more refractory beings: If her father is an alderman, I shall be committed; if her aunt is a vestal, I shall be scandalized; if her brother is a man in buckram, I shall be shot!

I respect orderly men, but they are apt to have prosaic notions; I venerate prudent women, alas! the pearl of female virtue is too often dissolved in vinegar.

Exactly one week from my first impropriety I received the following note:

"SIR,

Your conduct to a young lady, in whom I have the honor to be interested, is such as to require my interference. I submit to you the choice of apologizing to the lady in person, of giving me the satisfaction a gentleman has a right to claim, or of receiving such public chastisement as I shall deem appropriate, and find convenient." —

On reflection I thought it best to carry the affair through boldly. I returned, then, the following answer:

"SIR,

I shall be happy to apologize to the young female I was so unfortunate as to offend, (privately of course,) if she will meet me at any convenient place. If this proposal is not agreeable, I shall have no objection to destroying you, with any weapon which may suit your fancy, if you think it necessary to your comfort. Flagellation is entirely out of the question. In case of a meeting, I shall be gratified to render my professional services in extracting the ball." —

But my knight-errant was not to be so easily pacified or intimidated. The next day, a sunshine pedestrian—marked No. 39, in my note book,—called upon me, stiffly cravated and close buttoned. He was the bearer of one of those pithy little communications, which begin with "Sir," and end with "Your servant." I answered it in such a manner as must bring matters to a climax immediately. Perhaps it was foolish and wicked; but how could I do otherwise? I, amidst whose ancestral bearings were embroidered the words "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*?"

And so, having arranged time, place, and implements, I sat down to read a chapter of *Bell on Wounds*. I thought of my vitals, of injuries in the abdomen and thorax, generally fatal, as my author remarked; of my Puritanical friends with their antiphlogistic principles; of weeping relatives and stereotyped obituaries; but then I thought of honor and gallantry, and the blood sprang like an arrow from my heart. Suppose, however, I should be so miserable as to hit my antagonist—then think of the law; and the noose, that “mortal coil” which no man can “shuffle off;” and the scaffold, one drop of which is a dose more sedative than all the “drowsy sirups of the east;” and the Galvanic experiments, twitching and puckering one’s leaden features, as if they would

Create a soul under the ribs of death!

When I thought of all these things, most devoutly did I wish I had kept my verses in the silly brain that hatched them, or had them printed and bound with the poems of one of my interesting friends, or disposed of them in any way, so that they might have died unread, or evaporated unwritten.

To provide against what is commonly called an accident, I made the following Will. I take the liberty, as I have done throughout, of avoiding names, dates, localities, and technicalities.

“Knowing the frailty of our bodily organization, and the peculating disposition of domestics, I give and bequeath the following articles to the following persons.

“My note book, containing a list of all persons who walk in public, with personal remarks, to the Female Charitable Society.

“To the person marked 44, in the note book, a green coat and a hat somewhat worn, recommending him to wear them occasionally, by way of a change.

“To the person marked 19, in the note book, a clean shirt, requesting him to keep it as a curiosity.

“To the same person, a small box, containing an article manufactured at Windsor, to which I have added directions for its use.

“To the lady marked 113, a yard of tolerably thick cloth, to be disposed of as apparel, and applied where it is most needed.

“To my great uncle, a pistol flint, with a knife to skin it.

“To my stationer, an unfinished novel, ‘*The One-eyed Militia Man*,’ an excellent thing, as far as it goes.

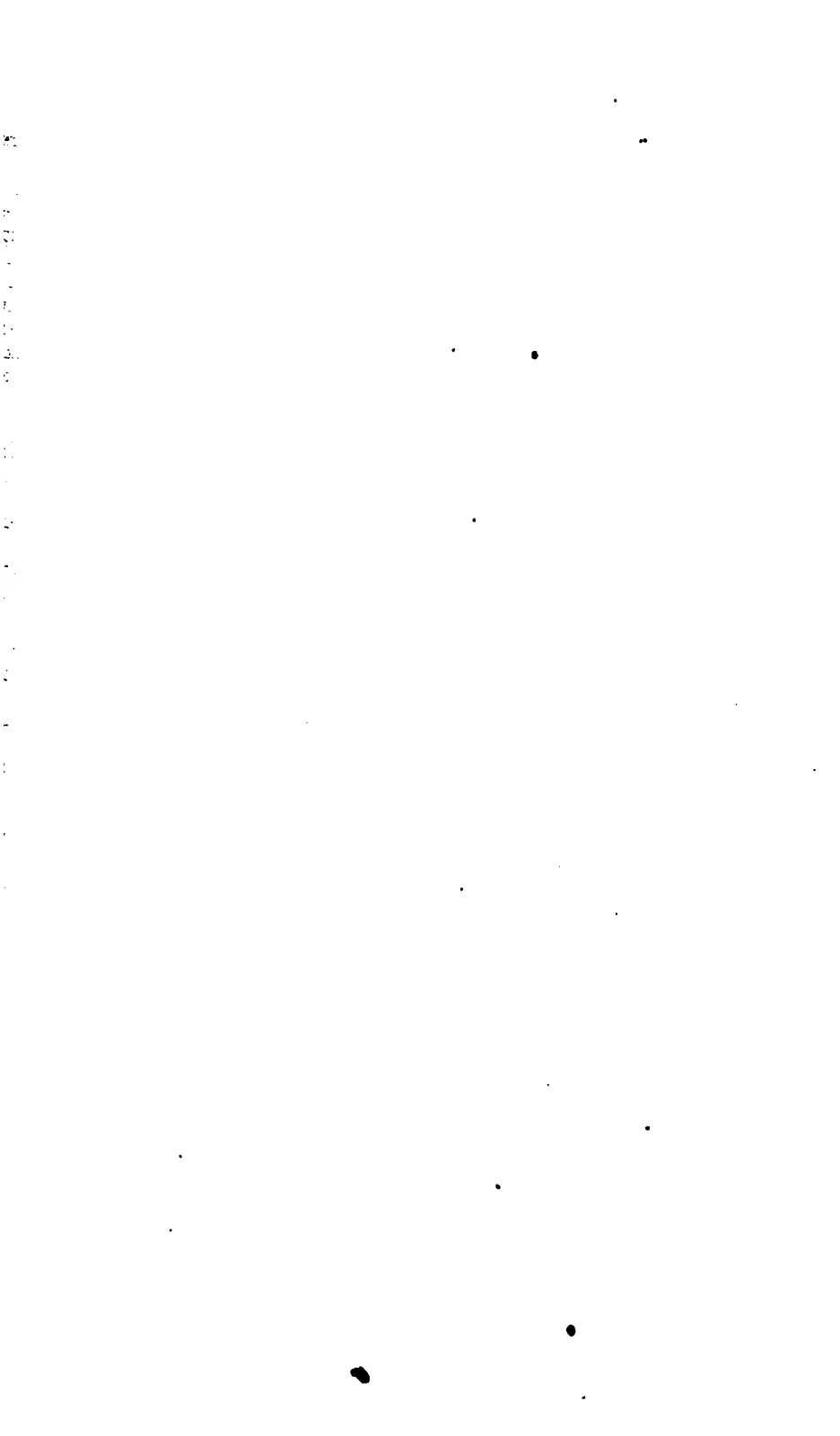
“To my long suffering creditors, my blessing.

“To the world, my memory, begging them to be careful of it.”

And now, having set all these matters in order, I practised pistol shooting two whole days at a little cock-chicken of my landlady’s, and was awakened on the third morning by a vigorous crow from the intangible obstinate.

— It is now some time since this affair has all blown over, and I am unwilling to dwell upon the particulars. I will only say, that a few days after my unsuccessful attempts upon the chicken, my tailor declared the left leg of my gray trowsers was beyond the aid of any thing but a patch, and as he assured me that no gentleman of figure wore patches, I requested him to measure me on the spot for a pair of black broadcloth pantaloons.

O. W. H.





W. H. Bond, Sculp.

Prof. Louis Loring, Sculp.

REV. JOHN T. KIRKLAND, D.D., LL.D.

Late President of Harvard University.

For the New England Magazine

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dians, and where Mr. Kirkland and his wife were probably the



MEMOIR OF REV. JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND, D. D.

LATE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

As it is by education that the character of a nation is most powerfully affected, those, who take an active part in forming the *minds* of the youth of a country, exercise a very extensive influence over the intellectual condition of the people. Yet from the nature of the pursuit, unless they combine with their vocation as instructors or guides of youth that of systematic writers or active members of a profession, their fame is often somewhat behind their usefulness. The celebrity of the pupil may be greatly owing, not merely to direct instruction imparted, but to a kindly and genial influence exercised at an institution for education. But while the name of the pupil is gathering all his fame, as it descends the stream of time, it is not given to the humble school-master or the faithful professor to "pursue the triumph or partake the gale." *He* must remain assiduously at his post, dispensing to other youthful intellects the instruction or the encouragement, which he has imparted to their predecessors, and sowing the seeds of usefulness where others are to reap the harvest of fame.

It is for this reason, if for no other, just and proper, that the grateful pupil should bear witness to the talent and worth of those, who have promoted the growth of his mind. The applause of the world is, in most cases, somewhat capriciously bestowed,—less on real merit, than on the qualities which dazzle the imagination. But there is a tribute, which can be paid, and which cannot without ingratitude be withheld,—that of an affectionate acknowledgement of the care and attention, the encouragement and advice, to which we owe the most valuable of our earthly possessions,—the treasures of the intellect. If all who are under obligations to the individual, whose name stands at the head of this article; if all, who have found him a friend at that time of life, when friends are few, and when their influence on character is all-powerful; if all who have experienced the benefits of his patience, cheerfulness, address, liberality, and disinterestedness, would rise up and bear witness to their benefactor, he would enjoy a reputation throughout the United States, which would add new lustre to the proudest name. The delicacy, which belongs to the celebration of living worth, imposes its restraints, even on the expression of the purest and most disinterested feelings. In submitting the following sketch to the public, we give utterance less to the dictates of gratitude than to the suggestions of decorum, presuming but, in part, to anticipate that eulogy, which can properly be uttered without qualification, only at some future and we trust far distant day.

The father of President Kirkland was the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, well known as a missionary among the Oneida Indians, a character to which he was destined from his youth. He acquired the language of the Mohawks, at Wheelock's school, and after his graduation at Princeton college, he passed two years among the Seneca Indians. For more than forty years he lived and labored among the Oneidas in New-York. He was married in September, 1769, and took his wife with him to the Oneida Castle, as it was called, then occupied exclusively by the Indians, and where Mr. Kirkland and his wife were probably the only

white inhabitants. After passing the winter at the castle, Mrs. Kirkland went the next spring to the residence of a friend (General Herkimer) at Little Falls, and there the subject of this sketch, with a twin brother, was born, August 17th, 1770. His mother returned to the Oneida castle, with her children, where they lived about a year and a half. It was a period of uneasiness and disturbance; the disposition of the Indians became doubtful; and in 1772, the family removed to Connecticut, where, with the assistance of means furnished by the Society in Scotland for propagating the gospel, they established themselves at Stockbridge, the nearest English settlement, at that time, to the Hudson river.

It may easily be believed, that the advantages of early school education, afforded by a frontier village, were inconsiderable. Dr. Kirkland, at that period of his life, enjoyed no better; but the deficiency was made up by the attentions of his excellent mother, to whose intelligent care and judicious treatment he owed, no doubt, not a little of his future success in life. He early discovered a taste for reading; preferring his book, in a quiet corner, to a participation in the out-door sports of his more active brother.

At the age of twelve, he was removed to Andover, in Massachusetts, and placed under the care of the late Dr. Pearson, a scholar of the old school, a strict disciplinarian and a thorough teacher in the somewhat narrow circle of studies, then pursued at our places of education. From Andover he was transferred to Cambridge, where he entered a student, in 1785. From one of the most respectable of his classmates we learn, that "he shared, to an uncommon degree, the affection and confidence of his classmates. No one of their number was considered by them to be equally distinguished for facility in his classical acquirements, and promptness and accuracy in his recitations. He particularly excelled in the Latin and metaphysical departments." He took his first degree, at the University with distinguished honor.

Devoting himself to the study of divinity, he was in 1794 settled in the ministry, at the New South Church in Boston. The congregation, worshipping at that church, embraced some of the most distinguished men in the commonwealth, of whom it will be sufficient to mention the names of Chief Justice PARSONS and GEORGE CABOT. It is an adequate commendation of the manner, in which Dr. Kirkland acquitted himself, as a moral and religious instructor to say, that he acquired the entire confidence and enjoyed in the highest degree the esteem of these eminent judges of merit, and others of minds not less discriminating. His theological opinions were of the liberal school; but the controversy since carried on had not then commenced; and the points of difference in theological opinion, now so keenly urged, were at that time less distinctly developed, and rarely inculcated from the pulpit. Dr. Kirkland's religious instructions were characterized by an unusual sagacity in discussing difficult questions in morals, and by deep practical views of human life and society; and their literary execution was remarkable for extraordinary purity of English, and precision and terseness of style. Possessing all the requisites for a speaker of the first order,—a fine and well compacted person, an uncommonly handsome face, a clear and powerful voice,—the want of judicious training at school or at college, or the absence of good models,

left Dr. Kirkland with an elocution, to which some exception might be taken, and a rather ungraceful though not ineffective style of delivery.

He was eminent among the professional men of his day for his zeal in the cause of letters. On the formation of an association of gentlemen, (the Anthology club,) for the purpose of conducting a periodical work, Dr. Kirkland evinced himself one of the most active and useful Associates. That publication may be considered as having laid the foundation of a better taste in letters, in this part of the country. Its conductors, Emerson, Gardiner, Buckminster, Thacher, Kirkland and others, were sound scholars, and gentlemen,—men of extensive and correct learning and pure taste; and they left a visible impress on the mind of the community. Unfortunately for the influence of the work, it was enlisted too deeply in the political and theological controversies of the day, for general circulation; and the patronage it received never equalled its merit as a literary journal.

The reputation of Dr. Kirkland as a divine, a scholar, and a friend of literature and education, was now so fairly established, as to command the general suffrage; and, on the decease of President Webber in 1810, he was elected to supply his place at the head of the University. He had been among those named as candidates for that place, when the office was vacated by the death of President Willard, four or five years before. Dr. Kirkland was inaugurated as President of the University, in the autumn of 1810; and continued to discharge the duties of the office, for eighteen years. As the President of Harvard College is exclusively an executive officer, his action on the minds of the students is confined to the general influence of his administration. The character of Dr. Kirkland was peculiarly adapted to an influence of this sort, and in no institution is it more important than a college. No class of persons is so impatient of restraint, so inclined to resist a direct and peremptory action, and at the same time so susceptible of being swayed by an unsuspected and paternal influence, as the high-spirited youth of our colleges. Dr. Kirkland had a mildness of temper which nothing could ruffle, a patience that could not be wearied, a self-possession, never surprised; together with a natural and unassuming dignity, which took care of itself, without effort or pretension. These qualities enabled him to guide the helm successfully through the roughest storms of college life.

But it was not merely as a paternal and affectionate head of the college family, that President Kirkland deserves to be commemorated. His administration constitutes an era in the College history, in the largest sense of the term. It is the ancient but sometimes exaggerated reproach of collegiate institutions, that they remain stationary, while the world is in progress. They would fail of the objects they are intended to effect, if there were nothing fixed and substantial in them, about which public opinion could rally as to a standard. But it is unquestionably a danger, to which they are exposed, that the standard may be kept unchanged, while the public service for which it was constituted may have received a new expansion. Over-cautious and timid minds, intrusted with the administration of such institutions, are too apt to leave unattempted the duty of keeping them in unison with the society, to which they are attached. President Kirkland found the college approaching the second century of its age, and perhaps it

may be said, without injustice to the excellent men, who gave the existing tone to it, rather behind the state of society, which at that period was in an active course of literary improvement. Without the affectation of innovation, without harshness or violence, he applied his thoughts and his talents, his uncommon influence over men, and his facility in affairs, to an entire renovation of the character of the University, and shortly succeeded in laying that foundation, on which, by his own labors, and those of his worthy successor, it has been brought to the highest point of attainable improvement.

The discipline of the college became milder, and more paternal, relying chiefly on the sense of honor among its subjects; the intercourse between the students and their instructors became more friendly and confidential; the standard of scholarship was elevated; the departments of instruction greatly increased in number; the compensation of the tutors and professors was raised; the library enriched by great accessions; and the number of munificent benefactions multiplied without example. From President Kirkland, who never grudged another the fullest meed of praise, it would be unjust to withhold the credit of having largely participated in the efforts and counsels, by which these improvements took place. He had, however, the advantage of able and zealous coadjutors in the Corporation. Among these, it would be unjust to omit the name of JOHN LOWELL, Esq. who, long after transient collisions and temporary controversies are forgotten, will live in the memory of his friends and the public, as one of the most useful of citizens, and best of men.

For eighteen years that Dr. Kirkland was at the head of the University, we presume it may be said with safety, that not a young man passed through it, without being inspired with a sincere and respectful friendship for its head. We fearlessly appeal, for the justice of this remark, to the four or five hundred individuals, throughout the country, who received the honors of Cambridge, during his administration. Many of them found him more than a friend in the common acceptation of the term. His kindness knew no bounds, not even those of his own ability to exercise it; and with a salary, that would have enriched a man of thrift, he retired from the office poorer than he entered it.

In the summer of 1827, Dr. Kirkland's health was seriously impaired; and in the spring following he vacated the Presidency. He had the happiness, in the meantime, to form a matrimonial connection with the daughter of his former parishioner and friend, Mr. George Cabot. After retiring from office, he undertook, accompanied by his wife, the tour of the United States. They have since crossed the Atlantic, and his friends and pupils have the gratification of hearing from Europe, that his health has been greatly improved by his tour through England, France and Italy.

In speaking of the professional character of Dr. Kirkland, we have omitted to dwell on the excellence of his style as a writer. At a time when good writing was more of an accomplishment in this country than it is now considered, he formed for himself an uncommonly pure and chaste manner. It was the result of his own good taste, nice perception, and judicious study of the best models. The prevailing taste of the day was bad. The style of the occasional publications, in this

part of the country, was either turgid and wordy, or jejune and pointless; and, at the commencement of his career, Dr. Kirkland's manner, though free from these faults, was not marked by its subsequent characteristic peculiarities. But his ear and his mind both craved a more nervous and braced manner. He thought with precision and point, and could not, therefore, acquiesce in a cold and feeble style. He was totally destitute of all pretence and inflation of temper; and the reigning verbosity was peculiarly distasteful to him. He soon formed a style peculiarly his own, of singular neatness and precision; pithy, and sententious. The Biography of Fisher Ames, prefixed to the collection of his works, will exemplify and bear out all we have said on this topic.

As a writer he had really no fault, but that rarest and most commendable "leaning to virtue's side," that he did not write enough. Retaining, through a long and flattered career, the retiring diffidence of youth, and finding more difficulty in satisfying himself, than he did in delighting the public, he was with difficulty persuaded to furnish any of his occasional performances for the press, and never induced to bend his powers to the preparation of any large work. The following list, we believe, comprises most of his publications:—An Artillery Election Sermon, delivered in 1795; a Fast Sermon; a Discourse on the interment of Dr. Belknap; and an Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in 1798; A Discourse on the death of Washington, in 1800; an Ordination Sermon; and an Address before the Charitable Fire Society, in 1801. A Memoir of Adams and Jefferson, delivered by President Kirkland, by the appointment of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (of which body he was for many years the Vice-President) will appear in the forth-coming volume of their transactions. His publications in earlier life, although presenting occasional indications of his matured manner, are rather below the standard of his power, as it was witnessed by the younger portion of the community. The Life of Fisher Ames is the first of his printed performances, that comes fully up to it. It is much to be wished, that he might find health and strength, in the decline of life, to revise a part of his manuscripts for the press. They would furnish the materials for a volume of practical Ethics, equal to any thing, which has appeared in the English language, for depth of thought, sagacity, knowledge of human nature, didactic eloquence, and pure English style.

It must not be supposed, from the small amount of the printed works of President Kirkland, that he has led an inactive life. For sixteen years, he discharged the laborious duties of a parish minister to the acceptance of a highly improved congregation. The duties to be discharged by the President of the College are numerous, perplexing, and laborious. Dr. Kirkland was assiduous in their performance. To those, more immediately pertaining to the office, he added that of sharing, with the Professor of Divinity, the religious instructions of the Chapel on Sundays; and he appeared very frequently in the pulpits of the neighboring churches. He was always at the command of societies and individuals, for every act and office of duty and friendship; and if no day of our lives is to be accounted lost, on which we have rendered a service, Dr. Kirkland has to number as few lost days in his life, as the most industrious of his contemporaries. But being wholly

free from that morbid appetite for applause, and craving passion for notoriety, which keep some men constantly before the public, the calm and gentle assiduity of his useful career has, at times, been mistaken for inactivity.

President Kirkland has ever been the delight of the social circle. He possesses that contagious cheerfulness, equanimity, and good temper, flowing from the pure spring of a good heart, which makes all men happy in his company. He carries with him an atmosphere of benevolence, in which the spirit of contention expires, for want of its aliment, and which gives a double zest to the effusions of a mind rich in the stores of a various reading, an extensive observation of men, and a profound study of human society.

Upon the whole, his life and career, furnish one among the numerous examples of the rise of merit from an humble origin, and under so favorable circumstances, to the highest posts of honor and usefulness. It could scarcely have been expected, that the future President of the oldest University in the country, should have been the son of a poor missionary, born at the very out-posts of civilization, reared in infancy among the children of the forest, and, through childhood, favored with no advantages, beyond those of a frontier settlement. After all allowance is made for the propitious character of our institutions, by which the path is, in all cases, made plain and free to virtue and merit, it must be universally felt, that nothing but manifest talent of the highest cast, an exemplary life, assiduous effort, and a singularly happy temper, could have carried President Kirkland over the wide interval, which separated the starting point from the goal of his career. The imperfect outline, which we have sketched of his character, will give but a faint idea of it, to those, whom actual observation has not made acquainted with its worth. But with all, whom personal intercourse has qualified to judge of it, and especially with all those who had the good fortune to be the subjects of his parental care, at the University, we shall stand acquitted of exaggeration. They will be able to recal the familiar instances, the habitual exercise, the steady manifestation of his intellectual and moral excellence; and to their affection we commit his character to be embalmed.

OUR BIRDS.

A TALK IN THE WAY OF ORNITHOLOGY.

PART II.

THERE are about four hundred different Birds in the United States, three hundred and fifty of which, perhaps, may be found at some season of the year in the woods and fields in the neighborhood of Boston; yet how small a number of these are at all known to the great majority of our people! probably not fifty, out of the three hundred and fifty, would be recognized by name; and as to identifying individuals, people in general have limited their ornithological pursuits to that very shrewd performance of telling a "hawk from a handsaw." Our woods

are full of song, and most of the notes are familiar to our ears, yet ninety-nine out of a hundred of us take a Fly-catcher for a Robin, and know no distinction between a Goldfinch, a Summer-sylvia, and a Red-start, which we may hear singing every day for months together. Now we hold it to be a matter of some interest to know these little visitors, and nothing more than fair to requite, with a personal intimacy and welcome, the greeting offered by their pleasant strains.

No one can take a ramble for a quarter of an hour in the woods, in June, July, or August, without having his ears saluted by a sweet, rolling, melodious whistle from the lofty branches above his head; this note is often taken for that of the Robin, though any person at all acquainted with the individual could distinguish the two species of melody, at any distance capable of transmitting the faintest of these sounds to his ear. This songster is the RED-EYED FLY-CATCHER, one of the most charming and sprightly musicians that our forests can boast of. He is about the size of a Sparrow, and is of an olive brown color. His lively and agreeable note is the charm of our woods from morning to night, being kept up with a spirit and perseverance equalled by few of the feathered choir. The tallest trees and the thickest woods are the favorite resort of this bird; on open plains or among low thickets, he is never seen; but among the giant arms of the old oaks, or in the dense foliage of the walnuts, or on the top of a tall and majestic elm, he is sure to take his stand and make the dark shadows of the forest ring with his sonorous warble. His performances, indeed, are not confined to the country, but our most populous cities are greeted by his visits. In a fine summer day as you walk through the mall in Boston, you may hear his mellow and enlivening whistle among the trees of that beautiful promenade, and in passing along the busiest streets, where a towering elm lifts its fresh green canopy over the brick walls, the little rustic may be heard, straining his melodious throat amid the concert of rattling carts and creaking wheelbarrows.

The nest of this charming musician is quite a curiosity; it is built often on the horizontal branch of a young walnut, oak, or hornbeam, six, eight, or ten feet from the ground, and is what is called a *basket nest*, hanging from a forked branch by the edges, like the pocket of a billiard-table, or a dip-net; they are built so near the ground as to afford opportunity for observing the mechanism pursued by the builder; and the ingenuity of this little architect in knotting his looped strings in regular triangle, and weaving his chopped leaves into the warp of his habitation, till he has brought it into proper symmetry and mathematical adjustment, is enough to fill us with admiration.

"Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves!" It would seem a shame that so much ingenuity and industry should not be allowed the full enjoyment of the fruits of their toil; and yet nature—Heaven bless the mark!—does at times play unaccountable pranks. This same nidicular handywork—to what base uses may it come! The Fly-catcher's nest, so snug and cosey, is a favorite resort of the COW-BUNTING, and the cradle, of course, in which a changeling usurps the honor of a legitimate heir. Mayhap you never heard of the interloper aforesaid. The Cow-bunting is a bird that never builds a nest, but sneaks into that of another, and leaves its eggs to the care of strangers. If you should

chance to espy in your walks through the woods, a black, imish looking rascal, fluttering from fence to bush, like a thieving carter, afraid to be seen,—skulking among the thickets, and prying into nooks and corners with the air of a catchpole or a pickpocket,—knock him down, *cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor* ; stop his privateering ; nullify him ! that is the very villain, on the look-out for a nest in which to father a spurious progeny upon some unlucky wight, more industrious and Christian-like, than himself.

You have heard of the Cuckoo, and his tricks of a similar stamp to this,—the European Cuckoo, I should premise,—for the Cuckoo of America, is a bird of different habits, and builds a nest of his own. The Cow-bunting is the only American bird, known to be guilty of the practice abovementioned, and, as I have just remarked, may be seen in the woods, sharking about with a stealthy movement and villanous aspect, silent and watchful, lest the “very stones should prate of his whereabouts ;” and peeping and nuzzling into every odd corner for a market in which to pass off his counterfeits. Many is the decent, industrious, and pains-taking little citizen, that is plagued with the visits of this prowling customer, and there is no getting clear of him, for the villain’s craft is equal to his impudence ; a small bird will be driven from his nest by the intruder, a large one will be watched for the moment when his back is turned. The little Wittachee* cannot hide his cradle in too close a seclusion for the eye of the prowler ; the red-eyed Fly-catcher’s airy basket is looked upon as constituting specially desirable quarters ; the Tawny-thrush—simple fellow,—must lend a hand at bringing up the *infant trouvé* ; the Cat-bird is not cunning enough to keep out of the scrape, though various devices are resorted to by some of these birds to rid themselves of the incumbrance ; some will abandon their nests when the Cow-bird has laid in them ; but, in general, birds will not leave eggs of their own, when a spurious one is thrust into their company. Of course, when the eggs are hatched, the brood are all equally taken care of by the dam, interloper *cum ceteris*,—though, in most cases, the Cow-bunting is the first hatched, and as he quickly out-grows the rest of the brood, and, with his ample dimensions and narrow quarters, feels a good deal of that incommodity which troubled our venerable friend and acquaintance, the old lady who lived in a spoon, he makes short work with his brother nestlings, and elbows them overboard without ceremony. Every Cow-bunting that is reared is the destruction of three or four other birds.

The Cow-bunting is peculiar to this country, and receives its name from its habit at certain seasons, of frequenting the cowpens to pick up grain and seeds ; it is sometimes called Cow-bird, Cowpen-bird, and Blackbird, which reminds me of many other confusions of names in our ornithology, that occasion great error and perplexity, to one not much acquainted with natural history. Our Blue Jay, for instance, is called in Virginia, the *Bluebird* ; the Bluebird, is called there the *Blue-sparrow*. But the oddest perplexity is made by confounding together the Partridge, Quail, and Pheasant, in such inextricable confusion, that a traveler from Massachusetts to the South, would be sorely puzzled to tell which was which, without turning to a manual

* Sylvia Marilandica.

of Ornithology. There is a bird in New-England, called a Partridge ; this bird is called a Pheasant, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. There is a bird called a Partridge, in the aforesaid Southern States, and this bird is called a Quail in New-England ; but the best of the joke is, that this Partridge, or Pheasant, is neither a Partridge, nor a Pheasant, but a Ruffed Grouse. There are no Partridges, or Pheasants, in the United States.

The WARBLING FLY-CATCHER I should have mentioned along with his brother of the red-eye ; the song of this bird is, perhaps, the sweetest and most agreeable of all the tuneful choir : with a note less vigorous and emphatic than the other, he far excels him in harmonious softness of tone, and the smooth, voluble flow of his musical strains. He is much less common than the Red-eye, and I do not recollect ever to have heard him within the precincts of the city ; but in a woody spot in the country, or on an elm or chesnut, near your farmhouse, whenever you hear from out the leaves a sweet, melting, continuous warble, in a low, gentle strain, yet clear and distinct ; tender and approaching to languid, yet not deficient in fulness or effect ; never harsh, sharp, abrupt or strong, but ever liquid, clear, and soothing, you may discover the bird I have been describing. His nest is built in the common way, in the high branches of a tree, generally an elm. He shows a considerable fondness for the society of man, by nestling near his dwellings, and his confidence and familiarity should be returned with hospitable protection,—a requital no less merited by his sociable disposition, than the surpassing sweetness of his voice.

Of the Fly-catcher tribe, we have various other individuals, more or less eminent for song, as the White-eye, the Red-start, and others so little known as to have no popular name. These birds, as their appellation signifies, live solely on flies, moschetoës, bugs, &c. so that the services they perform are not limited to the sphere of their musical capacities. Some of them are hardly ever seen out of the thickest woods, as these parts abound generally in insects. The RED-START, must be looked for in the deepest and darkest recesses of the forest. This is a handsome little bird, of a dark brown color, with a beautiful orange on the shoulders, and white at the breast. His note is much like that of a Goldfinch or Yellow-bird, and, among the thick foliage of the pines or walnuts, you may observe him darting round and round from one limb to another in pursuit of his game, snapping up flies and moschetoës, one after another, to the tune of fifty or a hundred per meal ; the havoc, indeed, made by all of them among insects is prodigious. It is a fortunate and wise provision of nature that such a check should be provided to the multiplication of these insignificant, but troublesome creatures. All animated species have their irremediable grievances ; and to be gobbled up by birds seems to be one of the ills that fly-flesh is heir to.

“ Speaking of every thing,” says Caleb Quotem, “ reminds me of nothing !” Speaking of catching flies reminds me of political economy. Mr. Malthus, and his acolytes, might draw an argument upon analogy from the preceding fact, and others of a kindred nature, which mark the whole scheme of animated existence—in favor of his doctrine of superfecundity, and the necessity of the preventive check. There

is a very manifest superfecundity in the production of birds, and a very evident and operative preventive check in the way of this increase. Most of those familiar to us, lay four or five, and sometimes more, eggs; the Marsh-wren lays seven or eight; and many of these birds breed twice or thrice in a season; yet do we find that any species is more numerous now than it was at any preceding period? The geometrical ratio in which they ought to increase, according to calculation, is enormous; but for all this, it does not appear that any increase takes place from year to year, even in those species which are not molested by man. An attentive observation will explain this phenomenon. The system of animated nature is one great round of destruction; hardly an inhabitant of the forest lives otherwise than by destroying some other species of animal. Both the eggs and young of birds are exposed to such a series of hazards, that, after considering their number and degree, we see cause rather for surprise, that whole species are not exterminated, than for wonder at their not increasing out of measure.

The Cow-bunting, as has been already remarked, destroys a vast number; perhaps one third of the small birds' nests will be found upon examination to have a Cow-bunting's egg in them; but this is nothing to the ravages committed among the eggs and young, by the Cuckoos, Squirrels, Pole-cats, Snakes, Owls, Rats, Foxes, &c. who are continually prowling about in search of nests. When full grown, their hazards are far from being at an end; the Hawks, Owls, and Foxes, with a host of other enemies, are ready to dart upon them at every favorable opportunity; by this means a proper balance is kept up in their numbers, and no species is suffered to multiply beyond a certain limit. The philosopher, as is remarked by the great French naturalist, contemplates with pain a system so apparently cruel, yet he admires the skilful adaptation of parts, and the efficiency with which the means are fitted to the end. The individuals, who are portions of this great scheme, may rest satisfied that their private loss is public gain, and thus to fall a personal sacrifice to the proper operation of the system, would be, as Lord Byron said of being drowned in the Lake of Geneva, "classical, but not agreeable!"

But stay—I have been digressing; we came forth to see, and not to philosophize. Let us look around; the dark forest environs us on every side, and the deep dell at our feet is black in the shadows of the thick pine boughs: the hill sides are shaggy with a deep forest of cedars, and the fitful breeze swelling through the dense mass of foliage, sounds like the hollow roar of the ocean; a few sunburnt rocks lift their mossy brows above the herbage, gleaming in gray and reddish masses among the fresh green thickets; all is a solitary wild, and the stillness of the scene is only broken by the shrill note of the Pine-warbler, who, now and then from the dark leaves of the evergreens, trolls forth a rattling cry, which in the lonely gloom of the woods has a melancholy sound quite in unison with the savage character of the scenery.

These secluded spots and deep recesses are the favorite haunts of the WOOD-THRUSH, a bird whose note is possessed of singular melody and compass; he is very rarely to be met with, but his song, if it but once strike the ear, cannot fail to arrest your attention instantaneously.

and remain impressed upon the memory ever afterwards—so very marked and peculiar are both his tone and execution. He sings seldom, generally towards evening, and is very shy. About sunset you may, by a happy chance, hear his note from the thickest part of a deep grove, and by making your way carefully through the trees, find him perched in the centre of an enormous white pine, so dark as to shut out the light of day : here in total solitude, and unsuspecting of any intruding listener, he will chant a few slow, solemn and singularly varied tones, more like those of a flute, or a church organ, than any melody of the woods. These tones are musical in a very high degree, clear, deliberate, and regulated by pauses of considerable length. I know not any songster of our groves, whose performances are more striking or effective than the singular chants of this bird ; their full, deep and impressive sounds, the solemn slowness with which they are uttered, the dark solitude of the spot, still darker from the gathering shades of evening, all combine in producing an effect similar to that of the sound of a pealing anthem, through the “ long-drawn aisle and fretted vault” of a Gothic cathedral.

Let us stop a moment to contemplate this monarch oak, rearing his mighty form in lonely grandeur over the dwarfish tribes of cedar and juniper around him. The veteran of the forest towers proudly over their diminutive heads, but his pride is the pride of desolation. His gnarled and naked body has been rent by the winter tempest, and he flings abroad his giant arms, no more, alas ! to shake their glistening foliage in the breeze, but blasted with lightning and stretching their bare and blackened forks unsheltered into the scorching sky. A flight of ill-omened Crows, whose funeral garb and hoarse scream form a fit accompaniment to this image of ruin, are perched upon the scathed limbs, or wheeling in the air overhead, croaking forth their harsh and discordant *caw*. A thousand winters have beat against that lonely trunk, but its firm and deep-set roots held with immoveable grasp the stony bowels of the earth ; the vigor and brawn of youth were in those knotty branches, and the lord of the woods bore the driving of a thousand winters against his brow unmoved, and saw a thousand snows melt from the mountain tops with firm-set foot and un-riven joints. The red deer bounded along the glades under his shadow, and the war-whoop of the painted savage rung in the breeze that swept through his leafy locks.

Leaving the pine forest, it may be remarked, that there are fewer singing birds to be found here than in other woods ; the *Sylvias* and *Fly-catchers* rarely frequent them ; and beside those already enumerated, we shall hear hardly any other note than that of the *TOWHEE-BUNTING*, sometimes called *Chewink*, or *Ground-robin*. This is an innocent and rather pretty sort of bird, of tame and familiar habits, building a nest in the ground at the foot of a pine tree, and always keeping near the earth, scratching among the bushes, or, in its highest excursions, ascending the lowest branches of a cedar or stunted pine. In scrambling among the thickets you may almost tread upon the female as she sits upon her nest ; on being alarmed, she will run a few yards, hop into a low branch, and begin a quick, emphatic and rather melancholy cry, “ *towhée, towhée,*” repeated at short intervals. Oftentimes in a warm day, when unmolested and in perfect quiet, they will

take their stations among the branches, a short distance from each other, and repeat and answer the same note for half an hour together ; this concert, though rather monotonous and plaintive, is not unpleasing. There is another very different and sprightly note uttered by this bird, so dissimilar, indeed, to the former, that one has a difficulty in believing it to proceed from the same organs that sent forth those deep and guttural tones.

From the summit of that distant tree the loud clear whistle of the ROBIN announces that the sun is hastening downward ; and as the air grows cool, and the glare of day diminishes, his note increases in emphasis and rapidity, till the whole neighborhood rings with the music. Who is a stranger to the sweet and cheerful voice of this favorite bird, or to his innocent and familiar manners ? It may be not amiss to remark that this is not the Robin Redbreast of Europe, which is a bird about half his size, but closely resembling him in manners.

This time of the day is also the hour commonly chosen for the vocal performances of another songster, who, on account of the lateness of the hour in which he is generally heard, is, I find, called by our country people, the *Nightingale*,—an appellation which he certainly does not merit for the melody of his notes, although his vocal exhibitions are some of the most singular to our ears that the whole forest offers. This bird, whose proper name is the TAWNY-THRUSH, has a remarkably strong, deep, blowing voice, hardly musical, but considerably varied, and which may be likened somewhat to the hollow rolling sound made by blowing into the muzzle of a gun-barrel. When heard in the stillness of the evening, and among the thick woods, where, in fact, they almost always keep, the effect is very striking and impressive. They may sometimes be heard during the day, when besides the peculiar whistle, just described, they more commonly utter a single short and sharp cry. But they are more fond of the evening, and about half an hour after sunset you may take your stand at the skirt of a grove, and hear them call to one another among the dark shadows of the trees, in a full and emphatic voice, sometimes harsh and husky, and at others mellowed and tuned into a warble, not unmusical. One individual calls out—" *Hwy tréoo, tréoo, tráoo, tráoo ;*" in a few seconds another replies—" *Til lil lil, til lil lil,*"—and this musical colloquy is kept up for half an hour, or more ; there are certainly few notes that sound more curiously.

This Thrush is by no means a rare bird ; the woods round Boston are full of them. They are seen for a few days in the Southern States, as they pass northwardly, but they breed only in these parts. Their nests are always low, commonly close to the ground, in a stunted bush, or on a pile of sticks. Their plumage so exactly resembles the color of a dead leaf, that when in search of nests a person may pass round and over them without making any discovery. The bird seems to be instinctively aware of this circumstance, and trusts to her color for concealment. When sitting on her nest, she will suffer any one to pass within a foot of her station without moving a feather.

Gentle reader and companion ! the day is done. The sun is sinking behind the dark blue mountains in the west, and a great wall of leaden-colored shadow comes heaving up from the gray ocean, far off in the opposite heaven. Look now at the glorious pageant of a sum-

mer sunset ! The western sky is glowing with gold and purple, and yon gorgeous company of clouds, that gather and hang around the bright track of the sinking orb, seem like blood-red banners waving over an immense curtain of green and glowing flame. A heap of dense masses are dappling the long vista of glory beyond, while their fringed edges are lighted into transparent fire by the sea of flame streaming up behind them. While we gaze, the magical scene changes. The deep crimson of the tufted folds in the cloudy canopy, and the dazzling gleam of that glancing ocean of light, pass into fainter hues ; the sparkling sky abates its fires, and the sheet of red flame wanes into a mild yellow. The purple tints have sunk into gray, and the last faint rays of the sun decline into the thin and silvery tinge of twilight.

THE EXPECTATION.

[From the German of Schiller.]

Do I not hear the small door move ?
Has not the quick bolt sharply rung ?
No ! 't is the wind's low-murmured sigh—
The poplar trees among.

Weave, O thou grove ! a green-leaved roof with care !
O'er thee soft Beauty's rays shall soon be stealing—
Ye boughs, build up a shadowy arbor there,
With friendly night her secret haunt concealing—
Wake, all ye columns of caressing air !
The roses lingering in her cheeks revealing—
When, with light-glancing steps, her tender feet
Bear their bright burden to Love's happy seat.

Hush ! is not there something fleeting
Through yonder thicket swift away ?
No ! 't is a startled bird that left
The copse wherein it lay.

Put out thy torch, O day ! thou spiritual night,
With thy kind silence come, and round us hover—
Spread out thy gauze of red and purple light,
Above the secret boughs that give us cover ;
When the listener's ear is nigh, Joy takes her flight,
And tell-tale day is hated by the lover ;—
Evening alone, when heaven is calm above,
Can be the trusty confidant of Love.

Do I not hear a gentle voice
Upon my ear in whispers break ?
No ! 't is the note of some white swan,
Borne on the silvery lake.

Music swells all around me—at my feet
Fountains sound sweetly as their tide is flowing ;
The blooming flowers, which airs with kisses greet,
Sway droopingly,—all life with joy is glowing.
The grape, the peach, that, from its green retreat
Behind the leaves, its rosy cheek is showing,
Invite my taste—and fragrant breezes now
Drink the hot moisture from my burning brow.

Do I not hear resounding steps
 Beneath the shade of bending trees?
 No! 't is the o'er-ripened fruit that falls,
 Touched by the pleasant breeze.

Day's flaming eye itself grows dim apace,
 And in sweet death its sinking rays expire;
 Now favoring twilight fills the mighty space,
 The flowers, that hate the sun's meridian fire,
 Unfold their cups;—the moon lifts up her face;—
 In large, red masses doth the world retire;
 From every charm the girdle is unbound,
 And, unarrayed, each shape of beauty found!

Do I not see some glimmering form?
 Gleams it not like a silken fold?
 No! 't is a column's gloomy light,
 That props a temple old.

Be still, my anxious and desiring heart!
 Let not unreal fancies, false though sweet,
 Present the soft embrace, the sudden start,
 And all that makes the bosom fondly beat.
 Oh, let me gaze on Beauty, when apart
 She sits in life and love—when hands can meet
 In pressure warm,—or touch her mantle's shade—
 Then bright and real will my dream be made.

FIRST EPISTLE TO THE EDITORS.

FROM A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE New-England Magazine, number one, "with the compliments of the editors!" Who would have thought that ever Jedidiah Joyless, of East-Timothy, Mass. would have come to that, or rather, that *that* would ever have come to him. Here I have been town-clerk and postmaster, I will not tell how long—being a single man—but never before did I receive the compliments of an editor. In vain have my fellow-citizens delighted to honor me with official dignities; as vainly have I discharged, with diligent patriotism, the various duties which devolved upon me as an officer of my native town, and a functionary in one of the most important departments of the national confederacy. In vain did I write after my name "Esq." and "P. M.;" the conductors of the press, either from ignorance or envy, observed as obstinate a silence, as deathlike a stillness, in relation to myself and my productions as if my name had never been recorded in the baptismal register, or signed to a way-bill! Once, only, was I noticed with a flattering expression of the estimation in which my services were held by my fellow-citizens. It was when the hand of Reform passed like the besom of destruction over our devoted village; when it swept like a hurricane over the venerable walls of the social edifice, shaking them from turret to foundation-stones, upsetting the time-consecrated pillars of the republic, and consigning the postmaster and the plenipotentiary to one common catastrophe! Then it was, that, like Sampson, I girded my loins, smote the Philistine, and fell buried in the ruins of the polit

ical fabric. But my fate was not unnoticed, nor my public services unrequited; for the editor of the Observer and Telegraph, a valuable paper, published weekly on a medium sheet, price one dollar per annum, at East-Timothy, observed that the finger of persecution was upon me, and made signal of the same with telegraphic accuracy, in the following remarkable language, which I had the satisfaction of seeing quoted by most of the patriotic papers in the Union; "He was a most valuable officer, and enjoyed the esteem of all parties." Guess my mortification, however, when, in a subsequent paper, I found my late office spoken of in such flippant and irreverent terms as these; "It is a paltry concern, worth about eight dollars and thirty-seven cents per annum, which had gone a begging, until the late amiable and inoffensive incumbent kindly consented to discharge the duties." I was mortified to the quick, by this unkind requital, and incontinently caused a town-meeting to be called, and, having mounted the rostrum, pronounced my political valedictory. In this production I followed the most approved models, ancient and modern. Having touched lightly upon the darkness and barbarism in which the world was involved, in the age immediately preceding the revival of letters, and spoken of the discovery of Columbus, and the injustice done that great man, by giving the name of another to this continent; I adverted to the persecutions of our forefathers, their removal from the land of their birth, the landing at Plymouth; and the subsequent rise of this republic. Then I touched upon the value of our republican form of government, and dwelt upon the blood and treasure expended in resisting the oppressions of the mother country, who, in reference to the color of her regimentals, and the crimsoned hands of her myrmidons, I ventured to pronounce the identical scarlet abomination spoken of in the good book. Next I spoke of reform, which led me to point out the difference between Martin Luther and General Jackson, and between the Popish Church and the Post-Office Department. Speaking of the latter led me back again to the *revival of letters*; I commented on the literary character of our country, and, after showing forth the manner in which we had been vilified, by the hireling scribblers of the scarlet king, I adverted to the awful absence of grammatical accuracy, in the compositions of some of our public functionaries, and hinted at the ruin which might fall upon our beloved country, from such dreadful corruptions of the vernacular. Finally, I came to speak of my own case, and of the ingratitude of republics, and after confessing that I had no more right to complain, than had Aristides, and many other just men, whom I named in order, announced my determination to withdraw, *forever*, from the torturous path of ambition, to renounce the gaudy bauble, office, and to spend the remainder of my days in retirement, reflection, and literary labors.

It was probably to this production, which I caused to be printed in a neat pamphlet, and circulated among my friends, that I owe the notice of the erudite editors of the New-England Magazine; for the former productions of my pen have been most ungenerously concealed from the public eye, and doomed to oblivion. For years have I been a regular contributor to our town newspaper. I have emulated the fame of Addison, and coveted the distinction of Scott. My essays have been various and voluminous, my stories have been singularly

sentimental, and the poetic corner of my brain has yielded an annual nett product, of which the quantity has scarcely been exceeded by any of our native bards. Many of these effusions have been transferred into other journals, and not unfrequently with an editorial comment; such as, "we copy with great pleasure the following beautiful effusion, &c. ; or "the following curious medley is the anonymous production of one of those garrulous scribblers who infest the high-ways and by-ways of the commonwealth of letters." Yet such was the apathy of the literary world, that no attempt was made to tear away the mask, behind which my modesty and my respect for common usage had induced me to conceal myself. Jedidiah Joyless was as unknown to the world as the author of Junius, or the course of the Niger. But I said to myself, "such will not always be my fate; the waters of Lethe will not flow forever between myself and a discerning public; some literary Columbus will undertake the discovery, cross the ocean of conjecture, and place upon the intellectual chart, the town of East-Timothy, and the name of Jedidiah Joyless!" I began to look with eager anticipation for that agreeable event, the discovery of myself. I watched with solicitude the daily emissions of the press. When the "American First Class Book" arrived in our village, I searched its pages with the hungry eye of him who seeks the pearl in the caverns of the deep. I found the gems and corals of others in rich profusion; but alas! mine remained "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," in the darkness of the oyster-shell of concealment. I was not found worthy of being arranged into the "first class" of American writers. When the "Common Place Book" came, my hopes rose like the mercury, in the noon of a midsummer-day; but they were soon dashed, and I consoled myself with the reflection that I was not considered a *common-place* writer. In the "Specimens of American Poetry" I found no specimen of mine; the editor lacked industry, and failed to delve into the chronicles of the deeds of the bard of East-Timothy. But in another compilation, I found a trifle of mine, placed to the credit of a distinguished poet, who now actually wears, in his glittering coronal, a feather dropped from my wing, and borne by the winds to a fame which is denied to its parent.

Judge, then, with what pleasure I received the first number of your elegant miscellany, addressed to "Jedidiah Joyless, Esq. P. M."—Alas! worthy sirs, the last mentioned initials might have been spared, for they no longer belong to me, unless they stand for *Post-Mortem*, in allusion to my departure from political life. But the addition "with the compliments of the editors" pleased me, inasmuch as it was the first compliment ever paid me in my proper name and surname. You are the discoverer, for whom I have long been looking—the very Columbus—the identical *colon*, fated to conclude the period of my anonymous existence, to end the sentence of moral excommunication, under which I have long languished. Whether your sense of justice, or a laudable care for "number one," induced you to send it to me, is a matter which I ought not, perhaps, to scrutinize. Where the act is noble, we should not examine too closely into the motive. Great effects frequently spring from very inadequate causes; "large streams from little fountains flow;" a clown may discover a mine, by stumbling upon a lump of ore; and the world may owe the introduction of Jedidiah

Joyless, into its intellectual circles, to an accident, an apparent chance, in which you, Sir, are the honored instrument.

I conclude this communication by informing you, that I enclose, herewith, a small but choice collection of essays, written by me, while I had the honor to be Postmaster at East-Timothy, and numbered from one to fifty-four, as per margin, which please note. They are endorsed "*Memoranda, by a Man of Letters,*" and were intended to have been *franked* by me to posterity, for posthumous publication; but are now committed to you, with *my* "compliments," and in the confidence that you will dispose of them, in the manner which shall seem, to your matured judgement, most conducive to the best interests of our common country and our uncommon selves.

JED. JOYLESS, ESQ. AND LATE P. M.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

NO. II.

HAD I anticipated a second number, I would have so ordered the first, that one theme might follow another in some natural order; but as it is, I may as well go on. The fault, if there be any, is yours, not mine. You required three pages and a half, and no more—but I will not submit to your bed of Procrustes—I have more to say—

"T was for *your* pleasure then I wrote,—
You now must *print* for *mine*."

There are, between Charleston and the Savannah river, ranges of islands, as rich as any in the world. Before the cultivation of cotton in Carolina, many of them were the haunts of alligators, overgrown with woods and rank weeds; but they now are cultivated by a polished and intelligent people, and when a traveler passes them swiftly in the steamboat, they seem to him like the blessed islands in Mirza's vision. I have not been upon all of them, and will describe but one. Not far from Beaufort, you will discover before you a settlement that looks, at a distance, like a thriving New-England village; so much so that you might think yourself at home, without wishing to be there. At the landing is a thick cluster of palmettoes, so close that their tops are interwoven and resemble a dilapidated entablature, while the tall straight trunks look like the pillars of a temple. The palmetto will increase your sense of the beautiful, and its graceful figure is well chosen, as an emblem in the arms of the state.

Beyond this is a line of orange trees, bending under fruit worthy of the Hesperides. The ground is covered with oranges, and I have seen on the trees clusters of eight, all of the largest size.

Next you will see what magnificent trees may spring from an inconsiderable acorn, in a couple of live oaks, the emblems of strength and immortality. There is majesty in an old oak. His trunk is of twelve feet girth; his arms are extended horizontally to a great distance, and seem to wave with an air of gentleness and protection. But like the Persian's, his noblest characteristic is his beard, "a sable silvered."

Men call it moss, and you may see sprouts of the same in a maple swamp in New-England, but not so long as a dandy's moustache. But in the live oak it descends below the girdle, it almost sweeps the ground, and hangs from the upper branches. The effect of it upon a tree is precisely that of a long beard upon a man, giving it a grave and solemn appearance. A tree, "an' please your honor, has a soul" ! At least I could never be hard enough to wound one like this with an axe. I should almost expect to see the blood flow, and to hear like *Aeneas—Quid miserum laceras ?*

The laurel is well seen near the oak—it is the union of beauty and strength ; it is the very tree into which Apollo might well transform his beloved, and it makes the best rewards for poets and heroes. The trunk is round and smooth ; the tree is lofty ; the leaves are five or six inches long, and of a deep and glossy green, to which northern woods afford no parallel. The whole tree is studded with blossoms as thickly as the sky is spangled with stars. The blossoms are of a delicate white, of the lily shape, and of the circumference of twelve inches. Solomon never had such a robe as nature has thrown over the laurel.

Let us walk up to the planter's gate, through an avenue of the aloe, and we shall be welcomed by the barking of some twenty dogs—hounds, setters, spaniels, terriers, mongrels, and "curs of low degree." The house has two wings, and in the rear, at the distance of eight rods, are the kitchen and store-houses.

On the plantation the sportsman will find abundance and variety of game. On a long sea-beach, like a sanded floor, and extending for miles, are curlews and sea birds innumerable. The curlew is a large kind of a wood-cock, (in appearance, at least,) and it is little less in size than a domestic fowl. Many may be killed at a shot, and, when any are slain, the survivors settle round it, and expose themselves again. The coves and creeks have geese, and many kinds of ducks. In the woods, the deer, before he bounds away, will sometimes stop a moment to look at the hunter. The deer is sometimes hunted at night, with a torch, and, when startled, stands to gaze, while his luminous eyes betray him, and he is shot in the forehead. Men have sometimes been killed in this sport, as in all others. It is said, that the eyes of a colt have an appearance like those of a deer, and the sportsman, therefore, sometimes strikes a coarser meat than venison. There is a large spider, and his eyes emit a pale bright ray like that of a diamond, and the alligator shows two red and burning coals. The moccasin snake lies listless in the rice fields on the surface of the water, and will not bite the naked leg that presses against him, though by day I would not cheerfully set foot near any of his tribe.

Raccoons and opossums are vermin too ignoble for the gun, and are hunted with clubs and curs. When the tide is rising, many raccoons, may be seen slowly returning from the marshes. They have been after shell-fish, and it is an opinion that fire cannot burn out of the negroes, that the raccoons catch crabs with their tails. The raccoon places himself on the bank and moves his tail with a gentle motion on the water. The crab seizes it for a moment, and by a sudden jerk is thrown upon the bank. But the oyster sometimes catches the raccoon ; the quadruped, finding the shell invitingly open, thrusts in his

paw ; but he sometimes ventures upon an oyster so large and so firmly embedded, that it closes the shell like a trap upon the depredator, and holds him to be drowned by the tide.

The smaller oysters, that are left bare by the tide, are called raccoon oysters ; they stand upright, are five inches long and closely wedged together. The upper part comes to an edge, the nature of which I shall long remember ; they are more perilous to pass than the broken junk-bottles that are set upon the garden walls at Charleston. I was once landing on a beach from a boat, which moved suddenly backward from my step, and left me falling on the oysters. In moments of extremity, many thoughts pass through the mind in brief time ; and, although I am a heavy body, I yet found time in falling to devise the best means of alighting, where all were bad. After weighing the disadvantages of falling on the knees or shoulder, (and the latter position would hardly have saved my face,) I made a sudden effort, and came upon the right arm and hand. The boatmen gave a general groan ; so that I had sympathy in suffering. I rose up with my sleeves cut into shreds, and in my palm as many deep cross-cuts, (disclosing bone and sinew,) as there are seams in the back of an armadillo. It was six weeks before I could free the wound from all the broken fragments of shells.

The sport, that has pleased me most in Carolina, is digging out an old alligator from his hole ; he is so touchy, that it is pleasant to put him in a passion. He burrows in the ground like a wood-chuck, and the first operation of the siege is to prevent a sally, by driving stakes at the entrance of his hole. The next movement is to dig down upon him at some fifteen feet from the stakes, and he is commonly found two or three feet beneath the surface. He takes very quietly a few punches with a pole, thinking to pass himself off for a pine log ; but a touch or two with the corner of the spade brings his head to the aperture, and his little grey eyes are seen twinkling with rage. He tries to crawl forth, and when his forepaws are on the surface, and while he is striving to draw himself out, is the time to cleave his hard head with an axe. If he should get unharmed upon the green sward, it is unsafe to await his charge, and it is a great misfortune to be lame. I had rather be a cripple at a dance ; for the alligator's mouth is about a fifth of his length, and his teeth are like spikes.

When the monster is dead, the negroes shout and caper with extravagant joy. The blacks are never better pleased than when they are hunting in the woods ; and it is seldom that they have not in larder the flesh of a raccoon or opossum. The allowance of food to an adult is a peck of corn weekly ; and, to children, half as much. This fare is sometimes varied with a larger quantity of rice and yams. This is not sumptuous living ; but the slaves have their own private fields, poultry and swine, and can often purchase delicacies ; and I believe, that one, very prudent, might, in twelve years, collect enough to purchase his freedom. They are often in condition to sell the corn that is dealt out to them, having various means of providing for their own tables. The rivers and tide creeks are stored with fish, and among the islands oysters may be had in any quantity. Besides, on a plantation there are often five hundred neat cattle ranging the woods, and swine innumerable. Slavery seldom fortifies honesty ; and, besides,

the slave may fancy that it is just to make reprisals on his master's property for violence done to his own person ; it often happens, then, that there is more flesh in the house of a negro than he would willingly exhibit to the overseer. The supply of game and fish, however, is so abundant, that a runaway negro often lives in the woods for months upon them, though, to vary his fare, he may pay an occasional visit to the sheepfold.

The fugitive may live in this way for months and years, but it is difficult for him to leave the country ; he cannot pass in the road without a written license, which every white he meets would require of him, and those of his own condition are as ready to arrest him.

Perhaps there is much in the climate of South-Carolina that you think desirable. There is—but be contented with your own lot, and stay at home. Nature has bestowed some blessings, but the most precious she has withheld. The low country is so level that the rivers hardly flow ; there is not a hill high enough to hide a horseman with a tall plume, and you may go over the best land and call it barren. There are few grasses, and none are cut. Of trees, the most common are pines, which either grow in a poor soil or impoverish a rich one. The orange and pomegranate are delicious fruits, but they are the product of a sun that dashes his benefits with malaria, pestilence and death. The evaporation from the stagnant or sluggish waters poisons the vital air. The insects that, single, are insignificant, have yet, when they come in swarms, powers of intolerable annoyance. The night is no season for rest ; they must be kept at bay by nets, that break the freshening breeze which should fan the feverish limbs.

The planter walks forth in the morning unrefreshed, yet he must heed his steps, for the poisonous reptiles lie in his path—the shark watches for him when he laves his burning body in the surf, and the alligator pulls him down in the rivers. For nearly half the year he cannot visit his own plantation—he may, indeed, go there in winter and spring, but it is not always to find his garners full ; when the seed is in the earth he must quit his fields—

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva.

He must be absent at the most critical stage of vegetation, when his own care might double his harvests ; in fine, he must leave his best interests in the charge of an irresponsible hireling, and, if he come back before the frosts, it is like the return of the banished Foscari, on pain of death. Thus he becomes an absentee.

There is, indeed, a magic circle at Charleston, which the malaria seldom invades, though he presses closely upon it ; it is of small diameter, and all beyond is the dominion of that pale monarch, “to whose complexion we must come at last.” If the planter's patriotism be so rigid that he will pass his summers in Charleston, it is at a greivous sacrifice of comfort and liberty. It is unsafe for him to be abroad when the sun shines or the dew falls ; his house is, therefore, not only his castle, but his prison.

Behold him then in New-England, where he disburses liberally the remnant of the splendid income, that rains, droughts, storms and we left him—arts, stages, steam-boats, hotels, and shops, property, and all who know him esteem his and his high feelings. The individual

South-Carolina.

is honored, but the class is contemned, and we are too prone to act as though a difference in political opinions should, of right, subject a class to the loss of all human sympathy or civil usage. Sarcasm, irony, and invective do not always fall harmless to the earth, and they may do something to relax the bonds with which the South is connected with the North; perhaps they have already had much influence in abating cordiality of feeling. A Carolinian, like a Jew, has some feeling; if you prick him, he will bleed; although if you tickle him he will laugh, and roundly too.

Good and intelligent men have opposite opinions on the expediency of the tariff, and all should dispassionately consider whether it may not produce as much evil as advantage. In Boston itself, there is a body opposed to the tariff, respectable in wealth, numbers, and intelligence, and the opponents at the South may be counted by states. There is probably no state in the Union that would cease to remonstrate against measures that she might think would bring on her a slow, but sure decline; and Massachusetts was not supine when, in the last war, her own interests were so much depressed. Sufferance often comes a precedent, and the very patience of the injured may be quoted against him as an admission of consent.

In Carolina, it is held,—and whether right or wrong, I believe with perfect sincerity,—as much a duty to oppose the tariff, as it was to resist the stamp act. The people believe that they are not only opposing an unconstitutional law, but that they are acting also for self-defence, which is above all conventional provisions, which is inalienable and indefeasible, and cannot be surrendered even by consent. Now, as “revolutions never go back,” it should be our care that they may never commence. Is it unprecedented, that, if the people of the South are forced to continue under a system of policy, which they believe enriches another section and impoverishes their own, they should in the end consult what they hold to be their interest, and do as little for the Union, as they believe that the Union is doing for them? I am speaking not from my wishes, but my fears—and God forbid that our Union should be endangered. It is the last hope of freedom. Its dissolution, or any civil disturbances in the country, will add nerve to the strong and evil arm that is, in Europe, uplifted against the free, and that has, perhaps, even now, crushed the most noble, gallant and injured people that ever strove to resist it. If we fail, it must then be conceded, even by those who are under the rule of fearful masters, that, as reason and justice cannot govern mankind, they must continue now and forever under the stronger dominion of force.

G. M.

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TRANSMIGRATIONS.

A DREAM is partial insanity ; we are all of us mad some hours in the twenty-four, and he that relates his dreams recounts but the ravings of a lunatic ; for such are the operations of the mind, when it is released from the control of the judgement, and left to the guidance of the will. Poor Abon Hassan, "the sleeper awakened," suffered many stripes, because he could not consider as a vision what he truly saw, and it was only when he consented to believe as one mad, that he was treated as one sober.

I was myself much puzzled in this way, and I am not prepared, even now, to asseverate that it was "all a dream." The operations of fancy, however, are rapid. Space was never an obstacle to the imagination, and our notions of time are vague and indistinct. The poets say, that we measure time by suffering, and not by years—

"In that moment o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seemed to roll."

Suffering leaves its mark upon the soul, as upon the brow, while happiness passes like a bright cloud of summer, and leaves no trace. Years of enjoyment roll uncounted by, but hours of pain are faithfully registered.

"For who with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,—
When all the sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass ?"

Would that a dream could be told without the eternal recurrence of the first person as the principal agent or sufferer, though a dream has the justification of prescription for being a *bore*. Perhaps it was no dream, but (if not reality,) one of those warning visions, graciously sent, to turn men from evil by shadowing forth the consequences of persisting in it.

Some years ago, a commercial purpose carried me to India. There was nothing in that "climate of the sun," that so much struck me as the magnificent vegetation of the East, and I often passed an hour beneath an old banyan tree, that held in its branches the nests of a hundred kinds of birds, and that might have sheltered a regiment of horse. It was near the Ganges, and seemed like a great pavilion of green. It was a sublime natural temple, and inspired more devotion and awe than any fabric can do that is reared by the hand of man. It covered three acres of ground, and seemed at a distance like a huge cloud resting near the surface.

Here I fell asleep one afternoon, after conversing with a Pundit, on the doctrine of Metempsychosis. He had assured me that he could remember so much of his own transmigrations, as to be certain that he had existed previously, both as an antelope and a baboon, and the change from the last, as far as it had advanced, could little surprise one who should see the philosopher himself.

I recovered consciousness to find that I was no longer a man, and to remember that I had too often abused the advantages that reason gave me, by oppressing animals of a less elevated class. It was now impressed upon me that I should pass into the body of one of each

species, that I had ever wantonly injured. This seemed to be a work of time and suffering, yet I was glad to escape so well, for I felt that plain justice might require me to run a longer race of pain, by dooming me to suffer in the body of each individual.

As my first victim had been a sylvan fellow creature, I now found myself a Woodchuck, fat and sleek, sitting at the verge of my hole in a field of clover. The pasturage was pre-eminently good ; I felt not only snug, but satisfied ; and I became so happy in pairing with a young female, whose paw I solicited, that I would not have changed existences with an elephant. I now removed from the old folks, and dug a new hole under the roots of a maple tree, and the habitation was as much the abode of comfort, as I was the picture of contentment.

I was, however, soon in a condition to sit for a very different picture ; for coming out one morning, I was caught, by the left fore leg, in an iron trap of so barbarous a construction that it crushed the bones. An uncombed rustic soon came up and despatched me with a cudgel, and I died in the knowledge that I had too often drawn a dull razor over his hard face, reflected in a cracked mirror, to forget the visage in one transmigration.

I next became a Trout, in a transparent stream. I was the most beautiful and graceful of fish ; my motion seemed simple volition, and the eye could hardly follow it. No fly that dipped his wing in the stream could escape me, and I would often leap out of the water and seize him in his own element.

Once, on a cloudy morning, I beheld a tempting worm floating down the current. I appropriated it in a moment, and in the next I was flapping between the hard finger and thumb of a truculent farmer's boy, whose visage I had somewhere seen before. It must have been the same wretch that murdered me as a quadruped. Providence forbid that he should ever become the impaled worm wherewith he beguiled me. His barbed hook drew out my very heart, and he threw me quivering into a basket among many other speckled victims.

Thus having lived on the earth, and in the waters, I was next brought into a different life, from the blue egg of a Robin. I grew up a red-breast of much gentleness, and, on Saint Valentine's day, I chose a mate from which nothing but death could divide me. We constructed our nest in the branch of an old apple-tree, and had soon a brood of four to provide for, to which, I trust, I performed the duty of a parent. But alas ! excess of happiness is the beginning of sorrow. There came from the north a storm of hail, and the stones were of such a pitiless magnitude that no unsheltered robin could live. Yet the mother bird still persisted in sitting upon her nest, covering her offspring with her wings that fluttered in the convulsions of death. For a few days, I provided for the helpless and unfledged young, until a cruel shot from a bad boy brought me, mortally wounded, to the earth. I was miserably mangled, yet I was hurt more by the thought that my death would be followed by the entire desolation of the nest.

These three existences had given me small gratitude to mankind, yet my next life was to be passed among them ; for I became a brindled Cur, of no elevated lineage, but, I trust, not without fidelity. After nine days of darkness, I opened my eyes in a farmer's kitchen, the vassal of a rude stripling, to whom I felt that I must look for protec-

tion and kindness. His first act was to cut off my ears and tail, and if I loved him not the better for the pain he inflicted, I felt that I could love him no less. It was not that he was amiable, for he was the reverse, but I had strong within me the principles of love and fidelity. Why could I not speak and tell him so? I could only whine and look wistfully at his eyes, which mine forever followed. We were companions inseparable, and he was, I think, as happy as I, when we hunted the rabbit and squirrel together. But with his manhood came other pursuits. I noted, however, that when these satisfied him he would forget old Abdiel; but, that when he felt the neglect or ingratitude of later friends, he would pat me on the head, as if he remembered, at least, one of the faithful. I had once the satisfaction of saving his life, for when he overset his canoe in paddling after ducks, I brought relief in time to save him. Ever after, I enjoyed increased consideration in the family; and, when the adventure was mentioned, I never failed to wag the stump of my tail.

O my master! my master! for your own happiness, if not for my sake, why did you act so hastily? There had been various charges laid against me for worrying sheep, and in one case the evidence seemed so strong of my having killed an old bell-wether, that I could have half justified my master in surrendering me as the culprit. Alas! did I escape such testimony, to be executed on bare suspicion? It was in the Canicular Days, when our great Sirius shed its rays over languid nature; the cook-maid had dashed upon me a pailful of cold water as I slept in the sun, yelping, in my dreams, after a hare. I was so little pleased with the salutation, that I snapped her greasy fingers, and ran away from the uplifted mop-stick, with my tail, as I suppose, not very erect. I was forthwith accused of hydrophobia, of which suspicion is conviction. I saw some preparations in the way of pitchforks, that gave me no pleasure, and I was struck to the heart with sorrow to see my master bring forth his gun. I retreated—not from fear of death, but because I could not bear to die by the hand that had so often fed me. My retreat seemed to settle the question of the disease, though, had I remained to be quietly knocked on the head, subsequent investigation might have produced a posthumous acquittal! I was chased like a wolf, and I would not bear it long; feeling myself to be too old a dog to run away, and to make new friends, I turned about, and the whole army of farmers stood at bay. I verily believe that had I charged upon them, not one would have stood firm. My master was in the front, and as I went slowly towards his levelled gun, I received the contents in my side. He came up to me, and must have discovered that I had been unjustly used; for my last act was to lick his hand, and my last look gave him more pain, than his shot had inflicted upon me.

Reader! I awoke under the great banyan—unless, I had again transmigrated into a human body—that of a wandering merchant, who resolved never more to kill for sport a living thing, or to persecute an animal so faithful and true as Poor Tray.

W.

MONTHLY RECORD.

OCTOBER, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

United States Bank. The following is the substance of the Report of Mr. Bid-
dle, the President, to the stockholders
of the Bank of the United States, at
their triennial meeting in Philadelphia,
on the first of September. The number
of stockholders, 4145. 1449 stockhold-
ers own from one to ten shares each ;
900 females own 29,000 shares ; 329
trustees and executors, 20,500 ; 126 cor-
porations and charitable societies, 14,300.
More than one fourth is held in this
manner. The capital is distributed be-
tween the Bank in Philadelphia and
twenty-five Branches. Since 1817, two
Branches have been discontinued, and
nine new ones created ; making an
increase of seven in fourteen years.
These proceeded from thirty-eight ap-
plications.

The situation of the Bank on the 1st of Aug.
1831, was as follows :

Public debt, fund,	3,500,000
Discounted on personal security,	41,600,000
on funded security,	800,000
on domestic exchange,	14,400,000
Circulation,	22,300,000
Deposits,	16,300,000
Specie,	11,500,000
Notes of State Bank, equal to specie,	2,100,000
Surplus profits,	1,750,000
Surplus provision for bad debts,	309,000
Bonds for Bank, and 5 per cent. from Government, paid and liquidated,	1,705,000

Increase of investments since 1822,	32,250,000
Nett profits for Jan. and July, 1822,	1,469,445
Same for 1831,	2,235,000
Amount of bills bought and sold, and Treasury transfers,	98,000,000
Domestic bills bought,	40,572,000
In August, 1822, amount of discounts of Bank and Branches for domestic purposes,	12,700,000
Same in 1831,	53,000,000

The Report of the Committee to
whom this document was referred, says,
"the charter of this Bank will expire
by its present limitation, on the third of
March, 1836, and there will, conse-
quently, be but one triennial meeting
after the present, and that at a point of

time too near the expiration of the pres-
ent charter, to authorise measures in
regard to its renewal. It is fit, in the
opinion of your Committee, that, before
that meeting, power should be given to
the Board of Directors, to prosecute
them, if they think proper. This power
should be large and definitive, not
merely to solicit a renewal, but to abide,
if they think right, by the terms which
Congress may impose. A Board of Di-
rectors who have administered the Bank
in the manner detailed in their recent
communication, are safe depositories of
the entire power of the stockholders on
the subject of a renewal of the char-
ter.

In pursuance of this recommendation,
the following resolution was passed.

"*Resolved*, That, if at any time before
the next triennial meeting of the Stock-
holders, it shall be deemed expedient
by the President and Directors to apply
to Congress for a renewal of the Char-
ter of the Bank, they are hereby author-
ized to make such application in the
name and behalf of the Stockholders,
and to accept such terms of renewal as
they may consider just and proper."

Claims on France. Our long pending,
complicated, and difficult negotiation
with France was closed in July, by a
treaty, which secures to American claim-
ants a full indemnity for their original
losses—extinguishes all ground of com-
plaint on the part of the French govern-
ment, on account of the real or pretended
violation of the 8th article of the Louisi-
ana treaty, by a slight deduction from
the duties now imposed in the United
States, on some of the natural products
of France—and settles forever the ques-
tion of Beaumarchais's claim, as well
as all others, to the amount of more
than five million of francs, by the al-
lowance of a round sum on our part,
which forms but a small proportion of
the whole amount urged by the French

sentimental, and the poetic corner of my brain has yielded an annual nett product, of which the quantity has scarcely been exceeded by any of our native bards. Many of these effusions have been transferred into other journals, and not unfrequently with an editorial comment; such as, "we copy with great pleasure the following beautiful effusion, &c. ; or "the following curious medley is the anonymous production of one of those garrulous scribblers who infest the high-ways and by-ways of the commonwealth of letters." Yet such was the apathy of the literary world, that no attempt was made to tear away the mask, behind which my modesty and my respect for common usage had induced me to conceal myself. Jedidiah Joyless was as unknown to the world as the author of Junius, or the course of the Niger. But I said to myself, "such will not always be my fate; the waters of Lethe will not flow forever between myself and a discerning public; some literary Columbus will undertake the discovery, cross the ocean of conjecture, and place upon the intellectual chart, the town of East-Timothy, and the name of Jedidiah Joyless!" I began to look with eager anticipation for that agreeable event, the discovery of myself. I watched with solicitude the daily emissions of the press. When the "American First Class Book" arrived in our village, I searched its pages with the hungry eye of him who seeks the pearl in the caverns of the deep. I found the gems and corals of others in rich profusion; but alas! mine remained "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried," in the darkness of the oyster-shell of concealment. I was not found worthy of being arranged into the "first class" of American writers. When the "Common Place Book" came, my hopes rose like the mercury, in the noon of a midsummer-day; but they were soon dashed, and I consoled myself with the reflection that I was not considered a *common-place* writer. In the "Specimens of American Poetry" I found no specimen of mine; the editor lacked industry, and failed to delve into the chronicles of the deeds of the bard of East-Timothy. But in another compilation, I found a trifle of mine, placed to the credit of a distinguished poet, who now actually wears, in his glittering coronal, a feather dropped from my wing, and borne by the winds to a fame which is denied to its parent.

Judge, then, with what pleasure I received the first number of your elegant miscellany, addressed to "Jedidiah Joyless, Esq. P. M."—Alas! worthy sirs, the last mentioned initials might have been spared, for they no longer belong to me, unless they stand for *Post-Mortem*, in allusion to my departure from political life. But the addition "with the compliments of the editors" pleased me, inasmuch as it was the first compliment ever paid me in my proper name and surname. You are the discoverer, for whom I have long been looking—the very Columbus—the identical *colon*, fated to conclude the period of my anonymous existence, to end the sentence of moral excommunication, under which I have long languished. Whether your sense of justice, or a laudable care for "number one," induced you to send it to me, is a matter which I ought not, perhaps, to scrutinize. Where the act is noble, we should not examine too closely into the motive. Great effects frequently spring from very inadequate causes; "large streams from little fountains flow;" a clown may discover a mine, by stumbling upon a lump of ore; and the world may owe the introduction of Jedidiah

Joyless, into its intellectual circles, to an accident, an apparent chance, in which you, Sir, are the honored instrument.

I conclude this communication by informing you, that I enclose, herewith, a small but choice collection of essays, written by me, while I had the honor to be Postmaster at East-Timothy, and numbered from one to fifty-four, as per margin, which please note. They are endorsed "*Memoranda, by a Man of Letters,*" and were intended to have been *franked* by me to posterity, for posthumous publication; but are now committed to you, with *my* "compliments," and in the confidence that you will dispose of them, in the manner which shall seem, to your matured judgement, most conducive to the best interests of our common country and our uncommon selves.

JED. JOYLESS, ESQ. AND LATE P. M.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

NO. II.

HAD I anticipated a second number, I would have so ordered the first, that one theme might follow another in some natural order; but as it is, I may as well go on. The fault, if there be any, is yours, not mine. You required three pages and a half, and no more—but I will not submit to your bed of Procrustes—I have more to say—

"T was for *your* pleasure then I wrote,—
You now must *print* for mine."

There are, between Charleston and the Savannah river, ranges of islands, as rich as any in the world. Before the cultivation of cotton in Carolina, many of them were the haunts of alligators, overgrown with woods and rank weeds; but they now are cultivated by a polished and intelligent people, and when a traveler passes them swiftly in the steamboat, they seem to him like the blessed islands in Mirza's vision. I have not been upon all of them, and will describe but one. Not far from Beaufort, you will discover before you a settlement that looks, at a distance, like a thriving New-England village; so much so that you might think yourself at home, without wishing to be there. At the landing is a thick cluster of palmettoes, so close that their tops are interwoven and resemble a dilapidated entablature, while the tall straight trunks look like the pillars of a temple. The palmetto will increase your sense of the beautiful, and its graceful figure is well chosen, as an emblem in the arms of the state.

Beyond this is a line of orange trees, bending under fruit worthy of the Hesperides. The ground is covered with oranges, and I have seen on the trees clusters of eight, all of the largest size.

Next you will see what magnificent trees may spring from an inconsiderable acorn, in a couple of live oaks, the emblems of strength and immortality. There is majesty in an old oak. His trunk is of twelve feet girth; his arms are extended horizontally to a great distance, and seem to wave with an air of gentleness and protection. But like the Persian's, his noblest characteristic is his beard, "a sable silvered."

community and to the stockholders of the rail road, from the facility which it would afford for the transportation of salt, from the salt-works in Washington county, both to the East and to the West. The proprietors of these works vend annually about 3,500 tons of this necessary of life; it is obvious, that by the aid of the proposed railway the proprietors of the salt-works might greatly enlarge their sales, whilst they reduced the price of the article. Taking all these articles into consideration, the committee calculate upon the transportation of imports to the value of \$64,798, and of exports to the value of \$267,963, the tolls upon which would pay seven and a half per cent. on the total cost of the road, as above estimated.

TENNESSEE.

At the election in August, William Carroll was re-elected Governor of the state for two years, which will expire in October, 1833. A company is about being formed in the city of Nashville, with a capital of 40,000 dollars, for the purpose of establishing a Cotton Manufactory in that place, which will be the first in that neighborhood. There is not any paper-mill in West-Tennessee.

MISSOURI.

Sunday Schools. Pursuant to public notice, an unusually large and respectable meeting of the citizens of St. Louis was held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday morning, the 28th of August, for the purpose of taking measures to promote the cause of Sunday Schools in that state. It was previously understood that the effort to be made, was to be in conformity with the plans at present in operation by the American Sunday School Union, for supplying every destitute neighborhood throughout the Valley of the Mississippi, with a Sunday School. The Hon. William Carr was called to the chair. He then stated the object of the meeting, which he followed with the decided expression of his approbation of Sunday Schools; his confidence in the integrity of the American Sunday School Union, and the perfectly baseless nature of the charge that these schools were intended to unite church and state. He adverted to the object of Sunday Schools as instilling into the rising generations the great moral principles of the Bible, a book of the utmost importance to man in every station of life. The speaker remarked that in early life that book had been pointed out to him by his preceptor as being the first with which it

was proper to make himself perfectly familiar, in order to his accomplishment as a gentleman, a scholar, and a jurist. He had only to regret that the wise counsel thus communicated had been so very imperfectly followed, and must therefore ever be the advocate of a system calculated deeply to engrave these truths upon the minds of the generations that were to succeed him. The Hon. Judge Peck presented a resolution declaring "That the institution of Sunday Schools must prove eminently beneficial to all classes of Society; that as an efficient means for the education of unnumbered thousands, and for their improvement in taste and morals, it deserves the patronage of the good throughout the world. Judge Peck accompanied the resolution with some remarks expressive of his most cordial approbation of the Sunday School cause; of his sense of the importance of every man's using his influence to sustain it, and widely disseminate its blessings; and his persuasion that the sentiment of the resolution would be most heartily approved by every individual in the assembly. After some other resolutions and speeches, subscription cards were circulated through the house, which resulted in the collection of \$427.

FLORIDA.

Pensacola is situated on the north side of Pensacola Bay, in latitude 30° 25', about fifty miles E. S. E. of Mobile and 375 west of St. Augustine. It is on a sand plain near the shore, that cannot be approached but by small vessels. The climate, which would otherwise be extremely sultry, is refreshed by cool breezes from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico. The forests near this city are well stocked with deer and wild fowl; and the rivers and bays with fish. The population is about 3,000. The harbor is one of the best on the Gulf of Mexico, belonging to the United States, being completely land locked. The streets are very sandy, but are broad and spacious, intersecting each other at right angles; some of which have side walks. The public and private buildings are in a dilapidated state, wearing the appearance of decay. There is a Catholic church; government house; a market house; theatre, and two hotels.

A Navy Yard of the United States is located there, on a healthy situation. It contains a block of elegant brick buildings, for quarters for the officers, and a large number of commodious workshops and warehouses.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Annals of Yale College, in New-Haven, Connecticut, from its foundation to the year 1831, with an Appendix, containing Statistical Tables, and exhibiting the present condition, of the Institution, by E. Baldwin.

The author of this entertaining volume informs us in the preface, that the sketch was undertaken at the request of a friend who was desirous to insert a brief notice of the origin, history and present condition of Yale College, in a statistical account of New-Haven, which he designed to publish; and that, as he proceeded in his task, he found the materials so abundant, and many of the facts connected with the annals of the college so interesting, that he experienced much embarrassment in abridging the narrative within his intended limits, without doing injustice to the subject. An embarrassment of an analogous character meets us in our attempt to present an analytical notice of Mr. Baldwin's Annals. It is nearly impossible to give a more extended account of the contents of the book than is found in the title-page, without making a transcript of the book itself. In such a case, the most we can do is to recommend the work to all who feel an interest in the origin, progress, and prosperity of our literary institutions, and who take delight in tracing their growth from their small beginnings to their present important and flourishing condition. Some of these institutions—and Yale College is one of them—may, without profanity, be compared to the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, as presented to the admiring vision of the prophet of the captivity. In 1644, the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut, approved the proposition for the relief of poor scholars at Cambridge, and thereupon ordained, that Joshua Atwater, and William Davis, should receive of every one in the plantation, whose heart was willing to contribute thereunto, *a peck of wheat*, or the value of it. At the General Court, held at Hartford, March, 1645, Mr. Atwater, the treasurer, informed the Court, that he had sent from Connecticut, forty bushels of wheat, for the college, for the last year's gift of New-Haven, *although he had not received so much*. Some other brief records in relation to the college at Cambridge, of the same purport, are

given in the "Annals," and more may be gathered from the clerk's office at New-Haven.

The earliest record in relation to the establishment of a college at New-Haven, states, that at a General Court, held at Guilford, June 28th, 1652, it was "Voted, the matter about a college at New-Haven, was thought too great a charge for us of this jurisdiction to undergo alone; especially considering the unsettled state of New-Haven town; being publicly declared from the most deliberate judgement of the most understanding men, to be a place of no comfortable subsistence for the present inhabitants there. But if Connecticut do join, the planters are generally to bear their just proportions for the erecting and maintaining of a college there." It does not appear from the "Annals," that any further measures were taken to accomplish the object till 1700, when a number of ministers formed themselves into a society, and agreed to found a college in the colony of Connecticut. This agreement was soon after carried into effect, and with a ceremony peculiarly characteristic of the simplicity of the age. "Each member brought a number of books and presented them to the body, and, laying them on the table, said these words—*I give these books for the founding of a College in this colony.*" Additions were soon after made, both of books and money, and this was the foundation of a college, that is now one of the most magnificent literary and scientific institutions in the country. The population of the whole state of Connecticut, at that period, is stated to have been fourteen or fifteen thousand.

The first meeting of the "collegiate undertakers," after a charter was obtained from the General Court, was at Saybrook, in 1701. The first commencement was held at Saybrook, Sept. 13, 1802, when six persons, four of whom had previously graduated at Harvard College, were created Masters of Arts. It appears, however, that the students continued, during several years, at Killingworth, where Mr. Pierson, the rector, resided. Before the college was established at New-Haven, the students were under the instruction of ministers at different places,—some at Wethersfield, some at Saybrook, and some at East-Guilford. At the com-

mencement held at Saybrook, in 1716, the trustees voted that the college should be permanently settled at New-Haven. This vote was not carried into effect without great difficulty. The first commencement at New-Haven, was held Sept. 12, 1718. The trustees, in commemoration of Governor Yale's great generosity, called the collegiate school after his name, Yale College, and entered a memorial thereof upon record.

We notice a peculiar trait of generosity,—we had almost said of honesty,—in the proceedings of the government of Connecticut, towards churches whose ministers were elected to preside over the college, which it would be no disparagement to rich congregations of modern times to imitate, when they give a call to a minister from a poorer parish. To compensate the people of Stratford for the loss of their pastor, Mr. Cutler, who was chosen rector of the college in 1719, the trustees purchased "Mr. Cutler's house and home lot," for the sum of eighty-four pounds sterling, and presented it to the people of the town. The same spirit of equity actuated the trustees in 1725, on the election of the Rev. Elisha Williams, of Newington, to the rectorship. At their request, the General Court released the parish from their county tax for three years, on account of their minister's removal. Again, in 1739, when the Rev. Thomas Clap, minister of Windham, was chosen rector, the legislature made a compensation to the people of Windham for the loss of their pastor, "the value of which was ascertained by a singular rule of computation. The trustees of the college and the committee of the society agreed to refer it to three members of the General Assembly to ascertain the amount. Those gentlemen were of opinion that, inasmuch as Mr. Clap had been in the ministry at Windham fourteen years, which was about half the time ministers in general continue in their public work, the people ought to have half so much as they gave him for a settlement, which, upon computation, was about fifty-three pounds sterling.

We proceed no further with a summary of the early history of the institution, and pass over the account of its present condition without attempting an epitome, which, at best, must be too barren to satisfy the curious in such details. The reader of the "Annals" will find abundance of incident and anecdote, especially in the first half of the work to repay him for the time oc-

cupied with the perusal. We notice at page 49—51, a collection of prominent events in the life of an individual, which would furnish material enough for the fabrication of a common-sized novel. The Rev. Elisha Williams was born at Hatfield, and graduated at Harvard College, 1711. He was qualified for the ministry, and ordained as pastor over the parish at Newington, in the town of Wethersfield; was withdrawn from his pastoral charge in 1726, by accepting the presidency of Yale College. He continued to discharge the active and honorable duties of that station for thirteen years, till 1739, when he resigned on account of ill health. After his resignation, he resided at Wethersfield, engaged in agricultural pursuits, and was successively chosen and served as a member of the House of Representatives, Speaker of the House, and a Judge of the Supreme Court. Again he resumed his clerical functions, and, in 1745, went, as Chaplain in the army, in the celebrated expedition against Cape Breton. Here he was advanced in military rank, and, in 1746, he was appointed colonel of a regiment, on a proposed expedition against Canada. A few years afterwards, he went to England to obtain the pay due to himself and his regiment. In England, he married a lady of superior accomplishments, returned with her to his seat in Wethersfield, and died there, July 24, 1755, aged sixty-one years. The author of the "Annals" very truly observes—"So great a variety of honorable occupations, successfully discharged by an individual, is rarely recorded in the history of man."

We respond, as we doubt not every one will who reads the "Annals," to the following remarks of the author.

With what feelings of honorable pride can the American citizen peruse the record of his country's birth. No miserable vagabonds driven by penury and crime from the abodes of civilized man to gain subsistence and safety in a desert—no wretched mariners compelled by shipwreck to become the unwilling tenants of a wilderness—no ignorant savages, nurtured like the fabled founders of "the eternal city," on beastly aliment, are ranked among his ancestry; but he beholds an enlightened band of pilgrims, independent in sentiment, fearless in purpose, and rich in intellectual culture, freely abandoning the land of their fathers to plant the tree of liberty, and sow the seeds of a purified religion in a virgin soil. Among colonists thus enlightened the interests of learning would, of course, be intimately connected with those of piety. They had seen the fruits of religious creeds when arbitrarily imposed by the terror of power, on an ignorant populace; the cold ascetic, yielding to the gloom of repulsive superstition; the ardent fanatic, inflamed by the spirit of reckless persecution, and the

pampered ecclesiastic, rioting in the excess of every sensual indulgence.

From their own experience, they knew that the tenets of their faith had been strengthened by examination, and they felt that the surest mode to quicken and purify the affections was to enlighten the reason. Hence the establishment of elementary schools occupied the earliest attention of the fathers of New-England, and the efforts made by them to advance the cause of education, embarrassed as they were by the wants and hardships attending feeble and ill-provided colonies, and surrounded by the perils arising from a jealous and ferocious Indian population, are well calculated, while they excite our admiration, to repress the vain boastings, that too often announce the ostentatious charities of the present age.

Tales of the Indians.

This is the title of a small volume just published, or about to be published. We have looked over the sheets. The book is not, as might be inferred from its title, a work of imagination, but a selection of such parts of Indian history as are most authenticated, and best calculated to throw light on the character of the aborigines. The sketches are ten in number, and are written in a style at once pleasing and concise.

The first article contains the ancient history of the Cherokees, and of their wars with the whites. We have read most of the particulars before in various local histories, but never found them collected and arranged in so perspicuous a manner. Their story goes far to confirm the general opinion of their character, and of the treatment they have met from the whites. It seems that the commencement of their misfortunes dates as far back as Braddock's defeat. They were then provoked to a war,—in which they behaved with great gallantry,—by the murder of several of their people, and the harsh and unjust measures of the then governor of Carolina. They were subdued, however. The reader need not fear to meet with the hackneyed topic of the late Cherokee controversy, as the article closes with the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two.

The next piece, which is entitled "The Heroes of Walpole," is the story of a border family, in the early stages of the settlement of the colonies. The difficulties and dangers of the first settlers are well and forcibly portrayed, and ample justice is done to their character. Next follows, a condensed account of the adventures of Alexander Henry, an Indian trader, and almost the only writer of travels in the Indian country, who is worthy of implicit confidence. He was, however, no scholar, and his book is full of redun-

dancies, which the author has judiciously retrenched. The most important part of this sketch is a narrative of the capture of Old Michilimackinac, an event intimately connected with the history of the north-western frontier.

The Tuscarora war in the colony of North-Carolina forms a very interesting story by itself. Every one knows that this tribe, after an obstinate contest in which the very existence of their white neighbors became precarious, were subdued, emigrated to the north and joined the confederacy of the Iroquois, or Five Nations. But every one does not know the causes which led to this war, or the events which attended it. It is a remarkable fact, that while they exterminated the English without mercy, they kept the faith they had pledged to the German settlers unbroken.

The other pieces consist of the adventures of the English traveler Long, the captivity of Mrs. Rowlandson, the story of Matatche, that of Lovell's famous fight, and a luminous account of the settlement of Kentucky. Though some of these subjects have furnished themes for former writers, it is not thence to be deduced that this book is a mere common-place compilation from hackneyed authors. On the contrary, much of the matter is absolutely unknown to the public. In these days it is unsafe to condemn or praise any thing, but we may say that we have been much pleased with "Tales of the Indians," and presume that others will be. Some defects in style, and trifling errors in point of fact, there are, which the author will undoubtedly perceive, and correct in a future edition.

An Eulogy on the Life and Character of James Monroe, Fifth President of the United States. Delivered at the request of the Corporation of the City of Boston, on the 25th of August, 1831. By John Quincy Adams.

There is a great deal of political information in this pamphlet, touching some points of importance in the history of our country. Perhaps there is more than any other man would have been likely to bring together into the same space; for Mr. Adams has certainly had, and no doubt still has, peculiar opportunities for performing all tasks of this nature to advantage; and his industry never was doubted, as it is very clear that it ought not to be. Of what we, or others, may

consider errors in opinion, to be found in the course of these ninety-six pages, we propose, at this time, to say nothing. Many of the positions appear to be sound, and well supported; whether at greater length than was relevant to the occasion, need not be inquired. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the benevolence of the orator induced him to omit a considerable part of his discourse in the delivery. It might otherwise have compared rather too closely with the Scotch Sermons of the days of King James V. Touching controverted points gratuitously introduced, we notice the following frank remarks upon a moot question of long standing. "The name of *Republicans* is not a suitable denomination of a party of the United States, because it implies an offensive and unjust imputation upon their opponents, as if they were not also Republicans. The truth is, as it was declared by Thomas Jefferson, all are, and all from the Declaration of Independence have been, Republicans. Speculative opinions in favor of a more energetic government on one side, and of a broader range of democratic rule on the other, have doubtless been entertained by individuals; but both parties have been disposed to exercise the full measure of their authority when in power, and both have been equally refractory to the mandates of authority when out." There is some pith and truth in the last remark. With respect to the style of the Eulogy, it abounds with the writer's usual faults. It is often plain, forcible and very eloquent; but scarcely ever at ease, and in some cases as much disfigured by figures as the Lectures upon Oratory—not to mention the affectation of quoting poetry, and using rare words, or old words in a new sense. The Union of the Colonies, it is said, "may be aptly compared to the poetical creation of the world," and ten lines are inserted accordingly about Harmony and Music. He says that Washington stood upon the Delaware, "with the houseless heads and unshod feet" of three thousand "emaciate" recruits. Again, he says, the failure of the confederation in any other age, or climate, would have been followed by "anarchy," &c. "with border wars, occasionally intermitted, with barrier treaties, impregnable fortresses, rivers hermetically sealed, and the close sea of a Pacific Ocean." Again—"At the threshold of the war, Washington, not without a sharp and portentous struggle in his cabinet, followed by sympathetic and convulsive

throes throughout the Union, issued a Proclamation of neutrality." "France, under the dove-like banners of fraternity, sent an Envoy to Washington, with the fraternal kiss upon his lips, and the piratical commission in his sleeve; with the pectoral of righteousness on his breast, and the trumpet of sedition in his mouth." Speaking of the trials of the Revolution—"The polar-star of public credit and of commercial confidence was abstracted from the firmament, and the needle of the compass wandered at random, to the four quarters of the heavens. From the root of the fallen trunk sprang up a thicket of perishable suckers," &c. "Banks, with fictitious capital, swarmed throughout the land, and spunged the purse of the people," &c. The raw imagination of a school-boy ought not to be indulged in such a rhapsodical confusion of tropes and figures. What then can be said of the production of the "grave and reverend seignior" before us, but in his own words, that it will not "stand the test of human scrutiny, of talents, and of time?"

The Ruins of Athens, with other Poems, by a Voyager.

This is a thin octavo, published at Washington, and we are sorry to add that its mechanical execution is not very creditable to the state of the art of printing in the great metropolis of this great republic. The Poems appear to have been written by a person appertaining to the navy; and in these days, when all writers are rhymesters, all rhymesters are respectable. By the way, we never could conceive why all those who do business on the great waters are not poets. It seems to us,—land-lubbers as we are, having never adventured on a longer sea-voyage than that made in the elegant steam-packet President, from Providence to New-York,—that the ocean is the universe of the poet, and that no common man can look at its vastness and reflect on its innumerable and indescribable wonders, without feeling somewhat of the inspiration of Poetry, though he might be so ignorant of language as to make a rhyme of *dumping* and *beating*. It seems to us, we say, that ever since the "spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," the spirit of poetry has been brooding upon the face of the same mighty abyss, pervading all its heaving waves, breathing in all its restless storms, and discoursing most eloquent music to all who sail upon its

bosom. Every sailor may not indeed, be converted to a Childe Harolde; but how could Byron have written of the "dark and deep blue Ocean" in other strains than those, in which, had he written nothing else, he has won the prize of immortality?

We wish we could praise "The Ruins of Athens," but, to use the language of Sir Peter Teazle with a little variation, this world (the world of poetry) is a very bad world, and the fewer we praise in it the better. What most offends us in the volume before us, is the palpable fact,—which meets our eye on every page,—that he who wrote these poems is capable of writing better. Why should he who gives manifest evidence that he can write well if he will, be commended for writing indifferently?

In the principal poem, which gives its title to the volume, there are some beautiful thoughts, but they are often weakened, and their beauty impaired, by careless or ungrammatical modes of expression. A common but unpardonable confusion of auxiliaries and particles, sometimes, renders the meaning of the writer indistinct and uncertain, if not altogether inexplicable. Take, for instance, the opening stanzas, which, we apprehend, very few will understand upon the first reading.

The Morn is up—with cold and dewy eye
Peeps like a Vestal from her cloister forth
In blushing beauty; the gray Peaks on high
Lift her old altars, in the clear blue north.
Man's hand have crumbled—blended with the
earth
Of them that reared them; and from each high-
place,
Where every god in turn hath found a hearth,
Nature sends up her incense, and her face
Unveils to Him whose shrine and dwelling are
all space.

Morn hush'd as midnight—save the Bee's wild
hum,
Or Lizard rustling through the unshorn grass;
Faint sounds, but startling—for 'tis one wide
tomb,
And still we pause and ponder as we pass.
Here Desolation is, and Empire was!
No stone, however rude, but seems to wear
Some trace of mind, as we withhold our pace
Where turf and temple blend their dust, and
share
The spirit of the spot—the dreams of thing that
were.

Earth from her old lap shakes
Cities as dust; the myriads of to-day
To-morrow rot; the harrow comes and rakes
The soil—they fertilize their kindred clay.
But Nature bounds all smiling from decay,
Light on the mountain, music in the wave,
And dews with incense laden come, as they
Were gathered from no flowers that strew the
grave,
And [nor] shores by Ruin heaped, as from a
charnel-cave.

Of the "Other Poems," several are not without their share of merit. We select the following, asking the author like Hamlet's Father, "Is there no offence in it?" and answering for ourselves, as Hamlet, "our withers are unprung."

THE BATTLE-GROUND.

And here two thousand fought, three hundred
fell
And fifteen thousand fled! of these remain
The three, where Barney laid them—they sleep
well.
Of the fifteen, part live to run again;
And part have died of fevers on the brain
Potions and pills—fell agents! but the worst,
As Sewall in his pamphlet* proves, is thirst.

To see the blushing grape sparkle like dimples
In Hebe's laughing cheek, and yet, alas!
As 'twere an extract of the vilest simples,
Catnip or hoarhound, let it stand or pass!
But all this comes from drinking out of glass:
Hide the red lustre in a pewter pot,
The eye at least will not become a sot.

And General Winder, I believe is dead,
And General (blank) retired to learned ease
Posting a ledger. He has exchanged the bed
Of Fame for one of feathers, and the fees
Of war for those of trade; and where the trees
Shook at his voice, all's still, as ere began
The fight, for when it did, they cheered and—
ran.

All save old Handspike and his crew; they
stood
Drawn up, one coolly buttoning his breeches,
Another his cheek helping to a quid
Of purser's pigtail; no long windy speeches,
For valor, like a Bishop, seldom preaches.
They stood like men prepared to do their duty,
And fell as they had done it—red and smutty.

Peace to their ashes! men I still have found,
Though sadly looked on by us land-bred people,
High-souled, warm-hearted. True it must be
owned
They've no great predilection for a steeple
And too much for a bottle. But the ground
Strongest in tares is so in wheat; the sod
May flower, as here, whose very earth is blood.

There is an air of ease in the style of these poems (sometimes not inellegant) which indicates a great rapidity of composition, and which is to be commended as the antipodes of a stiff and pedantic style that always tires the reader. There is also a vein of pleasant humor, occasionally to be discerned, breaking out among the more barren pages, which betoken the existence of a copious fountain—such as the piece entitled "Scotticism," page 44, and some others. If the author has any more poems forth-coming, we beseech him to bestow a little more labor on the composition, and to contract with his publisher for better printers.

* Discourse on Intemperance.

The Token ; a Christmas and New Year's present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich, Boston. Published by Gray & Bowen, 1832.

This is the fifth volume of the series. The editor observes in his preface that it is more splendid than either of its predecessors, and this may be said with safety. Not only is the book much larger than any American Annual has been heretofore, and the mere mechanical execution more beautiful, but the literary character of the contents is very respectable. Some of the engravings, we believe, have not been surpassed in this country. We have no more disposition than the editor of the *Token* to make invidious distinctions, but we do not think the portrait of "Lesbia," which he has singled out as "probably superior to any engraving hitherto produced by an American artist," is entitled to the flattering praise which he bestows upon it. The plates entitled "The Toilette" and "The Peasant Boy" certainly will not suffer by comparison with it. Doubtless the better cultivated judgements of others might not agree with us, but we look upon the two latter, as the best of the whole twenty. "The Equenoxial," or "Equinoctial" Storm—for the editor politely allows us to exercise our own fancy in the spelling—is a good picture; and the copy of Fisher's painting of "The Freshet," were not the subject too extensive for a plate of the size, would be a valuable addition to the volume.

The literary contents are as various in their merit as in their subjects, but there is probably no falling away from the excellence of preceding years, and we are not certain that similar works from the other side of the Atlantic would gain any reputation by a critical comparison. It might not be judicious to bestow much unnecessary praise on the poetical department, but the names of Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, and the Editor, must be sufficient to insure those who are fond of poetry against disappointment. Of the prose articles we can safely speak in terms of praise; but here, also, names must pass for things, for we could neither do the authors a favor, nor add to the pleasure of our readers by the few extracts which the limits of this notice would allow. The description of the "Falls of Niagara" by Mr. Greenwood, "The Garden of Graves," by Mr. Pierpont, and "The Theology of Nature" by Mrs. Dewey, are, like the pulpit productions of those gentlemen, beautifully written,

and excellent in tone and sentiment. "The Indian Summer," an anonymous article, is also one of much merit. But it is upon contributions of a different character, that the *Token* must depend for its popularity, and with these it is richly endowed. The best of these, entitled "My Wife's Novel,"—the author is unknown to us,—is an excellent satire upon a certain class of authors, but without a particle of asperity, or apparent ill-nature in its composition; it has too many "shapes of earth" however, to be entirely "Fancy's Sketch." There is also a fine "Sketch of a Blue-stock-ing," from the pen of Miss Sedgwick, to which we can pay no higher compliment than our opinion that it will please that critical genus as much as it has ourselves; and if it does it will be immortal. There are pleasant articles in a similar vein, from James Hall and Timothy Flint, names well known in the literary world, "as the saying is." There is, in addition to what we have enumerated, matter enough to make up nearly four hundred pages, much of which, we presume to judge from the company in which we find it, is valuable for the purposes of *The Token*.

The following extract from "the Garden of Graves" is beautiful in itself, and peculiarly appropriate at the present moment.

The tomb is not so interesting as the grave. It savors of pride in those who can now be proud no longer; of distinction, where all are equal; of a feeling of eminence, even under the hand of the great leveller of all our dust. And how useless to us are all the ensigns of magnificence that can be piled up above our bed! What though a sepulchral lamp throw its light up to the princely vaults under which may remain repose! They would rest as quietly were there no lamp there. The sleeping dust fears nothing. No dreams disturb it. It would not mark the neglect, should the sepulchral lamp be suffered to expire. It will not complain of the neglect, should it never be lighted again.

And why should my cold clay be imprisoned with so much care? Why thus immured, to keep it, as it would seem, from mingling with its kindred clay? When 'that which warmed it once' animates it no more, what is there in my dust, that it should be thus jealously guarded! Is it lovely now in the eyes of those who may have once loved me? Will my children, or the children of my children, visit my vaulted chamber? They may, indeed, summon the courage to descend into my still abode, and gaze by torch-light upon the black and mouldering visage, which, not their memory, but my escutcheon, not their love, but their pride, may tell them is the face of their father; and this may eloquently remind them how soon the builder of the house of death must take up his abode in it; how soon the dust that we have, must mingle with the dust that we are; but, still, there is a feeling of horror, in the atmosphere of the tomb, which chills all that is affectionate and tender in the emotions that lead them into it, and is anything but favorable to the moral uses to which the living may convert

the dwellings of the dead; uses that will be secured by every daughter of affliction, of whom it may be said, as it was said of the sorrowing Mary, 'She goeth unto the grave to weep there.' Yes; though all whom I have loved or venerated sleep within its walls, I retreat from the tomb, the moment that I can do it without impiety, or even with decency. But I am differently affected when, with the rising sun, or by the light of the melancholy moon, I go alone to my mother's grave. There I love to linger; and, while there, I hear the wind sigh over one who often sighed for me. I breathe an air refreshed by the grass that draws its strength from the bosom from which I drew mine; and, in the drops of dew that tremble upon it, I see the tears that so often bedewed her eyes as she breathed forth a prayer that her children might cherish her memory, and escape from the pollutions of the world.

Yes; to the lover of nature, in its simplicity, the grave is more interesting and more instructive than the tomb. It speaks in a voice as full of truth, and more full of tenderness, to those who visit it to indulge their griefs, or to hold spiritual converse with the sainted spirits that are gone. And if the spirit that, while on earth, was loved by us, does not, when it leaves the earth, lose all interest in its crumbling tenement, would it not rather see the child of earth clasped again to the sweet bosom of its mother, to be again incorporated with her substance, to assume again a form attractive and lovely, to become again the recipient of light, an object of admiration, and a conscious medium of enjoyment, than that it should lie and moulder away in darkness and silence—a cause of offence to strangers, and a source of terror to those whom it still loves? Rather than see our own clay thus dwelling in coldness and solitude, neither receiving enjoyment nor imparting it, would not our spirits, purged from all vanity and pride, be pleased to know that it was starting forth again into life and loveliness; that it was moving again in the fair light of heaven, and bathed in its showers; that it was giving forth the perfume of the rose, or blushing with its great beauty; or, that, having clothed the oak with its robe of summer, it was throwing a broad shade over the home of our children; or that, having once more felt the frost of death, it was falling withered upon their graves?

The grave, when visited thoughtfully and alone, cannot but exert a favorable moral influence. It has already been remarked that it speaks in a voice full of tenderness and of truth. Its instructions reach not the ear, indeed, but they do reach the heart. By it, the departed friend is recalled in all but a visible presence, and by it, 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.' At such a time, how faithfully will the grave of your friend remind you of the pleasant moments when you were conversing with him in the living tones of affection and truth! when you were opening your hearts to each other, and becoming partakers, each of the other's hopes and purposes and cares; when with a generous confidence those secret things were shown to one another, which were locked up in the heart from all the world beside! Will the grave of your friend allow you to forget his single-heartedness in serving you; his unsullied honor; his plighted faith; his readiness to expose himself to danger that he might save you from it; and the calmness with which, when he perceived that his hold on life was breaking away, he gave up life's hopes, and, turning his eyes for the last time to the light, and looking up, for the last time, to the faces of those who loved him, he bade farewell to all, and gave up his spirit to the disposal of his God? Is all this forgotten when you stand by his grave? Does not his very grave speak to you? Does it not bear its testimony to the

value of youthful purity and truth, and of the power of an humble confidence in the Most High, to give dignity to the character of the young, and to disarm Death of the most dreadful of his weapons, even when he comes for his most dreadful work—to cut off life in the beauty of its morning? Does there not come up from his grave a voice, like that which comes down from the skies—a voice not meant for the ear, but addressed to the heart, and felt by the heart as the kindest and most serious tones of the living friend were never felt?

The stanzas by Miss Gould, which are annexed, form one of the pleasantest poetical contributions in the volume.

FROST.

The Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And he said, 'Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow—the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!'

Then he went to the mountain and powdered
its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he
dressed
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept,
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon, were seen
Most beautiful things. There were flowers
and trees,
There were berries of birds, and swarms of
bees—
There were cities, thrones, temples and towers!
and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He went to the cupboard, and finding there,
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
'Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he;
'This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking!'

The Atlantic Souvenir, for 1832. By Carey & Lea. Philadelphia.

This is the oldest of the Christmas presents, of this country; and its continuance where so many have failed entirely, or never become any thing more than passable, is, perhaps, a better commentary upon the manner in which it has been conducted, and the favor with which it has been received, than any remarks of ours, however flattering. All works of the kind depend mainly upon their embellishments; and beautiful typography, expensive and finished engravings, and a gorgeous binding, have been so much surer passports to success, that, if we may judge from the contents, publishers have found it ex-

pedient to procure every thing to please the eye, and to offer little or nothing for the advantage of any other sense. If this conclusion be not fairly deducible from an examination of those which are continued, it cannot be questioned by readers who will make a *post-mortem* examination of *The Talisman*, or Judge Hall's *Western Souvenir*. The books, however, are all they pretend to be, very beautiful specimens of certain fine arts; and if they contain an exuberant quantity of sickly sentimentality, or impure morality, and are, in effect, satires upon common sense and human nature, the publishers must be allowed to plead in justification that the error does not lie at their door; they furnish what the public appetite craves; and men, who would lay up of this world's goods, cannot afford to volunteer in a crusade against the popular taste.

These remarks have not been made with any particular reference to the volume the name of which stands at the head of this notice; for it is the privilege of critics to look one way and row another. They are for the benefit of all the forthcoming volumes of pictures and poetry. We have seen but a few sheets, including a few of the plates of the *Atlantic Souvenir*. It would not be possible to speak of it as a whole, nor to say that the volume surpasses its elder sisters—we presume from the length of years and the want of wisdom there can be no question about the sex—for we have not dwelt upon their beauties, or analyzed their perfections. The plates of which we speak will be an ornament to the table of any drawing room.

The Tablet.

—A small volume of "Poetry and Tales," written in an agreeable style, and put forth in an unpretending form—much less expensive than the *Tokens* and *Souvenirs*, but possessing as much intrinsic excellence as some of its more gorgeous cotemporaries. The contents are the product of different minds, and with a single exception they are all anonymous—a circumstance not without advantages; for the judgement of many a critic is guided, or governed by the name he sees fixed to the article presented before his tribunal, or by that which his sagacity discovers where the author withholds it. The exception alluded to, is "The Poet's World, by J. G. Percival,"—a "world" composed of very beautiful materials, selected and arranged after the manner peculiar to

that popular and original writer. It is a delicious creation, and we present it to our readers unmutated.

Bright world! too beautiful for human eye,
Creation of poetic thought, in vain
I seek thee here. Thou bendest far away
Thy airy orbit. Thine are other suns,
And other stars—a brightness all thy own,
A day self-lighted, and thy magic night
Is but a veil o'er day. I seek thee here,
When morning lights the east, and tips with
gems

Deep set in waving gold, high mountain peak;
Then tower and tree, and over field and grove
Pours out a flood of pearls, and sheets the sea
With liquid flame—I seek thee, when, at noon,
High on his throne, the visible lord of light
Rides in his fullest blaze, and dashes wide
Thick flashes from his wheels—I seek thee, too,
When twilight shades the meadow, and the
hills

Alone are lighted—when the sky above
Smiles with a fading beauty, and below
Uncertain floats the plain—nor less when night,
Clad in her sable robe, sits silently
Above the slumbering earth, and through the
vast

Immeasurable darkness, shadowy forms
Unbidden come and go—I seek thee here,
And yet I find thee not. In all its change
Of time and season—all its shifting scenes
Of sun and storm—of life new bursting forth
In blossomy spring, vigorous in manly pride,
Or ripe for harvest—all of high and bright,
Deep and obscure—the clear expanded arch
Broad sweeping o'er us, or with pictured
wreaths

Hung festively at dawn, or heaving forth
Black billowy mountains, like a chain of Alps
Uplifted into heaven—wide forest glooms
Far stretching into night, and yawning caves
Where the void infinite opens—still retreats
Low under sheltering woods, and shady banks
Hollowed in caves, where fountains welling
out

Freshen the turf and flowers—in all its change,
Earth holds thee not. Thine is a fuller growth
Of beauty—thine the genial life that springs
From the o'er teeming mind, and heightens all
That even here seems glorious. Man, who
walks

In dignity and grace—heroic pride,
Or yielding loveliness—earth's angel erst,
Radiant and pure—now sad and dimly fair,
Even when brightest—Man is but the shade
Of thy Humanity—such heavenly forms,
As float amid the stars, and dwell cathearsed
In light unstained. Thou risest to the eye
Of solitary thought, as from the depths
Of mountain valleys, when the level ray
First paints the aerial rose, uprolling clouds
Swell into towering peaks, and glitter bright
With all the glow of dawn—intenser far
In brightness—more magnificent and vast
In thy extension, and thy several hues
And shapes, purer and fairer. Mind in thee
Reveals its heavenly spring—in thee it tells
Its godlike birth—not from the trivial play
Of blended atoms, but a spiritual flame
Warning and kindling into higher life
Our perishable frames, here poor and weak,
The creatures of decay, obscuring oft
Its living beams, and even in dim eclipse
Quenching its orb—and yet the eye within
Still gazes on thee, through the gathered mist
Of evil passions, sees thee rolling free
In thy unclouded track, and at the sight
Hope springs and hurries to thee.

The Tales are moral, pathetic, and humorous. "The Social Man" unites the two qualities first mentioned;

"Shooting extra," and "A Ghost aghast," are fair specimens of the third. But we prefer an extract from an essay of a didactic character, entitled "Indifferent Poetry," and commend it to the consideration of writers "too numerous to be particularized."

Since the republic of letters has assumed in this land "a local habitation and a name," the votaries of the Nine have multiplied, like the frogs of Egypt. One class of these favorites of the tuneful god are making more direful work with his patronage, than ever did Phaeton of old with his cart and horses. They are singing, like the thorn-plerced nightgale, of the sorrows of their existence, of the darkness of their lot, by reason of their burning genius, and their thoughts of fire. Their muffled lyres are clothed in sackcloth; and, with the dust and ashes of lonely reflection upon their recumbent heads, they touch their chords to mournful cadences. Then do we behold the once vernal bowers of their pleasure overrun with the deadly night-shade—the faded roses of regret are scattered in their paths, and the dying sun is just going down in the melancholy west. They blame the bowers without cessation, and call the red-faced sun a cruel friend to leave them thus. Poor souls! They have caught the sombre shadows of the mighty Byron, without one ounce of his inspiration, and, having set out in their career, singing gloomily, they are determined to proceed until they win sympathy from the world; and they firmly resolve that heaven shall not relieve their woes, till the lower earth be moved with pity.

Another class of our native bards seem to delight in the roar of elements, and the universal crash of matter. They are never content, unless the darkened heavens are filled with tempests, and the thunders are bellowing about the startled ears of the public. They make a plaything of the forked lightning, and have so much on hand that they use it in every poem. Nor is this wonderful. The brains of these giants in literature are "in nubibus." Their thoughts are consequently like the liquid fires of heaven. At their bidding, the tempestuous seas roar and are troubled; the mountains quake at their noisy and boisterous volcanoes. They seek the caverns of the north; and if Boreas has a breeze to spare, they are sure to borrow it to assist them in breathing out their terrific strains. The startled whirlwinds are held in requisition. They bring comets to whisk their flaming tails along the skies—while they cause the vexed elements to sing a tumultuous song beneath. These poets are also "cheek by jowl" with the furies; and they occasionally introduce a Simoom along with Phlegethon and Styx, by way of variety.

In battles they are completely at home. Their delight is to represent the clattering hoof of the war-horse, spurning some bleeding soldier. They stain the turf deep in blood. Their sabres cut right and left, and they never quit the field till they have "kicked up dust" enough to "obumbrate" the sun, when they retreat for want of light, leaving the dead and wounded on the plain. The sea also is their companion. They introduce his many waves rolling mountains high, and reddened by the lightning's glare; while they make "no bones" in sinking a royal argosy laden with all the wealth of India, and having as many souls on board as the ship in which St. Paul sailed from Adramyttium. They regard not the dying prayers, nor the earnest supplications of these victims to their truly poetic rage. They sink them to a watery grave as coolly as they would drown a litter of young puppies.

There is another sect of our native poets, still more ridiculous and annoying. Such are the authors of amorous and lascivious sonnets, dedicated to the "arch eye-brow," or the "silken locks," of some gentle fair one. If they attempt natural description, they touch only upon the wings of the humming-bird, or the butterfly, or the yellow thigh of the laden bee. Sometimes, when they are in a loving mood, they will represent damsels cleansing their delightful heels "in running water," and then will their "pulses beat so lightly," and after busying their fingers in the meshes of the damsel's hair, they will go and tell the whole story in the first Magazine that will admit their trash.

But we must close. Enough has been said and done in America, to show the wrong course which applause has sometimes taken. It has flashed, like the sun-beam, upon some unworthy and inflated object, destined soon to be hid in darkness. The truth is, that he only is the poet of nature, who describes nature, and that thing of dreams and sighs, the human heart, as they exist. Fancy, unmixed with truth and feeling, is a bubble which breaks of its own feebleness.

We admire feeling; we are not displeased with the sombre, though true colorings of human uncertainty and sorrow. They give us chastened lessons that the world is not to be our continual residence. But we deprecate the moody madness that is feigned to attract sympathy. We love sublimity. Its influence is deep and holy in nature or in song; but when it is overstrained, the towering eagle-poet falls headlong to the earth; a fit subject to be hawked at by the critics—those vultures that flap their wings monthly and quarterly.

It is high time that injudicious laud should be discarded; that true genius should rise triumphant, and pert pretension sink to its proper level among the literary "Dii inferiores." Such a period must soon arrive; and many a weaver of flimsy lays, who vainly imagines he has planted himself by Helicon for life, who believes his goose quill to be pregnant with the sweets of Hybla, and his head lit with the reflected sun-beams of Parnassus, is fast hastening to the dusky shores of oblivious Lethe, and the Boeotian vale whence he originally sprang. It is high time that mere flippancy should cease to gull and take the precedence of real merit. It will be folly to boast of our flourishing literature, until such an event transpires. The harps of Percival, of Dana, and of Bryant, "hang upon the willows," with all their chords lax and unstrung. Why is this? It is because the chattering daw has usurped the eyrie of the eagle. It is because the long-eared representative of the lion is sporting his hour in a borrowed skin.

Festivals, Games, and Amusements, ancient and modern, by Horatio Smith. With Additions, by Samuel Woodworth, Esq. of New-York.

This volume forms the twenty-fifth number of Harper's Family Library, a work whose usefulness as a neat and compact epitome of history, biography, and travels, is commensurate with its popularity. For obvious reasons, the work in general—being a reprint of English publications—does not come within the scope of our plan; but the present volume, or, at least, a part of it, forms an exception to our general rule

of noticing only the original productions of American writers.

The Appendix, by Mr. Woodworth, is very brief, but, nevertheless, may be considered as a valuable addition of American Festivals, Games, and Amusements,—which the writer found to be very limited in number and variety. He truly remarks—"Though the talent of *invention* is an acknowledged characteristic of our countrymen, it is generally exercised on subjects of practical or imagined *utility*, and seldom, if ever, in multiplying the sources of *amusement*."

The first chapter briefly describes the festivals, games, and amusements of the Aborigines. Their religious festivals are stated to be five—1. The feast of first fruits ; 2. The hunter's feast ; 3. The feast of harvest ; 4. A daily sacrifice ; 5. A feast of love. Their war dances and games are briefly alluded to.

The second chapter treats of the festivals, games, and amusements of New-England, among which "a New-England Thanksgiving" is, of course, the most prominent. This festival cannot be described—at least, all attempts to describe it, hitherto, have given such faint outlines of the reality, that we apprehend no description can convey to the understanding of any other than a New-Englander any idea of the kind of sentiment and emotion of which it is the everlasting and unfailing source. To the greater portion of the inhabitants of New-England's metropolis, we apprehend that Mr. Woodworth's account of May-Day, as observed in that city, will appear somewhat exaggerated. We confess that a residence in it of more than thirty years, never made us acquainted with enough of the observances he has set down as the practices of the morning of the first of May, to imagine that they could be made a topic for description among the festivals of New-England. The same class of readers, will, perhaps, be a little surprised, at what is contained in the following paragraph :

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. On the 17th of June, the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, unite in celebrating the anniversary of this important event. A splendid civic procession, under a military escort, proceeds to the battle ground, where a patriotic oration is delivered, and other appropriate exercises performed ; to which succeed such festivities as are customary on like occasions, viz. dinners, toasts, odes, music, &c.

Excepting the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker-Hill, in 1825, it is believed that the "splendid civic procession," the "patriotic oration," &c. have had no existence ; or, if otherwise, such ceremonies and performances have been of too rare occurrence to be dignified with the name of a custom.

The third chapter describes the festivals, &c. of the Middle states. Among these is noticed the feast of the "Kroat Club" of New-York, which reminds us that the author has neglected to mention the "Salt-Fish Club" of our good city of Boston—an institution of honorable antiquity, and perhaps worthy of notice, if one could get at the records of all the good things that have been said and sung at its weekly celebrations.

In the chapter devoted to the customs of the Southern states, a well-merited tribute is paid to the hospitality and politeness which characterize the people of that region. From this chapter we select the following item.

BARBECUES. A favorite amusement (and generally, at the same time, an act of hospitality) in many parts of the Southern states, is what they term a barbecue. This is a feast in the open air, a *fete-champetre*, either under the shade of trees or in an artificial bower. This rural banquet (resembling in some respects the turtle-feasts at Hoboken) is prepared under the direction and at the expense of such neighboring gentlemen as choose to unite for the purpose ; each of whom usually contributes such edible dainties as his taste or convenience may suggest. Independent of these pic-nics, however, there is always some savory animal roasted whole, for this occasion, after the manner of the ancients. This is, most commonly, a fat corn-fed swine ; and from hence originated the phrase of "going the whole hog." In different places, and under other circumstances, the victim may be a fine fat buck, a fallow deer, a sheep, or other animal. But to constitute a barbecue, it must be roasted whole,—not a bone of it must be broken. These festivals take place during the summer and autumn months, when every luxury that the season can afford, accompanied with wine, punch, ices, and other suitable refreshments, is provided in generous abundance. Both sexes sometimes partake of this banquet, which is then enlivened by a band of music, and succeeded by a rural dance.

There is a pleasant description of an amusement in the Western states, somewhat similar to the diversion of shooting the bird, described in "Old Mortality." On the whole, Mr. Woodworth has performed the task he assumed in a manner agreeable to readers, and, doubtless, acceptable to the publishers.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Brunswick, Me. This Commencement took place on Wednesday, the 7th of September. On Tuesday afternoon, the day previous, an oration was pronounced before the Athenæan Society, by Daniel T. Granger, Esq. His discourse, on the reciprocal influence of Education, Literature, and our Political Institutions and Customs, contained much valuable thought, expressed in a neat and compact style.

Dr. Shaw, of Wiscasset, the same day, delivered an address to the Medical Society of Maine.

The other Associations which have usually occupied a part of the day preceding commencement, this year had no performances.

The exercises of the graduating class consisted of the usual disquisitions, discussions, colloquies, orations, &c. The first degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-two graduates. The degree of A. M. upon eight. The degree of M. D. was given to thirty-one candidates. The honorary degree of M. D. was conferred on Dr. Isaac Lincoln, of Brunswick, and on Dr. John A. Hyde, of Freeport. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Rev. Moses Chase, of Hopkinton, N. H. and on Jonathan P. Rogers, Esq. of Bangor.

On Thursday, the Phi Beta Kappa Society was addressed by Professor Newman. His discourse was mature and elaborate. The excellence of Literature, the advantages and necessity of ripe and sound Scholarship, were ably stated and illustrated. The Hon. Stephen Longfellow, LL. D. was chosen President, and Robert H. Gardiner, Vice-President. Hon. George Evans, was appointed Orator, and Professor Henry W. Longfellow, Poet, for 1832.

The number of young men, who entered College at the late commencement, was 30—as, usually, about one half enter at the first examination—a class of 45 or 50 is expected.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, Hanover, N. H. The annual Commencement at this institution was held upon the 24th of August. Thirteen gentlemen received the degree of A. M.; the degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-nine, and that of M. D. on nineteen. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Judge Weston, of Augusta, Maine, and that of M. D. on

Robert Nelson, of Montreal. Calvin E. Stowe was appointed Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature.

HARVARD COLLEGE, Cambridge, Ms. The exercises of the graduates at this institution, took place on the 30th of August, and have been spoken of as creditable to the college and to the class. The style of declamation, in particular, has been very much improved within a few years. Sixty-five students received the first degree, and about thirty the degree of Master of Arts. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Richard Whately, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, England; on the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, of Portland, Maine; and on the Rev. Jeremiah Day, President of Yale College. The honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred on Lemuel Shaw, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia; and Peter A. Jay, of New York. The degree of Doctor in Medicine on Thomas Farques, of Quebec, Lower Canada. The honorary degree of Master of Arts on Henry A. S. Dearborn, Barker Burnell, and William Cushing Alwyn.

At the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, on the ensuing day, the Hon. Edward Everett was re-elected President; Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, Vice President; Charles Folsom, of Cambridge, Secretary. The public exercises were a Prayer by Rev. Theodore Edson, of Lowell; Oration by Hon. James T. Austin, of Boston; and a Poem, by Rev. Benjamin Kent, of Duxbury. At a previous meeting of the Society, the law of the Society requiring an unanimous vote for the admission of members was changed, and three-fourths only of those present, was fixed upon as the proper number; which vote was rescinded at this meeting, and the old rule re-established.

AMHERST COLLEGE, Ms. The annual commencement exercises on the 24th of August, were attended by a large assembly, and gave much satisfaction. The graduating class contained sixty members, all of whom received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon eleven gentlemen, and the honorary degree of A. M. upon William G. Schafflior.

In the morning of the same day, an address on Temperance was delivered before the Antivenenean Society, by Ebenezer Alden, M. D. of Randolph, which is spoken of as a very interesting and able performance. At the close of this Address, Professor Hitchcock announced, that the premium of \$30, offered by a benevolent individual for the best Essay on Temperance, by a member of the College, was unanimously awarded to Lewis Sabin.

On the 23d inst. an oration was delivered before the Alexandrian and Athenian Societies, by George B. Cheever, A. M. An oration was also delivered before the Society of Alumni, by Bela B. Edwards, A. M. The subjects were—"The importance of the study of Greek literature," and "The importance of a Christian literature in the United States." Both the orations were heard with great interest and satisfaction. The friends of this college have contributed several thousand dollars, for the purpose of increasing the Library and Apparatus; and Mr. Hovey one of the Professors, is on his way to Europe to make the necessary purchases.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Williamstown, Ms. The annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday, the 7th of September. The Oration before the Adelpic Society, was pronounced the evening previous to commencement by the Hon. Daniel D. Barnard, of Rochester, N. Y. It was a chaste and beautiful piece of composition. The class for the coming year numbers about thirty, which gives a very fair prospect of a large addition to the present number of the college. The degree of A. B. was conferred on eighteen young gentlemen. That of A. M. on twelve in course; besides several honorary degrees.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, R. I. The literary festivities, at the late commencement began with a poem before the United Brothers' Society, on the 6th, by Mr. N. P. Willis, of Boston. On the same day, an oration was delivered before the Philermenian Society, by Rev. James W. Thompson, of Natick, Mass. On the forenoon of Wednesday, the seventh, the sixty-second annual Commencement of Brown University, was celebrated in the First Baptist Meeting House. Owing to causes, which it is unnecessary to state, the graduating class consisted only of thirteen individuals. The condition and prospects of the University were never considered more flourishing. Among

other evidences of this fact, the gradual increase in the number of students may be noticed. At the last commencement, the number of graduates was twenty, and the number of pupils admitted, during the academical year, amounts to thirty or forty. The degree of A. B. was conferred on thirteen, and that of A. M. on six graduates in course. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. William T. Brantley, of Philadelphia; LL. D. on Hon. William Baylies, of Bridgewater, Mass.; and Master of Arts on Rev. Eleazer M. T. Welles, of Boston, Rev. Bartholomew Wild, of Albany, and William T. Grinnell, of Providence.

In the afternoon of the same day, the Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa celebrated their first anniversary. The oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of the University, and the poem by the Rev. Mr. Dean, of Scituate, Mass.

On Thursday, the Federal Adelpic, celebrated their anniversary. The Hon. Tristram Burges delivered an oration, and the Hon. William Hunter, a poem, on the occasion. The Providence Journal says, "the oration was the most beautiful and finished production we ever had the pleasure of listening to."

YALE COLLEGE, New-Haven, Ct. The branch of the Phi Beta Kappa, of this institution, held its annual meeting on Tuesday, the 12th of September. Edward Everett was elected Orator, and Mr. Hamlin, Poet, for the next anniversary, and Daniel Webster and Theodore Dwight, were chosen substitutes. It was moved that the injunction of secrecy upon the members of the society be removed, and the resolution was carried *nem. con.* An oration was then delivered by Chancellor Kent, of New-York. The discourse is spoken of as "giving a luminous view of the rise and progress of Yale College, with sketches of the characters of some of its principal officers, interspersed with pathetic allusions to the scenes of the author's youth, and the recollections of classmates, now no more. It is exactly fifty years since this venerable and distinguished orator graduated there, with the valedictory."

A very numerous meeting of the Alumni of Yale College was held on the 13th, at which the Hon. JOHN COTTON SMITH, was chosen *President*. Hon. Jeremiah Mason, New-Hampshire; Hon. Samuel Hubbard, Mass.; Hon. Oliver Wolcott, New-York; Hon. Gideon Tomlinson, Conn.; Charles Chauncey, Esq., Penn.; Hon. John C.

Calhoun, S. Carolina; Hon. Samuel M. Hopkins, New-York; Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, do.; Hon. James Kent, do.; Hon. David Dagget, Conn. were appointed *Vice-Presidents*. Hon. Asher Robbins, Rhode-Island; Hon. Horatio Seymour, Vermont; Rev. Lyman Beecher, Mass.; Rev. Gardner Spring, New-York; William Jay, Esq. do.; Rev. Ezra S. Ely, Penn.; T. P. Devereux, Esq. North-Carolina; Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, South-Carolina; Hon. Isaac C. Bates, Mass.; William Maxwell, Esq. Virginia; Hon. Thomas S. Williams; Oliver D. Cooke, Esq.; Hon. Roger Minot Sherman; Hon. James Gould; Hon. Lyman Law; Hon. Simeon Baldwin; Eneas Monson, Esq.; Rev. Calvin Chapin; Rev. J. Day; Professor Benjamin Silliman; Hon. Martin Welles, Conn.; Zachariah Lewis, Esq., New-York; Lucius C. Duncan, Esq. Louisiana; Rev. Bennet Tyler, Maine, were appointed *Directors*. Samuel J. Hitchcock, Esq. *Secretary*. Hon. Simeon Baldwin, *Treasurer*.

President Day gave an account of the funds of the College, with the means and resources for the support of its instructors, the necessity of further college buildings, of additions to the library, and of new professorships. Mr. Wyllis Warner, the agent for the college, also stated the measures that had been taken since the last meeting, and still in progress, for the purpose of relieving the present necessities of the Institution, by raising at least \$100,000. A resolution was then passed by which the members of the society approved of the object, and pledged their influence to forward it so far as in their power. A subscription was immediately opened, and on the 15th, about \$30,000, had been subscribed.

The annual Commencement, and the exhibition of the graduating class, took place on the 14th. Eighty members were admitted to the degree of A. B. Forty-one young gentlemen, Alumni of the College, received the degree of Master of Arts. Twenty-two, Alumni of the Medical Institution of Yale College, received the degree of Doctor of Medicine; and six, the honorary degree of M. D. on the recommendation of the Medical Convention of Connecticut. Dr. Timothy P. Beers, of New-Haven, was appointed a Professor in the Medical Department of Yale College. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of New-York, was appointed Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

The Commencement in Yale College is hereafter to be held on the third

Wednesday of August, annually, instead of the second Wednesday of September, as hitherto.

It is mentioned as an interesting fact, that eight of the twelve surviving members of the class of 1781, among whom was Chancellor Kent, dined at the house of their classmate, Judge Baldwin. A classmate of Dr. N. Webster, who graduated in 1778, proposed to him to walk up to the Judge's, and call upon *their Freshmen*.

The valuable historical paintings of Col. Trumbull, are to be transferred to the College, on the condition of a small annuity. The donation was considered of a very liberal character, on the part of the distinguished artist.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Middlebury, Vt. This institution is said to be in a very flourishing condition, and the number of students is increasing. The commencement exercises took place on the 24th of August. The Baccalaureate degree was conferred upon fifteen graduates, and that of Master of Arts on thirteen. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon the Rev. Joel Byington, of Chazy, N. Y.; Hon. Derratus Worcester, of Middlebury, and Pierpoint Isham, Esq. of Bennington; and the degree of LL. D. upon J. Bichusteth Williams, Esq. of Shrewsbury, England; and on Professor James L. Kingsley, of Yale College. The literary exercises consisted of an oration before the Beneficent Society, and orations and a poem before the Philomathesian Society.

MILITARY ACADEMY, Norwich, Vt. The eleventh anniversary of the American, Literary, Scientific and Military Academy, was celebrated on the 5th of September. The exercise consisted, besides the usual devotional services, of an address upon the subject of Education, by W. T. H. Seymour, of Hartford, Ct. Mr. Seymour was followed by Capt. Partridge, the Principal of the institution, who was listened to, with the greatest pleasure and attention, upon the same subject. After stating the great objects of education, and establishing the principle, that every nation or community should have a system of education, suited to the genius and character of its institutions, and calculated to meet the wants and supply the demands of its citizens,—he applied this principle to our own country.—When speaking of education, as generally conducted in the United States, Capt. P. illustrated in the strongest and most conclusive manner, the necessity of its being rendered of still greater

practical utility to all ranks of our community. He conceived that by mingling a due degree of military knowledge in the education of the American youth, we should render frequent Militia trainings and standing armies unnecessary, while, at the same time, we should exhibit to surrounding nations the fact, that in peace we are prepared for war; "that insult will be dangerous, and invasion impossible." Capt. P. demonstrated the correctness of his views upon the various topics he brought forward by frequent and conclusive facts drawn from the history of other times.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, Clinton, N. Y. The annual commencement of this Institution took place on Wednesday, the 7th September. The class that graduated was small. The degree of A. B. was conferred on nine gentlemen; the degree of A. M. was conferred on eleven gentlemen, graduates of the college; the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on three or four gentlemen; the degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Timothy M. Cooley, of

Granville, Mass. Seventeen young gentlemen were examined for admission, the day previous.

KENYON COLLEGE, Gambier, [Ohio. The agents of Kenyon College are now designing to make an application to the friends of learning in behalf of that Institution. The object of this Institution is to afford the advantage of a liberal education on the lowest possible terms. The expenses now designated, are as follows:—Collegiate Department, per year, \$70—Academic, 60—Theological, 50. This sum includes every expense except books and clothing. The Institution has elicited a very general and lively interest, and promises to become extensively useful to the western states, and the country in general. The buildings are yet, however, very incomplete, and inadequate to the accommodation of the numerous and pressing applicants for admission. For the accomplishment of its benevolent and noble purposes, the Institution yet rests upon the patronage of the community.

MISCELLANIES.

SAVAGES, &c. Capt. Morrell, of the Antarctic, lately arrived in New-York, with two savages, taken from an island discovered by him in the Southern Ocean, and named *Massacre Island*, from the fact that thirteen of his crew were killed by the natives. The following letter from Dr. Pascalis, of New-York, to the editors of the Evening Post, contains an interesting account of the cannibals, and the voyage of Captain Morrell.

"Of these antipodean human beings we doubt not but their natural descent is from the African race, perhaps very anciently transplanted into the boundaries of the Pacific Ocean, or at least, to the land of New Guinea. We have long ago assigned the characteristic and exclusive attributes of the black race; the first is their color, the second the crisped hair, and the third the insertion of the leg nearly into the middle of the foot, which is thereby flat and supports the body better on sandy grounds, than if it was arched as in our own forms; and consequently leaves behind a much protruding heel, a mal-conformation never to be seen in the white races.

The black color of the skin results from a carbonaceous deposit upon the mucous tissue under the cuticle. This deposit is thus made on the skin as a non-conductor of the heat of the tropical and equatorial regions which, above one hundred degrees, could not long preserve life or prevent the decomposition of the circulating fluids. This deposit is made for other human races in the organs of respiration, and is immediately elicited by expiration, as a carbonic acid gas! Hence it is a fact that the breath of the black is not so offensive as that of the white, while their cutaneous emanations are particularly fetid and sometimes intolerable to our senses. The black pigment of the negroes can be erased from their skin by wounds, by ulcers, by blisters, and cannot afterwards be restored. The present savages, however, are not so intensely black as our Atlantic black races, the unmixed generations of which among us, makes them, in the course of time, clearer by paler and lighter shades than their original color. As for the crisped hair of our visitors, it is unquestionably an entire and genuine characteristic, especial-

ly in these two savages. The older body of the two has teeth very regular and sound, and a muscular form, of remarkable perfection and portly aspect. By these, as much as by his numerous tatooings on the limbs, chest, and shoulders, by his various ornaments on the arm, wrist and ears, of rings of bones, shells and metals, he most probably appertains to a commanding rank and authority among his natives.

Besides the numerous objects of curiosity which Captain Morrell has imported with his war prisoners, taken up in the watery grave, implements of war, offensive and defensive weapons, axes, daggers, arrows, armor or cuirasses curiously wrought with vegetable materials, we have paid particular attention to an object of natural history, rarely to be seen, and which was many years ago deposited in Scudder's American Museum. It is that mollusca from the India Seas, which is known in commerce by the French name *bouche de mer* (a nice morsel from the sea.) If I am not much mistaken, the celebrated Cuvier calls it *Gasteropeda pulmonifera*. It is abundantly gathered on the coasts of the Pacific Islands, and gathered especially for the Chinese market, where this comestible commands a great price, perhaps as much as their much talked of bird's nests, which probably are wholly made up of the gelatinous matter picked up by them from the body of these molluscas. They have no shell, no legs; nor any prominent part except an *absorbing* and an *excretory*, opposite organs; but by their elastic rings like caterpillars or worms, they creep in shallow waters, in which, when low, they can be seen by a kind of swallow, the sharp bill of which, inserted in the soft animal, draws a gummy and filamentous substance, which, by drying, can be wrought into the solid walls of their nest. Hence the name of *gasteropeda pulmonifera*. This mollusca is oblong, from three to four and five inches long, roundish, and from two to three inches thick. By drying, they grow very hard, and remain incorruptible, when again they may be softened and dressed for eating. We are indebted to Captain Morrell for two large *Bouche de mer* of which we think to be able to make a delightful dish.

We could not pass over the subject of the natives of Massacre Island, without noticing the persevering courage and presence of mind of Captain Morrell, through so long and disastrous an enterprize, from which he escaped

at least with *honor* and with the *spoils* of the enemy. He went from the Cape de Verd Islands to the Zealands; thence to Manilla, recognizing many known or unknown groups of islands—thence to the Feyjoo group, much visited by Americans for Tortoise, Bouche le mer and Sandal wood. He made no cargo yet, but he surveyed an immense tract of the Pacific again—saw new islands and savages, until he discovered a remarkable *group of groups*, encircled by reefs of rocks and shoals of about two hundred miles circumference, which presented to him but three safe avenues into it, and therein are the Massacre Islands.

Of his third visit to Manilla, to take reinforcements and avenge the disasters which he had suffered among this inhospitable people, of the loss of thirteen men, after which he purchased the whole island from the chiefs, after his more successful expedition to Massacre Island, and his capture of two men whom he saved from drowning, with an incomplete cargo, we have nothing more to observe, except his patient fortitude of wading through great dangers, in the pursuit of wealth with that of humanity and of general utility.

The individuals are from different islands, and unable to hold any communications with each other. The New-York Courier says—"Whilst in a plain, almost unfurnished room at Tammany Hall, these men evinced signs of great timidity. When removed to the Museum, they were evidently more alarmed. The wax figures there, seemed particularly to have inspired them with apprehensions; and it is believed they had imbibed an idea, that they themselves would be converted into wax. The proprietor of the Museum endeavored by every means in his power, to remove their fears. He melted wax and painted it in their presence, but it seems to have produced but little effect. In the course of Tuesday, a uniform company passed by, and some of the members came into the Museum. On seeing them and their muskets, the younger savage endeavored to seize his war club, and shewed, either a determination to fight, or die like a warrior. Though pacified, his fears remained, for on Wednesday morning he escaped from the house of Captain Morrell, at an early hour. Before the family were up, he went down stairs into the kitchen, from thence into the yard, and leaped over the fence.

He was discovered at Greenwich, after wandering about the city several days.

SELF-DECAPITATION. We find the following curious anecdote in *Natural History*, in Mr. Featherstonhaugh's *Journal of Geology, and Natural Science*, communicated by a gentleman who has great experience in apiarics.

A large humble-bee, strayed near to one of his hives, and alighted near the entrance. Instantly he was attacked by great numbers of bees. One of them seeking a favorable opportunity of lodging his sting under one of the rings of the humble-bee made a fierce blow; but the sting striking upon the hard and bright corselet, glanced off; and as it is the habit of the bee in the act of striking, to bend the head towards the tail, the sting, upon this occasion, entered deeply into its own head. After many powerful exertions to extricate it, at length the entire head came off, and remained attached to the tail. The insect now gravely with its feelers, began to paw about his neck, as if to examine the nature of the accident which had occurred to it, spinning round, and feeling, and then stopping for a while. In about twenty minutes the insect was exhausted and died.

"N. K. SYSTEM OF ARRANGEMENT."

From the same work we extract the following:—"A naturalist, travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, stopped at a very neat, clean tavern, and was agreeably surprised to find the chimney pieces, cupboards, &c. crowded with specimens of minerals, and fossils, each of them having a label with N. K. on it. Puzzled by these letters, he sought for information of a smart-looking woman, who was the landlady. She informed him that her nephew, who was gone to Kentucky, was the owner of these specimens, and that he had pasted some long names upon them, he had learned from the doctors in Philadelphia; but they were so hard to pronounce when her neighbors asked her questions about them, that she had taken them off, and put N. K. upon every one of them. The naturalist assenting to all this, asked her the meaning of N. K. "So you don't know what the meaning of N. K. is?" said she. "Upon my word, I have not the least idea," he replied. "Well," said she, "I thought the Philadelphians knewed every thing; however if you don't know, I'll tell you; N. K. means 'Nayterul Kurossitys.'"

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Portland, Me. Mr. AARON CHAMBERLIN, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 79 years; Mr. WILLIAM HANSE, a revolutionary patriot, aged 76 years.

In Waldoboro', Me. Hon. BENJAMIN BROWN, formerly member in Congress from Lincoln District.

In Augusta, Me. Mrs. MARY TAPPAN, widow of the late Rev. David Tappan, D. D. Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, aged 72.

In Parsonsfield, Me. Major SAMUEL PEASE, a revolutionary soldier, aged 77.

In Hollis, N. H. Rev. SIMON LOCKE, aged 79.

In Greenland, N. H. Col. GEORGE WEEKS, aged 71.

In Somersworth, N. H. the wife of Mr. James Roberts, aged 94.

In Thetford, Vt. Dea. LEVI LAWRENCE, in the 79d year of his age. A soldier of the revolution.

In Boston, Mr. BERNARD FITZPATRICK, aged 59, President of the Charitable Irish Society.

Capt. FRANCIS GREEN, aged 81, an officer of the Revolutionary Army.

In Hingham, Ms. Mr. JONATHAN THAXTER, aged 90.

In Newburyport, Ms. Hon. WM. STEEDMAN, formerly of Lancaster, Ms. aged 66. For a number of years he held a highly respectable rank, and enjoyed an extensive practice at the

bar of the County of Worcester. He represented, first the place of his residence in the General Court of the State, and afterwards Worcester North District in Congress, for five successive years. He was subsequently, for several years, Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court in Worcester.

In Worcester, Ms. Dea. MOSES L. MONSE, aged 50. A man of great mechanical ingenuity, to whom the country is indebted for several useful inventions. He was the projector and principal manager of the extensive cutlery establishment in that town, which is believed to be the first of the kind in the United States.

In Hadley, Ms. Mr. SEYMOUR CLARK, aged 66, a revolutionary pensioner.

In Springfield, Ms. JONATHAN DWIGHT, Esq. aged 88. He was born in Halifax, N. S. in June, 1743. He was the oldest man in that town, and the patriarch of an extensive family.

In New-York, Dr. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, aged 68. The New-York Commercial Advertiser says—He was a man who with wonderful faculty of retention, and untiring industry, had accumulated more knowledge as to facts, books and natural history, than most men, however celebrated, of this, or any other age. There were few subjects on which he could not furnish such information as would lead the inquirer aright in his researches. He enlarged the

boundaries of discovery in natural science, and stimulated and assisted all who were pursuing the same objects. He was for a great number of years professor of various branches in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was Dean of the Faculty. His labors are dispersed in many volumes. Many cabinets are enriched by his collections; and there are few philosophical societies of note in the world, of which he was not a member. He was elected to the assembly of this state soon after the revolution, and was afterwards a Senator in Congress, and the colleague of De Witt Clinton. His acquaintance with history, and with civil and international law, was extensive and accurate. There was available simplicity in his character, connected with a consciousness of his own acquisitions, which was confounded with vulgar vanity only by the vulgar mind. He did much to promote the cause of science; and science must regret his loss. He was buried with many marks of public respect.

In Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, on the 7th of September, Capt. CYRUS DE HART, of the army of the Revolution, in the 74th year of his age. He entered the service in 1775, at an early age, as an ensign in the first New-Jersey Regiment, and continued it to the end of the war, during which time he served in the first campaign in Canada—was engaged in the battles of the Short Hills, Springfield, Monmouth, Brandywine, and Germantown. He was also with General Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians, and with General Lafayette in his campaign against Lord Cornwallis in Virginia, and at the siege of York, which terminated the contest.

In Wilkesbarre, Pa. GEORGE DENNISON, Esq. in the 42d year of his age. As soon as he had emerged from his minority he was appointed Register and Recorder of the county—which offices he held until called to a seat in the state legislature—from which he was selected to represent the District in the Congress of the United States for four years in succession. After a recess of a short period, he was again elected to the Assembly, and continued a member until his death.

At Bethlehem, Pa. Hon. WILLIAM JONES, late collector of the port of Philadelphia, and formerly Secretary of the Navy.

At Union Theological Seminary, Prince Edward County, Virginia, September 3d, Rev. JOHN H. RICE, D. D., President of that institution, and well known throughout the country as a scholar and a divine. He was born on the 28th of November, 1777, and was consequently 54 years of age.

In Kanawha county, Virginia, Capt. SAMUEL WASHINGTON, a nephew and one of the legatees of Gen. George Washington, aged about 60.

In Charleston, S. C. JOHN ROBERTSON, Esq. aged 69, for many years Navy Agent on that station.

Near Louisville, Ken. Major ANNER FIELD, aged 71. He was one of the earliest adventurers to Kentucky, and at the time he landed at Louisville, the population of the State did not, perhaps, exceed 500; but he lived to see that small number augment to 600,000, and a city of 12,000 on the ground then occupied by an inconsiderable fort, surrounded by an impervious canebrake.

In Butler county, Ohio, Hon. JAMES SHIELDS, a member of the last Congress.

At St. Louis, Mo. SPENCER PETTIS, aged about 29, member of Congress from that state. He fell in a duel with Major Thomas Biddle, on the 28th of August.

Also, Major THOMAS BIDDLE, aged 41. During the last war, Major Biddle was an officer in the army, and served as Captain of the artillery during the severe campaigns of 1813 and 1814, on the northern frontiers. He was in a regiment under the command of Gen. Scott, and acted a distinguished part at the capture of Fort George. At the commencement of the battle of Chippewa, a picket guard under the command of another officer had been routed and were running away, when they were rallied and led back to their post by Capt. Biddle, in a way which elicited the marked applause of the Commanding General. At the battle of Lundy's Lane, one of the most murderous conflicts of modern times, he particularly distinguished himself, by bringing off the field the only piece of the enemy's artillery which was retained by the Americans, as a trophy of the hard fought battle. The identical piece is now, we believe, preserved at Washington, bearing an appropriate inscription commemorative of the gallantry of its captor. At the siege of Fort Erie, and during the memorable period of gloom and despondency, Capt. Biddle rendered himself as conspicuous for his persevering firmness and fortitude while shut up in the fortress and surrounded by a numerous and exasperated foe, as he had formerly done for his active and energetic courage. His companions in arms still remember, and delight to commemorate, the efficiency of his services at that critical period. After the conclusion of peace, Capt. Biddle was breveted with the rank of Major, which rank he held, together with the office of Paymaster in the United States Army, at the time of his decease. Major Biddle removed to St. Louis many years since, and has ever been considered one of its most active, intelligent and enterprising citizens. Prompt and decided in his conclusions, and justly relying on the convictions of his own judgement, if he sometimes erred, it was the lot of humanity; and few men could lay claim to more originality of character and vigor of intellect than he. To his honor as a soldier and his fidelity as a friend, his numerous surviving acquaintances can testify; and to his devotion as a husband, the sorrows of a heart-broken widow bear melancholy evidence.

In Jackson County, Michigan, NOAH SZAMAN, aged 100 years, 4 weeks. He was born in Swansea, Mass. and until his 97th year, his health was but little constitutionally impaired. At that time an attack of the ague made him considerably deaf, and his other infirmities seemed to have originated more from that, than exclusive old age. Until then, his memory was retentive, and even till a short time before his illness, he referred to the prominent events that had fallen under his observation with much clearness. Eleven months before his dissolution, he emigrated to Michigan, a distance of 500 miles from his residence, and was much pleased with the idea of becoming in his advanced years one of the pioneers of improvement in the West. His wife died six years since, aged 90 years. His eldest brother who died at Rehoboth, Mass. aged 104 years and 7 months, was a preacher of the gospel, and occupied the pulpit until he had completed his hundredth year.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Munroe & Francis, Boston, have in press.—*The American Girl's Book, or Occupations for Play Hours.* By Miss Leslie, author of the "Young Americans," "Mirror," "Stories for Emma," &c. "The sports of children satisfy the child." With New Illustrations expressly for the work, designed by the Author, and engraved by Anderson.—*Paul Pry's Letters from London to his brother in Boston*, giving interesting descriptions of the English Metropolis.—*Paul Pry's Letters from England to his Brother Edward*, relating his travels through the British Isles.—*The Cook's Own Book: a complete Culinary Encyclopedia*; comprehending all the receipts for cooking meats, fish, and fowl, and for composing every eminent kind of soup, pastry, preserves, and essences, that have been published or invented during the last twenty years; particularly those in the "Cook's Oracle," "Cook's Dictionary," and other systems of domestic economy: with numerous original receipts, directions for carving, &c. &c. By an American Housekeeper. The whole alphabetically arranged.—*Hints to Infant School Teachers*, in discouraging upon the Texts of Scripture hung round their rooms. By the Author of Bible Stories.—*Cards of Boston*, comprising a variety of facts and descriptions relative to that city in past and present times; so arranged as to form an instructive and amusing game for young people. By Miss Leslie.

F. Jenks, Boston, has in press.—*The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.* including a Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. By James Boswell, Esq. A New Edition, with numerous Additions and Notes, by John Wilson Croker, LL. D., F. R. S. Also, with Notes, &c. by Walter Scott, by Mackintosh, Sheridan, Malone, Beattie, Burney, &c. &c.—To match the Life, Johnson's Works, complete, to be accurately printed from the latest and fullest London edition. Burder's Oriental Customs, applied to the Illustration of Scripture.

Charles S. Francis, New-York, and Munroe & Francis, Boston.—*The Principles of Midwifery*; including the Diseases of Women and Children. By John Burns, C. M. Professor of Surgery in Glasgow. From the seventh London edition, enlarged, with improvements and notes by T. C. James, M. D. of the Pennsylvania University.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

Munroe & Francis, Boston, have just published.—*New Editions of The Polite Present, or Manual of Good Manners*; a book for Boys.—*Private Hours*, by the Author of "Conversations on Common Things."—*The Child's Own Book, or Spelling and Reading*, illustrated by numerous Figures.—*The Knapsack*, by Miss Edgeworth.—*Orphan Henry, or the Sure Road to Wealth and Happiness*. By Elizabeth Anne Smythe.—*Short Stories*, written by a Lady to amuse a Young Friend.—*The Boston Picture Books, or 12 Presents for Infants*.—*Complete Sets of Lessons on Cards for Infant Schools*, consisting of 100 Lessons of every variety, on 50 Boards.—*A Treatise on Perspective*, No. 1. [The whole work will be in five or six numbers, and embrace an explanation of the principles and manner of drawing objects, the constructive lines of which are in every possible direction with respect to the perspective plane. Shadows thrown by the sun and by a candle. Reflections from the surface of water, of objects at different heights and distances from the water; and practical observations.] Price 37 cents a number.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Carey & Lea, Philad., have recently published.—*Lessons on Things intended to improve Children in the practice of Observation, Reflection, and Descriptions on the System of Pestalozzi.* Edited by John Frost, A. M. 1 vol. 18mo.—*Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical*, explained independently of Technical mathematics, and containing New Disquisitions and Practical Suggestions. By Neil Arnott, M. D. Second American from the fourth London edition, with additions, by Isaac Hays, M. D.—*A complete Treatise on the Genders of French Nouns*, by A. Bolman.—*A Book of the French Verbs*, wherein the model Verbs, and several of the most difficult are congregated affirmatively, negatively, interrogatively, and negatively and interrogatively, with numerous notes and directions, to which is added, a complete List of all the Irregular Verbs. By A. Bolman.—*An Essay upon the Nature and Sources of the Malaria, or Noxious Miasma*, by Charles Caldwell, M. D.—*Broussais on Chronic Inflammations*. Translated from the French, in 2 vols.—By the same Author, *A Treatise on Physiology*, applied to Pathology. Translated by John Bell, M. D. and E. La Roche, M. D. third edition, with additions.—*Chemical Manipulation. Instruction to Students on the Methods of Performing Experiments of Demonstration or Research*, with accuracy and success. By Michael Faraday, F.R.S. First American from the second London edition, with additions by J. K. Mitchell, M. D.—*American Dispensatory*, eighth Edition, improved and greatly enlarged. By John Redman Coxe, M. D. Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the University of Pennsylvania. In 1 vol. 8vo.—*Dewees on the Diseases*. Third edition, with additions. In 8vo.—*The American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, No. XVI. for August, 1831.—*Gibson's Surgery*, third edition improved and enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo.—*The Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth*. By Thomas Bell, F. R. S., F. L. S. &c. In 1 vol. 8vo. with plates, second American edition.—*Parsons on Anatomical Preparations*, 8vo. with plates.—*Encyclopedia Americana*, Vol. 7th; a Popular Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, History, and Politics; brought down to the Present Time, and including a copious Collection of Articles in American Biography. On the basis of the Seventh Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Edited by Dr. Francis Leiber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth, Esq. This work will be completed in twelve large octavo volumes, price two dollars and a half each, strongly bound in cloth.—*Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets*, for the use of Young Persons at School or College. Contents of Part I. General Introduction; Homeric Questions; Life of Homer; Iliad; Odyssey; Margites; Batrachomyomachia; Hymns; Hesiod—by Henry Nelson Coleridge.—*The American Quarterly Review*, No. 19.—*Geographia Classica*; a Sketch of Ancient Geography, for the use of Schools. In 8vo.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library*, vol. 6, being the 2d vol. of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, 12mo.—*The Atlantic Souvenir*, for 1832, with numerous plates by the first artists.—*Autobiography of Sir Walter Scott*, being the 3d vol. of the Cabinet History.—*Memoirs of Sebastian Cabot*, by an American, in 1 vol. 8vo.—*History of France* by Eyre Evan Crome, vols. 1 and 2, being the 7th and 8th vols. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—*Lardner's Mechanics*, being the 9th vol. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

PHILOLOGY.

THE following statement of facts and principles is presented to the public in compliance with numerous solicitations.

N. WEBSTER.

When I was in England, I proposed to Dr. Lee, professor of Arabic, in the University of Cambridge, that an attempt should be made to settle some points in the English language, in which the practice of respectable writers and speakers is different, by means of a convention of gentlemen of distinguished erudition. Dr. Lee replied, that no gentlemen would undertake such a project, as it would expose them to the charge of arrogance. Notwithstanding this objection, I addressed to him a letter, of which the following is a copy.

Cambridge, December 20, 1824.

Reverend and dear Sir,

As I have crossed the Atlantic, for the purpose of completing a Dictionary of our language, it would be very gratifying to me, and to my countrymen, and, I think, by no means useless in England, to settle, by the united opinions of learned men, some points in pronunciation, orthography and construction, in which the practice of good writers and speakers, is not uniform, either in England, or the United States. The English language is the language of the United States; and it is desirable, that as far as the people have the same things, and the same ideas, the words to express them should remain the same. The diversities of language among men may be considered as a curse; certainly one of the greatest evils that commerce, religion, and the social interests of men, have to encounter.

The English language will prevail over the whole of North-America, from the latitude of 25° or 30° north, to the utmost limit of population, towards the North Pole; and, according to the regular laws of population, it must, within two centuries, be spoken by three hundred millions of people on that continent. If we take into view the English population in New-Holland, and other lands in the south and east, we may fairly suppose that in two centuries, the English will be the language of one-third or two-fifths of all the inhabitants of the globe.

Besides this, the English language is to be the instrument of propagating sciences, arts, and the Christian religion, to an extent probably exceeding that of any other language. It is, therefore, important that its principles should be adjusted, and uniformity of spelling and pronunciation established and preserved, as far as the nature of a living language will admit. In regard to the great body of the language, its principles are now settled by usage, and are uniform in this country, and in the United States. But there are many points in which respectable men are not agreed; and it is the sincere desire of my fellow-citizens that such a diversity may no longer exist.

If a delegation of gentlemen from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, could be induced to meet and consult on this subject, either in Oxford or Cam-

bridge, or in London, I would meet them with pleasure, and lay before them such points of difference in the practice of the two countries, as it is desirable to adjust ; and the gentlemen would consider any other points that they might think it expedient to determine. I would also lay before them some thoughts on a plan for correcting the evils of our irregular orthography, without the use of any new letters.

I know that the decisions of such a collection of unauthorized individuals would not be considered as binding on the community. But the gentlemen would disavow any intention of imposing their opinions on the public, as authoritative ; they would offer simply their opinions, and the public would still be at liberty to receive or reject them. But whatever cavils might be made at first, those who know the influence of men of distinguished erudition on public opinion, in cases of a literary nature, will have no question respecting the ultimate success of such a project. That my countrymen would generally receive the decisions and follow them, I have no doubt.

I sincerely wish, Sir, that this proposition may be transmitted to some gentleman of your acquaintance in Oxford, and that you would converse with the masters and professors of this University, on the subject.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

N. WEBSTER.

Rev. Samuel Lee, D. D.

Dr. Lee informed me he had sent the letter to a friend of his, a professor in the University of Oxford ; but I received no answer. The subject, however, was mentioned in company in London, when a gentleman of some celebrity in literature, remarked that such a convention would be of no use, as no two persons would agree in opinion.

When I first announced my intention to compile a dictionary of our language, I received a letter from a friend at the South, informing me that gentlemen of his acquaintance disapproved of my purpose ; and, from another quarter, I received anonymous letters insulting me for proposing to attempt such a work. In the prosecution of the work, I experienced the want of many books, which my scanty means rendered me unable to procure ; no patronage of any value could be obtained ; and no aid of literary men.

In such circumstances, I was under the necessity of relying wholly on my own pecuniary resources, arising from the sale of one little elementary book, which twenty or thirty bookmakers and booksellers, were industriously attempting to banish from use. In the manner of executing the dictionary, I was left without the aid of other men's opinions, depending entirely on my own judgment. When the work was put to the press, the terms of science were subjected to the revision of other gentlemen ; but the main body of the work was printed from the first copy ; my age forbidding me to revise and transcribe it. If, therefore, I have not accomplished all which has been expected or desired, the peculiar circumstances of the case, will, in the minds of candid men, be a sufficient apology. If any man, with the same means, and in the same time, can do more, and do it better, let him make the attempt.

On beginning the dictionary, one of the first discoveries I made was, that a vast field of inquiry into the origin and affinity of words, their primary signification, and the connection between the principal languages of Asia and Europe, had never been surveyed at all, or had been very imperfectly explored. I, therefore, employed about ten years in exploring this field, and composed a Synopsis of principal words in twenty languages ; classing the words according to their radical letters, or their cognates ; with references from words in one language to words in other languages, which, having the like radical letters and signification, may possibly or probably be allied in origin. My researches into these subjects, far from being dry and irksome, became very interesting, from the frequent discovery of facts which were new to me, and from the opening prospect that I might be able to throw some light on an obscure subject ; illustrate some truths, and dissipate some errors in philology. The results have been very satisfactory, at least, to myself.

Without enumerating the benefits of this investigation in detail, it may be proper to specify two particulars. One is, the historical evidence it furnishes of the origin, connection and migrations of nations. The other is, the ascertainment of the primary signification of radical words, and the physical objects or actions from which the terms expressing moral and abstract ideas have been derived.

On the first particular I would observe, that many words now used by some or all the nations in Europe, which are of Gothic and Teutonic origin, are found to be common words in Persia to this day. Such are *father, mother, brother, daughter*, the verb *bind*, and many others. We know that migrations of men have been almost uniformly from the East; and hence we infer with certainty that our ancestors were once inhabitants of Persia; that the Gothic and Teutonic tribes had a common origin with the Persians. The word *God* is also Persian, but not found in the languages of Shem's descendants.

There are some words in vulgar use which afford decisive evidence of the same facts. The word *chuk*, which is used in calling swine, is a Persian word, signifying a hog. Hence the name *wood-chuk*. Our farmers, in calling cows, utter the word *kek* or *ko*, which is the Persian pronunciation of *cow*.

By means of language also we trace the progress or *course* of migrations. Thus the promontory *Cragus*, in Asia Minor, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. v. xxvii. is doubtless the English word *crag*, which we have received from the Welsh; a fact indicating that the ancestors of that nation were once inhabitants of Cilicia. So *Perga* in Pamphylia, is, doubtless, the modern word *berg* or *bergen*.

In regard to the second particular, it may be observed, that etymological researches are necessary to the discovery of the primary sense of radical words. Words used to express moral or abstract ideas, have their origin in terms first used to denote physical objects or action. This field of inquiry has yet been scarcely occupied; and the little that has been done in exploring it has produced no very valuable information.

An example, or two, will show the importance of this subject. The connection between the moral and physical sense of *right* is very obvious. In a physical sense, *right* signifies *straight*, as a *right line*; and this, in a figurative sense, is *straight* in morals. But the Latin verb *rego*, whence *rectus*, signifies to rule, govern, guide, and this implies *restraint*. Hence the primary sense is to *strain*, to *stretch*. This physical action makes *straight*, and it *restrains*, in governing. Hence the Latin *regio*, region. If this word was first applied to a limit or border, the sense is, the utmost *stretch*. If it was in general, *extent* or tract of country, still the sense was taken from stretching, extending. All this is too obvious to require proof. But let any person look at Ainsworth's explanation of the etymology of *regio*, and observe how wild and improbable are his opinions, and those of the author from whom he borrows them.

No person would, without examination, suspect the word *dress*, in the sense of putting on clothes, or of preparing food for the table, to be derived from the Latin *dirigo, rego*, and that the primary sense is to make straight. Yet this is certain. The sense of *straight*, gives that of *right*, and from this is derived the sense of preparing, or fitting for proper use.

I was formerly unable to understand the connection between the French *heure*, an hour, and *heureux*, fortunate, happy; or why *tide*, in Anglo-Saxon, should be made to signify *tide* in English; or how the word *tempest* could rationally be deduced from the Latin *tempus*, time.

These and a thousand similar difficulties vanish, when the original sense of words, and the manner of deducing moral from physical senses, is clearly understood.

The original signification of *hour, heure*, is *time*; and the primary sense of *time*, is a falling, happening, or coming, like *event* from *evenio*. The original sense of *happy* is *fortunate*, or *lucky*, and luck is that which comes or falls to us; the word being used in a good sense. So *happy* in English, is from *happening*, from the Welsh *hapiaw*, to happen.

A similar process of derivation is found in the words *tide* and *tempest*. *Tid* in Saxon, is *time*, that which comes; in English, *tide* is a *coming* of the sea. And here let it be observed, that as *upa* in Greek is primarily *time*, and this gives the sense also of beauty or comeliness; so the Saxon *tid*, time, gives *tidy*, that is, *seasonable*, in good time, hence fit, hence neat. So *tempus* in Latin, gives *tempestivus*, *seasonable*, and *tempestas*, a *tempest*, from the original sense of the root, to come, fall, or rush. So *betide* in English retains the original sense of the radix, to fall, or come upon. Let these examples suffice to illustrate this point.

Another important use of etymological inquiries, judiciously conducted, is to illustrate the affinity of languages. In order to determine the identity of words in different languages, the principal points to be observed are, the sameness of the radical letters, and the sameness of signification. But such is the aptitude of men to vary in the enunciation of sounds, that the letters of one language are in another often changed into their cognates, that is, different letters of the same

organs. Thus *b*, *p*, *f*, and *v*, being all formed by the lips, are often interchanged ; as are *d* and *t* ; *g* and *k* ; *s* and *z* ; *l* and *r* ; the latter, however, being less frequent.

But many words occur in our language, and probably in all others, in which such alterations of orthography have taken place, that their identity with others, cannot be known, without a particular knowledge of the whole process of change, or its several steps. Thus we could not determine the French *bras*, English *brace*, to be derived from the Latin *brachium*, without knowing that *bras* is formed from the Spanish *brazo*, and this from the Italian *braccio* ; the letter *z* in Spanish, having formerly the force or sound of *c*. So we should not be able to refer the French *congé* to its true source, unless we had the Italian *congedare*, to give leave, which is evidently an alteration of the Latin *concedo*. But in this instance, we have additional evidence from the fact that the Celtic nations often used *g*, where the Latins used *c* ; for *cedo* in Welsh is *gadaw* ; and *calo*, to call, is *galec*.

By extensive researches we obtain another advantage ; that of finding the radix and primary sense of words which, in one language, are detached from their root. Thus *bright*, in English, is unconnected with any radix now existing in the Teutonic dialects ; but the whole family, stock and branches, are found in the Ethiopic. *Bright* is the participle of the verb *barak*, to shine, or to illuminate ; and written in Ethiopic precisely as it is in our mother tongue, *berkt* or *beorht*.

One of the first things which arrests the attention of the learner of English, is the imperfection and anomalous character of our alphabet. We have thirty-six or thirty-seven distinct sounds and articulations, to represent which we have no more than twenty-six characters. Of course, the same character must represent more sounds or articulations than one. In addition to this, different letters are, in some instances, used to express the same sound.

Of these irregularities, none are more perplexing than the use of *c* as a close articulation, like *k*, before *a*, *o* and *u* ; and as the sibilant *s* before *e*, *i* and *y*—the use of *g* as a close palatal articulation before *a*, *o* and *u* ; and sometimes before *e* and *i* ; while in other words it has a compound sound, before *e* and *i*, like *j*. Nothing can be more absurd and perplexing than to give to a letter one name or sound by itself, and another name or sound in combination with other letters in words. To name the letter *c*, *se*, and then to give it the power of *k*, as in *cap*, *cope*, *cup*, is intolerably absurd, and none but the teacher and the pupil, can justly estimate the trouble, perplexity and delay, which it occasions to the young learner.

This evil, however, admits an easy remedy. The method I have adopted is, to use a small mark across the *c*, when it is used as a palatal letter, like *k*, before *a*, *o* and *u*. This form of the letter is called *ke*. Before *e*, *i* and *y*, it retains its usual form and name. Thus also *g* without a point, I call by the sound it has before *a*, making it a palatal letter ; but with a point over it, it is called *jee*, as it has precisely the use of *ja*.

The letter *w* is called *double u*, as it is composed of two *v*'s ; being the Latin form of *u*. That this letter should continue to be thus named, is an astonishing evidence of the force of habit. The sound of *w* is nearly the same as our *oo*, the French *ou*, and it ought to be so named. Several other slight alterations in naming the letters of the alphabet might be made with advantage.

No essential alteration of the characters in our alphabet can, or ought ever to be made. New characters cannot be introduced. The introduction of a new alphabet would render all our present books useless to the next generation ; or our people would be obliged to learn two alphabets instead of one ; nor could our children read French, Spanish, Italian, or Latin, without learning two alphabets. But in addition to these considerations, the Roman characters now used are the best characters that have been invented ; the most simple in form and most easy to the eye ; and ought never to be exchanged for others.

The only practicable remedy for the imperfections of our alphabet seems to be that which was adopted in the Hebrew, and which is, to some extent, used in certain languages on the continent of Europe. This is, the use of points above or below the letters. These do not disfigure the letters so as to render them obscure ; nor do they offend the eye. These points may be few in number, and used only to mark the more anomalous sounds of the letters. This is the mode I have adopted, and it is sufficient to ascertain the sound of letters in most of the anomalies. As to such words as are too irregular to admit of this remedy, they are not very numerous, and may be collected into separate tables, in elementary books, with directions for the pronunciation. These tables, such as are formed in my *Elementary Spelling Book*, should be repeated by pupils, till they become

as familiar as the letters of the alphabet. It is for this reason that a good Spelling Book is the most important class book for young learners that is ever used.

Notwithstanding all that has been done by lexicographers to reduce our orthography to some uniformity, it still remains in an unsettled state,—irregular, and, in some cases, erroneous. There are, probably, two thousand words which are differently written by different authors. In some classes of words, there is neither system nor consistency. From the old orthography of *authour*, *ancestour*, *successour*, &c. the letter *u* has been discarded; but it is retained in *honour*, *ardour*, *candour*, and several others of this family, without the shadow of reason. While *honour* and *honourable* retain *u*, *honorary* has lost it; *vigour* is written with *u*; *invigorate*, without it; *inferiour*, *superiour* with *u*; *inferiority*, *superiority* without it; *labour* with *u*; *laborious* without it; *musick* with *k*, *musical* without it; and in like manner, hundreds of other words of like orthography. From this class of words, however, most writers have rejected the *k*; and had it not been, for the influence of Walker's Dictionary, which has brought into schools, in some elementary books, this antiquated spelling, our language would have been, ere this, wholly purified from this deformity. But we have diversities of other kinds in constant use; *risk* and *risque*; *gulf* and *gulph*; *surprise* and *surprize*; *enterprise* and *enterprize*; *artisan* and *artizan*; *bark* and *barque*; *diocese* and *diocess*; *blamable* and *blameable*; *methodize* and *methodise*; and others, too numerous to be here recited.

In determining the orthography of certain classes of words, I have adopted the rule of *uniformity* in words of like formation. This prevents *exceptions* which are more troublesome to learners than rules.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Ardor*, *armor*, *candor*, *favor*, *color*, *clamor*, *error*, *honor*, *labor*, *parlor*, *rigor*, *rumor*, *splendor*, *terror*, *tenor*, *vapor*, *valor*, *vigor*, *inferior*, *exterior*, *interior*, *superior*, *savior*, *endeavor*, &c. are written without *u*; there being no good reason why *u* should be retained in any of these words, rather than in *author*, *predecessor*, and *successor*. This obviates the inconvenience of writing *u* in *labour* and omitting it in *laborious*; *u* in *vigor* and not in *invigorate*; *u* in *inferior*, and not in *inferiority*, &c. These irregularities are perplexing to the learner.

2. *Cubic*, *music*, *public*, *rhetoric*, and hundreds of similar words, of Greek and Latin origin, and others formed in analogy with them, are written without *k*; for it is inconvenient, not to say absurd, to write the primitives, *cubick*, *music*, &c. with *k*, and be obliged to drop it in *cubical*, *musical*, *publication*, *rhetorical*, &c. The exception is, in words which may be used as verbs, in which the participles &c. require *k* before *e* and *i*, as *traffick*, *frollick*, *trafficked*, *frollicking*.

Words of different origin, which have always been written with *k*, and which have not derivatives, retain *k*, as in *fetlock*, *hemlock*, *wedlock*. Monosyllables also are excepted, as *sick*, *lock*, *flock*, for most of them have derivative verbs and participles, as *sicken*, *locked*, *flocking*.

3. *Defense*, *expense*, *offense*, *pretense*, *recompense*, with *s*; not solely because the originals have *s*, but because *s* must be written in the derivatives, *defensive*, *expensive*, *offensive*, *pretension*, *recompensing*.

4. *Blamable*, *abatable*, *debatable*, *movable*, *ratable*, *salable*, *reconcilable*, and all similar words are written without *e*, except when *e* follows *c* or *g*, as in *noticeable*, *serviceable*, *changeable*.

5. *Appall*, *befall*, *install*, *forestall*, *miscall*, *recall*, *inthrall*, retain *ll* in the primitives; for if one *l* is dropped in the primitives, it must be restored in the derivatives, *befalling*, *installing*, *miscalling*, &c. Besides, it is a general rule in the language, that *a* before *ll* has its broad sound, (*mall* and *shall* being excepted,) and if *l* is dropped in *befal*, *miscal*, &c. the orthography leads to a false pronunciation.

6. *Foretell*, *distill*, *instill*, *fulfill*, retain *ll* in the primitives; for it must be restored in the derivatives *foretelling*, *distilling*, *instilling*, *fulfilling*, &c. In such words the pupil has only to learn a rule consisting of a few words, that *tell*, *still*, *fill*, retain *ll* in all the derivatives.

7. In like manner, *dull*, *full*, *skill*, will retain *ll* in the derivatives, to prevent the inconvenience of exceptions. There seems to be no reason for writing *dullness*, *fullness*, *skillful*, *willful*, with a single *l*, which does not require one *s* to be dropped in *blissful*, *distressful*. In the compound *fulfill*, and in the terminations of *distressful*, *mournful*, the loss of one *l* in *ful* creates little inconvenience, for it is uniform.

8. *Connection*, *deflection*, *inflection*, *reflection*, always follow the verbs, *connect*, *deflect*, *inflect*, *reflect*. Complex and reflex constitute each a different class.

9. All verbs formed from the termination of Greek and Latin verbs in *ize*, and such as are formed in the like analogy, are written with *ize*; as generalize, legalize, moralize. See the *Elementary Spelling Book*, Sect. 137, 138. This termination and *ism* never change the accent of the primitive word.

Words from the French *priser*, and others, retain the *s* of the original; as surprise, enterprise, comprise, devise, revise, merchandise. The reason of this distinction is obvious. The termination *ize* has a definite signification, *to make*, and should be retained in all cases. The French *ies* confounds this termination with one that has no connection with it.

10. When a verb of two or more syllables ends in a single unaccented consonant, preceded by a single vowel, the final consonant is not doubled in the derivatives. Thus appareled, caveling, canceled, caviler, dueling, duelist, libeled, libelous, equalled, reveling, traveler, traveling, quarreling, &c. is the proper orthography. See the *Elementary Spelling Book*, Sect. 149.

This rule, always admitted to be just, has been violated, probably from mere negligence; or partly from the omission of the participles in the English dictionaries. There is certainly no more propriety in doubling the last consonant in these words, than in limiting, pardoning, delivering, and others, in which the last consonant is never doubled. But what should we think of limiting, pardoning, deliverering, harboring, laborred, laborrer?

The orthography of dispatch, instructor, visitor, used by all authors before Johnson's time, and still used by many, has been restored. Johnson altered the spelling in opposition to the practice of that cluster of eminent writers who adorned the beginning of the last century; and, what is more singular, in contradiction of his own practice in some of his writings. See his *Rambler*, *Rasselas*, and his *Dictionary*, under the words *speed* and *send*. Besides, from visitor we have *visitorial*, not *visitatorial*, as Blackstone writes the word.

The French word *basilif* is retained by Johnson with a single *f*; but the French *plaintif*, he spells in English *plaintiff*; from the French *pontife*, Latin *pontifex*, he forms *pontiff*, with two *fs*; but the derivatives *pontifical*, *pontificats*, with one. There is no more propriety in writing two *fs* in these words, nor in *sheriff* and *mastiff*, than in adding twenty letters of the same kind.

As most of the monosyllables in *ff*, as *cuff*, *muff*, *miff*, *stiff*, are used as verbs and have derivatives, *cuffed*, *puffed*, *stiffen*, &c. they must retain *ff*; and for the sake of uniformity, other monosyllables may well be written in the same manner.

Woe is often written *wo*; but why alter this word and not *doe*, *foe*, *roe*, *toe*? If we omit *e*, in *doe*, *toe*, then *do* and *to* are confounded with two other words. It is better to let them all remain unaltered.

These rules, if observed, will remove some of the evils of our very irregular orthography; and even a partial improvement seems to be worthy of a favorable reception. They are already adopted to a considerable extent, by the editors of some of our most popular and extensively circulated papers and periodicals.

The most obvious method of banishing discrepancies in orthography is to supply schools with books of uniform orthography, and continue them in permanent use.

There are some errors in orthography, which have proceeded, doubtless, from ignorance or negligence, but which are too palpable to admit any defense.

Comptroller is an egregious mistake. It is not from the French *compter*, but from *contre*, *contra* and *roll*. It is strange that such an obvious blunder should have been continued to this day. The true word is *controller*.

Chimistry is written *chymistry* and *chemistry*, from a difference of opinion, or rather a difference of *guesses*, about its etymology. It is mortifying to see what reverence is paid to the mere *guesses* of men of erudition! In fact, the origin of the word is now well known; it is from the Arabic; and the true orthography is *chimistry*; and so it is pronounced. This spelling accords with the first syllable of the word in French, Spanish and Italian.

How the word *zink* came to be altered to *zinc*, I do not know. In all the northern languages, whence we have received the word, it is *zink*; and this admits the regular adjective, *zinky*. *Zincous* is ill-formed, and ought to be rejected.

Gangue is a deformity in the language. The word in all the northern languages is *gang*, a going, a course, or vein. Who was stupid enough to add *ue* to the word I cannot conceive, nor why it was added. We might just as well write *longue* for *long*.

How the French *melasse*, Italian *melassa*, came to be changed in English to *mollasses*, cannot now be known. Edwards, in his history of the West Indies, writes it correctly *melasses*, and so it is pronounced.

Redoubt is false spelling. Every tyro in French knows that it is the French *redoute*, in which the letter *b* never appeared. The insertion of *b* was a palpable blunder. What would men say if we should write *stoubt* for *stout*; or *loubd* for *loud*? Yet *redoubt* presents a precisely similar innovation and absurdity. Similar objections may be made to *redoubtable*.

Mould is false orthography. It is the Anglo-Saxon *mold*, and was so written by Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c.

Furlough is an egregious mistake in orthography. The word is *furrow*. *Flow*, the noun and the verb, should be written alike; so also *practice*, the noun and the verb. The verb is from the noun, and *practiss* is not to be justified on any principle. What should we say, if men should write to *notise*, from the noun *notice*? This is a similar case.

Suit, a retinue, is, by some affected speakers, pronounced *sweet*, and it is sometimes written *suits*. Why this singularity? It is the same word when used for retinue, as it is when used for a series or set of cards, or of clothes, or of apartments. It is from the French *suite*, to follow, denoting a series or succession of things. No difference should be made, therefore, in the orthography, when differently applied. Jameson, the latest orthoepist, has wisely discarded *suits*, and it ought to be banished from books.

Ozyd, as regularly formed from the Greek *ὀζυς*, by Lavoisier, and his associates, has been changed to *ozide*,—a change most unwarranted; for it makes *i* the representative of the Greek *υ*, contrary to universal usage in other cases, and without the pretence of a reason, adds a final *e*. And how very inconsistent is the practice of writing *ozyd* with *t*, and *oxygen*, from the same Greek original with *y*.

Allodge is written *allage*, from the Latin *allago*. But *allage*, as written, according to a universal rule, in our language, should be pronounced *allagee*, with *e* long. Now, if lexicographers had attended to the original orthography of other words in which *d* immediately precedes *g*, they would have inserted *d* in *allodge*. In all words probably of this class, *d* has been inserted to prevent mispronunciation. In the originals of *hedge*, *ledge*, *lodge*, *pledge*, *wedge*, &c. there is no *d*; but without it, the words would probably be mispronounced; and *d* having been inserted in all similar words, this general rule should be observed in *allodge*, and so it was formerly written.

In a few other words, the original and true orthography has been so corrupted, as to obscure the originals. Thus the Saxon *tung*, *tunga*, has been changed to *tongue*; *island*, has been changed to *island*; *suveran*, has been changed to *sovereign*; and such mistakes or blunders are sanctioned by long usage. If such corruptions are to be continued, and entailed upon the many millions of our nation, who are to people our vast territory, because we will not take a little trouble to correct them, nor suffer our children to be better taught; be it so. I can only propose what is correct—it belongs to others to determine whether the corrections shall be adopted.

Orthoepy, is in a condition no better than orthography. About sixty years ago, efforts began to be made to reduce to a standard the pronunciation of words in England, which is a Babel in its dialects. How far Kenrick, Sheridan, Walker, Jones, and Perry, have succeeded in the object, it is not easy to determine. Certain it is, that nothing like uniformity of pronunciation, is to be found in these authors; they differ in a thousand words. The English say that no uniformity can be produced in that country, on account of the various dialects which exist, and which are used in Parliament. These dialects are of such extent, and so riveted upon the nation, that no human efforts can extirpate them. In this country, there is little that can be called dialect.

For fifteen or twenty years past, it has been a current opinion, in the United States, that Walker is the standard of orthoepy in England. How this opinion came to be propagated, it is needless to inquire; it has been a profitable opinion to booksellers; but is, in truth, a great imposition on the American community. Walker has his adherents in England, as every other author has; but so little has his name been known, that the members of the British parliament, when in this country six years ago, informed gentlemen that they never heard of that author, till they came to the United States.

Walker wrote a few years after Sheridan, nearly fifty years ago. His notation of sounds, in many whole classes of words, is condemned, and in some instances, ridiculed by later writers on orthoepy; and, I know, from many months residence in England, that, in several classes of words, his notation of sounds does not accord with the established usage of well-bred men in that country. His old orthog-

raphy, in which *k* is written after *c*, as in *musick*, has been long rejected, in Great-Britain, and it has generally been in the United States.

So inaccurate was Walker's ear, that he erred in analyzing the sounds of our letters. The sound *i* he resolves into the Italian *e* and *e*. This is incorrect. The sound of *a* in *army* is formed deeper in the throat than the incipient sound of *i*. The sound of *i* is peculiar, and can be learned only by the ear.

Walker, and other orthoepists, resolve the sound of *u* into *e* or *y* and *oo*; that is *yu*. It has this sound in *unit*, and many others; but in *duty*, *fury*, and all similar situations, it has not the sound of *eu* or *yu*. These words are not pronounced *deuty*, *feury*, on either side of the Atlantic. The precise sound of *u* cannot be expressed on paper.

Walker gives to the sounds of *th* the epithets *flat* and *sharp*. But the *th* in *think* is aspirated, or a mere breathing; in *those*, it is vocal, a breathing accompanied with sound. The epithets *flat* and *sharp* are not applicable to these letters; which might as well be called *black* and *blue*, or *sweet* and *sour*.

Walker's distinction between the sounds of *i* in the two syllables of *ability*, making the last *i*, as also the *y*, to have precisely the sound of *e* long, is an egregious mistake, and it indicates an ear extremely inaccurate in distinguishing sounds. His notation of the sound of *i* and *y* at the end of unaccented syllables, making it *e* long, instead of short, as *abilectee*, *vaneetee*, is a most palpable mistake; it is contrary to all usage in England and America, followed by no person, and ridiculed by a later orthoepist. This mistake extends to more than eleven thousand syllables.

Walker's notation of the sound of *a* before *s*, as in *lass*, *mast*,—making it short as in *fascy*; his distinction between *u* after *r*, as in *rude* [rood] and after other letters, as in *duty* and *cube*; his giving to *ch* the sound of *sh*, as in *bench*, *branch*, [benah, bransh]; his giving to *i* after *k* and *g*, the sound of *ci*, as in *kind*, *guard*, [keind, gyard]; his converting *d* into *j* in *education*, *immediate*, *obedient*, [edjucation, immejeate, obejeent]; his making the sound of *oo* in *book*, *cook*, *took*, the same as in *boot*; his making *circle* to be *serkl*; these are all wrong. His making two syllables of *cia* and *tia*, as in *glacial*, *partiality*, while he makes them one syllable only in *social*, *sociable*, and *partial*, is a most unaccountable inconsistency. If, as he says, *c* and *t* have the sound of *sh*, before certain vowels, why not in all cases? and why not in *nation* and *motion*, pronounced *nashion*, *moshion*? His notation is wrong in a numerous class of words, as is the principle he assumes, that *c* and *t* have the sound of *sh*. The truth is, the sound of *sh* in *glacial*, *partial*, *gracious*, proceeds from the blending of *ti* and *ci*; and not from the consonant alone. The common pronunciation which unites *cia*, *cio*, *tia*, &c. in one syllable is correct.

Walker's representation of the articulation *nk*, by *ngk*, as in *link*, *ink*, *sink*, [lingk, ingk, singk] was an after-thought. I have a copy of his dictionary in which it is not used. It is, however, incorrect; the nasal sound of *ng* in *ling*, *sing*, not being protracted in *link*, *sink*. But if it were otherwise, Walker's spelling is unnecessary. The letters *nk* [Saxon *nc*] have been the representatives of the proper sound from the time the Saxon language was first written, more than a thousand years, and no person ever did, or ever can mistake it. Why then encumber books with this awkward orthography; *lingk*, *ingk*, *distinght*? It is absolutely ridiculous.

The mistakes, and the fastidious criticisms of Walker have had a mischievous effect in corrupting the pronunciation of words in the United States; or, in exciting doubts and differences of opinion, in cases where no doubt or difference before existed.

There are some mistakes in pronunciation, which evidently proceed from mere negligence, or ignorance of regular analogies. Thus, the English lay the accent of *catholicism*, *catholicize*, on the second syllable, or antepenult. It seems never to have occurred to their lexicographers, that, in no other case do the terminations *ism* and *ize*, added to words, vary the accent of the original. Had they attended to such words as *favoritism*, *paganism*, *heathenism*, *libertinism*; *author-ize*, *civilize*, *generalize*, *mineralize*, and all other words of these classes, they would not have suffered *catholicism* and *catholicize* to remain exceptions.

So the English books lay the accent of *detinue* on the second syllable, in opposition to the modern usage in all other words of this analogy—*avenue*, *retinue*, *revenue*. I never heard *detinue* pronounced otherwise than *det'inue*, with the accent on the first syllable.

With like inattention to analogies, *sulphuric*, is, by some chimists, pronounced *sulph'ric*, with the accent on the second syllable. This word never admits the

termination *al* ; of course, it does not belong to the class which, on account of such addition, must have the penultimate accent. It belongs to the class of *choleric*, *plethoric*, *splenetic*, in which the accent of the original words is retained ; *sulphur*, *sulphuric*.

So the English accentuation of *demonstrate*, *extirpate*, the verb *alternate*, and several other verbs of like formation, is a deviation from one of the plainest rules of analogy, and of euphony, in the language. The verbs with the termination *ate* are probably more numerous than those of any other class in the language ; and the general rule is to accent the antepenult ; as in *abdicate*, *agitate*, *arrogate*, *educate*, *accelerate*, *consecrate*, *designate*. No exception should be admitted, except in words where a combination of consonants renders the enunciation difficult or harsh, as in *inspissate* ; or for obvious reasons of euphony. In this class of verbs the euphony is obvious, especially in the participles, *demonstrating*, *alternating*. By accenting the second syllable, the two last syllables are left wholly unaccented, and this renders the enunciation of them difficult, especially when they abound with consonants, as in *demonstrating*, in which six articulations occur in the two last syllables. The organs revolt at the necessity of so many changes of position, without the power of resting. But when the accent is laid on the first syllable, a secondary accent on the third relieves the organs ; the words form two trochaic feet ; and the enunciation of every syllable is smooth and easy.

The great principles, which have determined the accent of English words, are the ease of enunciation, and euphony. To prove this, let any person attempt to pronounce *deformity* on any syllable except the second ; or let him vary the accent of *construction*, *negation*, *arbitrary*. The experiment will satisfy him that the ease of the organs of speech and the ear have settled the accentuation.

The same principles are applicable to derivatives ; for when the number of syllables is increased, it is often necessary to shift the accent to a different syllable, solely for the sake of an easy enunciation of all the syllables. These circumstances have not had their due influence in determining the accent of original words, when no change of accent takes place in the derivatives. It is, however, a consideration of no small consequence.

In the definition of words, the negligence of authors is unaccountable.

To migrate, is " to remove ; to change place." Then a family, that removes from one street to another in a city, *migrates* !

To permeate, is " to pass through." Then we *permeate* a door or gate, when we enter an edifice !

Pecculation is " the theft of public money, or robbery of the public." This is incorrect.

Accomplices is an " associate, a partner." But are partners in trade *accomplices* ?

A *ship*, say Johnson and Walker, is a *large* hollow building made to pass over the sea with sails.

A *sloop*, says Johnson, is a *small ship*, commonly with only *two* masts !

A *sloop*, says Walker, is a *small ship*.

A *lizard*, say Johnson and Walker, is an animal resembling a serpent, with legs added to it. In some of our American abridgments, the *legs* are removed, and a lizard is an animal resembling a serpent.

Is it not strange that such definitions should stand uncorrected for nearly *eighty* years, in the best English dictionary ? Is it not strange that not one compiler of a dictionary in London, the chief commercial city in Europe, should note the characteristic difference between a ship and a sloop, or schooner, that one is square-rigged, and the others, furnished with boom and gaff ? Is it not still more strange that such definitions should be continued, in editions or abridgments of English dictionaries, recently stereotyped under the very eaves of our colleges ?

English Grammar is in a condition not more favorable than the orthography, and pronunciation of words. Wallis, in the days of Charles II., published a valuable grammar of the English language in Latin. Dr. Lowth, about sixty years ago, published a grammar, with very valuable improvements, particularly in his critical notes. This was a class-book in some of our colleges during the revolution. Dr. Priestley published a grammar about the time that Lowth's work appeared, containing some good practical observations ; and Dr. Crombie has more recently added to the stock of critical remarks.

Lindley Murray, about thirty years ago, compiled a grammar chiefly from the authors, Lowth and Priestley, above mentioned ; with a few additional remarks

from Harris, Johnson, Coote, Sheridan, and Walker. Murray himself added nothing to the stock of materials composing his book, except exemplifications of the principles and rules, borrowed from the preceding writers. Not being a classical scholar, nor at all acquainted with the mother tongue of the English, he was unable to determine how far his authors are right, in their principles; he, therefore, took them as he found them; but he has introduced into his octavo an extract from the *Diversions of Purley*, in which there are several mistakes, and many of his principles are erroneous.

Horn Tooke's illustrations of some of the words called *conjunctions* and *prepositions* opened a new field of inquiry; which will ultimately produce valuable results. But his researches were very limited, and he has fallen into some material mistakes.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, all the British grammars, which I have seen, are erroneous in some important particulars.

1. These grammars all make the *article* a separate part of speech. This is a mistake in all grammars, as well as in English. The word *article* has no meaning, except that which is wholly arbitrary. If this name is used, because the article is supposed to limit and define words, the same reason in English should extend the name to *this* and *that*, and to *one*, *two*, *three*, and all other words denoting number. *This* and *that* are more definite or definitive than *the*; and *two*, *three*, and *four*, are as definitive as *an* or *a*, one. The truth is, the article, so called, is a mere adjective of a particular use, but no more entitled to constitute a class of words, or part of speech, than *one*, *two*, *black*, *blue*, &c.

"A," says Lowth, "is used in a vague sense, to point out one single thing of the kind, in other respects indeterminate. *A* becomes *an* before a vowel."

Here we stumble at the threshold. The very first rule of our grammars contains two false affirmations. *A* does not become *an* before a vowel; the reverse is the truth; *an* is the original word, and this loses its last letter, and becomes *a* before a consonant.

This adjective is neither more nor less than the Saxon spelling of *one*, Latin *un-us*. It denotes *one*, and nothing else; and so far is it from being an indefinite article, that it is used indifferently before any word, definite or indefinite.

If from a basket of oranges, I say to a child, bring me *an* orange, the *an* denotes one indefinitely—bring me *one* orange—any one in the basket. So it would be if I should tell the child to bring me *two* or *three* oranges. These words, in this case, would refer to any *two* or *three*, and the words *two* and *three* would be *indefinite articles*, precisely for the reason that *an* is alledged to be such an article.

But let the rule respecting this word be tested by examples.

"Show me the tribute money. And they brought to him *a* penny." Here *a*, according to our grammars, is one of the kind, but in other respects *indeterminate*; that is, it is uncertain which. Matt. xxii. 19.

"The first when he had married *a* wife, deceased." That is any wife, uncertain which or who. v. 25.

"And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in *a* clean linen cloth." That is, in any clean linen cloth, indeterminate. Matt. xxvii. 59.

"And he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre." That is, any stone, indeterminate. Matt. xxvii. 60.

"And behold there was *a* great earthquake." That is, one earthquake, indeterminate. Matt. xxviii. 2.

"And seeing the multitudes, he went up into *a* mountain." That is, one mountain, indeterminate. Matt. v. 1.

"And suddenly there shined around him *a* light from heaven." That is, one light, but indeterminate. Acts ix. 3.

David left *a* flourishing kingdom to his son Solomon. That is, one kingdom, indeterminate, uncertain which.

We enjoy *a* period of peace. That is, any period, indeterminate.

Congress consists of *a* senate, and *a* house of representatives; that is, one senate, and one house, but indeterminate.

"*A* certain Pharisee besought him to dine with him." That is, one Pharisee, uncertain which, indeterminate. Luke xi. 37.

"There is *a* lad here, who hath five barley loaves." That is, one lad, indeterminate. John vi. 9.

So much for the *article*.

2. The English tenses are not rightly named, nor are they all exhibited in any British grammar which I have seen. According to the usual arrangement, *he*

created is in the *imperfect* tense—the tense denoting unfinished action. But we are informed that God *created* the heaven and the earth, &c. and they were *finished*. God *ended* his works.

This name of the tense is borrowed from the Latin, and seems to be continued in our books by the force of custom. The tense in English to which this name should be attached is *he was creating*, the definite form of the tense. But the definite tenses are not displayed in any British grammar; and this may be considered as a great defect. With the definite forms of the verb, added to the indefinite, the English language is probably richer in forms of the verb to express time with precision, than any other language in Europe.

In the use of the definite tenses, the authors of our present version of the scriptures have not been sufficiently liberal. Thus, while he *spoke* these things would be better rendered, while he *was speaking*. Matt. ix. 18.—Acts x. 44.

As *he went*, would be better rendered, as *he was going*. 2 Sam. xviii. 33.—Matt. xxv. 10.—Luke xvii. 14.—Acts xvi. 16 and xxvi. 12. The following is more worthy of notice. "Jesus knowing—that he was come from God and *went* to God"—instead of *was going*. John xiii. 3.

3. The British grammars are, in no particular, more incorrect, than in classing the pronoun *that*, and certain verbs and participles, with conjunctions.

The word *that* in English is never a conjunction; it is always a pronoun or substitute, and has two applications—one to a person or thing; the other to a sentence or some particular word—it may be an adjective. When we apply it to a person or thing, as *that man*, *that horse*, all men agree that it is a pronominal adjective. But in this sentence, "I supposed *that* he intended to delay;"—*that* is called a conjunction. Not so; *that* is here a pronoun or substitute for the latter clause of the sentence—*he intended to delay*, I supposed *that*, that fact.

This error is not peculiar to English grammars; it occurs in our Latin and Greek grammars and lexicons, which make *quod* in Latin, and *oti* in Greek, conjunctions, when they refer to sentences. This mistake has led to numerous errors in translations. In the Latin translation of the New Testament by Montanus, a copy of which accompanies Leusden's Greek Testament, I should judge, from inspecting a few pages, that the translations of *oti* is wrong, in one half the instances in which it occurs in the original. It is rendered by *quia* or *quoniam*, when it ought to be by *quod*. The English version is more correct; but a mistake occurs in Luke i. 45—"Blessed is she that believed; *for* there shall be a performance," &c. It ought to be rendered—"Blessed is she that believed *that* there shall be a performance," &c. She believed the prediction or promise would be fulfilled. This error has been corrected by that learned and judicious critic, Dr. Campbell, who assigns his reasons in his notes, but evidently he did not understand the true character of *oti*. The common mistake is in the Vulgate, in Beza's translation, and in other versions. In the foregoing passage, Beza has *nam*, instead of *quod*. But this author has often omitted to translate the Greek word, and, in some instances, the authors of our version have done the same.

If, say all the British grammars and dictionaries, is a conjunction. But when it begins a chapter or a book, what is it then? The truth is, that according to the definition and uses of conjunctions, *if* is no more one of this class of words, than it is a noun, or pronoun. *If* is contracted from *gif*, give, a verb, and in all our Saxon books written *gif*. Notwithstanding this contracted form of the word, it is still a verb, and must be so interpreted. The manner of introducing conditions, or clauses expressing them, is this—give, grant, allow, establish one fact, and then the consequence or inference will follow. "If, or *gif*, give that, you will lend me Livy, I will read the book." Grant or establish the former fact, the *lending*, and it follows that I will read. But when a pupil has been taught to say, *if* is a conjunction, he is taught nothing of the real construction of the sentence. He calls the word by a wrong name, and is just as ignorant of the truth, as he was at his birth.

Similar remarks may be made respecting some other words; as *though*, *notwithstanding*, *provided*, *si* in Latin, *pendant que* and *pour vu que* in French. "Mais *pendant que* les hommes dormoient." Matt. xii. "Pourvu *que* j'acheve avec joie ma course." Acts xx.

Notwithstanding in English, with *that* expressed or understood, or with a sentence; and *provided* also, with *that* or a sentence, in like manner, always constitute the case absolute or independent clause—and so do the French words in italics, in the foregoing passages.

Of what use is it then to teach pupils to say, *if* is a conjunction, *notwithstanding* is a conjunction, *that* is a conjunction, *provided* is a conjunction? It would

be just as useful to tell them to repeat daily : " porpesses travel about on the ocean, riding on donkies—whales subsist on baked apples and gingerbread ! " Yet such rules are taught in all our seminaries, and called *grammar*.

Nor is practice, in many respects, more correct than the rules of grammar. What sort of English are the following sentences ?

I told my brother that if he *went* [should go] to-morrow, I would accompany him.

Lord Liverpool replied, that when the proper time *came* [should come] his colleagues would not object to the terms.

He is intelligent, but from his conversation I should think he *was* fanciful—[think him *to be* fanciful.]

Parents should be careful that a reciprocal passion *existed* [exists] between the parties, before they *consented* [consent] to an inviolable union.

How far is it to Bermuda ? five hundred miles. Indeed ! I thought it *was* [to be] seven hundred.

What is the hour ? nine o'clock. I thought it *was* [to be] ten. Or I should not think it *was* so late. [I should not think it *to be* so late.]

Is it as cold to-day as it was yesterday ? I should not think it *was*, or I should think it *was* not.

What day of the month is it ? The third. I thought it *was* the fourth.

How shall we define beauty ? He said that beauty *consisted* [consists] in symmetry and proportion pleasing to the eye.

John said he was glad it *was* Sunday to-morrow.

" Then Paul said, I knew not, brethren, that he *was* the High Priest." Acts xiii. 5.

Here the translators have followed popular usage in English, instead of the original Greek, in which the verb is in the present tense. *Ὁς εἶπεν, ἀδελφοί, εἰς τὸν ἀρχιερέα.* I knew not that he *is* the high priest.

We find similar mistakes in every book we read ; and in the conversation of the first scholars, both in England and the United States, we hear similar mistakes, probably every five minutes.

The truth is, we have never had any elementary books in which the genuine construction of sentences, and the true idioms of our language, have been fully stated and illustrated. The study of Philology, for the last century, has declined in England, as some English gentlemen have admitted. Certain it is, this branch of learning is not so well understood as it was in the days of Hicks, Spelman and Camden. It is my deliberate opinion, that the errors introduced or confirmed by Walker's dictionary, and Murray's grammar, cannot be eradicated in half a century.

But it is not the English language only, which requires to be more accurately studied, and reduced to rules. The lexicons of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages require improvement. The etymologies in Ainsworth's Thesaurus are often incorrect, and if they do little harm, it is because students pay no regard to them. Many of the words in the Greek lexicons are not referred to the proper radix, and the definitions in Latin and Greek are often mis-arranged. The primary, or radical sense of words, is scarcely known at all ; and rarely indeed, if ever, do the lexicographers appear to have learned that a large portion of verbs in both languages have lost one of the radical consonants, particularly in the first tense of the indicative mode.

In this country, men of education have little time to devote to subjects not connected with their professional pursuits ; and perhaps a greater evil is, the almost implicit confidence which they have been accustomed to place in the opinions of trans-atlantic authors. Had I not disabused myself of this confidence, which I retained till middle life, my quarto dictionary would never have been executed.

The results of my labors are before the public. I have labored long and assiduously, without assistance, and often without a guide, to investigate a difficult subject, and to find the *truth*. I have endeavored to fix and to establish *principles*, and to substitute them for the arbitrary decisions of fancy, and the fluctuating usages of fashion. If success shall follow my labors ; if the more palpable errors in writing and pronouncing words, and in the construction of sentences shall be corrected ; if more system and uniformity shall be impressed upon the language ; in short, if the language shall be redeemed from the influence of sciolists, who write on subjects they do not understand, and industriously propagate their errors ; my desires will be accomplished, and my labors, repaid. If not, let my books sink into oblivion.

LETTERS FROM OHIO.

NO. II.

I OBSERVE that my former letter was published under the title of "Letters from Ohio. No. I." This amounted to a promise, on your part, Messrs. Editors, that "No. II." should follow. Accordingly here it is, *proxima sed longo intervallo*. If it do no other good, it will, at least, be a redemption of your pledge; tardy, indeed, but still a redemption.

I before gave you a sketch of Cincinnati. *Ex uno disce omnes*. That single case is sufficient to indicate the growth of Ohio in general. She numbers, at this moment, a MILLION of inhabitants. Yet it is only twenty-nine years since she became one of the states of the Union. Her constitution was formed in 1802, and it contains provisions anticipating the time when her population should amount to *twenty thousand*! This constitution has never been altered in a single particular, and you may readily conceive how utterly unsuited it must be for the government of the gigantic state which has grown up under it. Yet, strange to tell, the people cannot be prevailed upon to alter or amend it. They cling to it as tenaciously as the first-born to his birthright. To every proposition for a change, the answer is, "It has made us great; surely it can keep us so." Now, the truth is, they have been striding onward to their present standing, as the fourth state in the Union, not by the aid of their constitution, but in spite of it. Like a vigorous and noble-spirited youth, whom the worst parental discipline cannot spoil, the bold and hardy people of Ohio have prospered and will prosper, beyond all example, under a frame of state government, which, though it has some excellent parts, is, in the main, deplorably defective and ill-contrived.

But not to deal altogether in general assertions, let me state some particulars. The governor has no negative upon the acts of the legislature. How objectionable soever any bill may be, it becomes a law the moment it has passed both houses, and received the signatures of their speakers. Again, the governor has no power of appointment to office, except during the intervals between the sessions of the General Assembly. Of course, popularity is of more account than merit, and the success of the candidate depends rather upon the number of his friends, than the amount of his qualifications. And then the salaries are miserably small. The governor has only twelve hundred dollars, and the judges of the supreme court the same. No other salary exceeds a thousand, and but few amount to that. This is, no doubt, one strong reason why the people are averse to a change; they are charmed with the frugality of their system. But would it not be well for them to call to mind the old maxim, *that poor pay makes poor workmen*! This is certainly true in most cases. Yet justice requires me to say, that our present governor and supreme judges happen to be as able, as zealous, and as faithful officers, as the state could procure, if she had five thousand a year to offer them. And I take the more pleasure in paying them this tribute, because, in their acceptance of office, for such paltry compensation, I am persuaded they must have

sacrificed their private interest to their sense of public duty ; and in these times of venality, such examples are precious. Consider what a drudgery these judges have to perform. The state contains forty thousand square miles, and is divided into seventy-three counties. Now the constitution requires the Supreme Court to be holden once a year in each county, by two judges. Add to this, that the roads are in many parts next to impassable, and you will readily perceive that, divide the labor as they may, they can take very little rest.

But to return to the constitution. The Court of Common Pleas is as badly constituted as it well could be. The state is divided into nine circuits, and each circuit has a *president judge*, with a salary of a thousand dollars. But the president judge holds his court in each county of his circuit, with *three associate judges* chosen from the county, and paid two dollars and a half per day. Of course, these associate judges have either never opened a law book, or are in the lowest rank of that profession. The fact is, that they are, for the most part, men, who, however upright and worthy in other respects, are utterly ignorant of law. Yet, before this court is transacted nine tenths of all the judicial business of Ohio. Think of a profound lawyer, with the study and practice of twenty years, standing up to argue an intricate law question, before such a court, and forced to abide by the decision of a majority of these judges ! Yet so it is ; and when he finds a haphazard opinion given against him, his only way is to conceal his chagrin as well as he can, and appeal to a higher and surer tribunal. But mark how cheap this arrangement makes the title of judge in Ohio. We have now two hundred and nineteen acting associate judges, nine president judges, and four supreme judges. These are all chosen by the Assembly, and hold their office for seven years. And since the principle of *rotation* is pretty generally admitted, and all who have once held the office retain the title, there are, probably, six hundred persons in the state, who are addressed by the title of judge. A stranger may safely venture to put this prefix to the name of every tenth man he meets. And here, by the way, we find another reason for the prevalent reluctance to change the constitution. Under the present system, every respectable farmer and tradesman looks forward to the honor and emolument of being an associate judge ; and it is well understood, that in case of a convention, one of the first propositions submitted, would be to remodel the courts.

Our next and lowest judicial officer is a Justice of the Peace. But he is a far more consequential personage than in most of the states. His jurisdiction extends to all cases within a hundred dollars. And as the venerable forms of pleading are never used in suits before him, so that the assistance of an attorney can safely be dispensed with, it follows that a large amount of collecting business is done by him, to the sore detriment of the lawyers. In fact, this is generally a profitable office, and there is great competition in obtaining it. The incumbent makes it an exclusive business, and in order to encourage the bringing of suits before him, he makes it almost a uniform principle to decide for the plaintiff. This very simple rule of decision, enables the magistrate to despatch business in a most summary manner, and obviates the necessity of wearisome investigation. Produce your claim, swear stiffly to it, and you have judgement in ten minutes ; while the poor

defendant has no recourse but to give bonds, if he can, and appeal to the Common Pleas. It is not easy to conceive of a system of petty tyranny more vexatious than that which is exercised by these magistrates. Wo to the luckless wight who incurs their displeasure. His suit will be sure to go against him.

But do not think that our constitution is entirely censurable. There is one point in which it is worthy of all imitation. The house of representatives can never consist of more than seventy-two members, nor the senate of more than thirty-six. Look at this, Massachusetts, groaning under the burden of your unwieldy legislature, and blush at your want of foresight. Again, Ohio has taken a noble stand on the side of humanity, in respect to her criminal laws. The world does not exhibit a milder system. We have but one capital crime, namely, murder. We have only three which are punishable by imprisonment for life. But I have not room to particularize. Suffice it to say, that we acknowledge no such thing as *common law* in regard to crimes. No man can be punished, but according to the statute. The barbarous and sanguinary doctrines of other times, find no countenance or toleration here. Few states can say as much as this, and for that very reason we suffer. Punishments elsewhere being much severer than here, we actually hold out a lure to rogues and vagabonds. The scoundrel or knave is sure to fare better here, than any where else, and he would be a consummate fool if he did not try his fortune here. Accordingly our jails are thronged with the pickpockets of other states. But crimes of the higher sort are very rare. There have been but two or three executions since the state government was organized. And on the whole, I doubt if there be another state among the twenty-four, which has so little immorality in proportion to its population, confining the remark to its own citizens.

You will perceive, from the tenor of this and my former letter, that the people of Ohio are making a grand political experiment. They are endeavoring to ascertain what is the smallest possible portion of power necessary to be delegated by them to their agents, in order to answer the ends of government. Whatever is not absolutely necessary to be parted with, they are resolved to retain in their own hands. And it is my belief, that, if you examine the constitutions of all the states, you will find that the people of Ohio have kept back more of that power, of which they are the original fountain and source, to be exerted immediately and directly by themselves, as occasion may require, than the people of any other state. Whether this experiment be wise or not, is a question, which, being no politician, I shall not attempt to answer. As I have said before, our prosperity is beyond example. A happier people does not exist. This fact, at first view, would authorise the conclusion, that not to be much governed, is to be well governed. But the experiment is not yet finished. Time will show whether a stronger government is not essential to secure the ends of the social compact. In the mean time, without many historical recollections to foster our state pride, if we were in the humor of boasting, we could point to as many causes of just pride in the actual condition of Ohio, as the citizens of any of our older sister states. It is about seven years since the magnificent project was commenced of cutting two canals entirely across the state, a distance of about two hundred miles. To

effect this, the state has borrowed above five millions of dollars, for which she is now paying interest. Considering the infancy of the state, this was certainly a bold enterprise; and now that railroads and locomotive engines are brought to such perfection, it may be matter of regret that these canals were ever undertaken. Still, as an instance of enlarged public spirit, the vote which gave birth to these vast works, may safely challenge a comparison with any vote passed in any state, since our Union commenced. In the course of eight or ten months, one of these canals will be in full operation. And at that time the entire extent of canal navigation in the state will fall very little short of three hundred miles. I was going to contrast this with the public works of Massachusetts; but, of late, I have perceived indications of a better spirit there, and I forbear to say what truth would sanction of her past indifference. I will only add that these canals are entirely the property of the state; no individual owns a single dollar's worth, except as a citizen and tax-payer of Ohio.

I have thus given you a scanty outline of the municipal regulations of Ohio, as growing out of her peculiar constitution. Do you ask whether she is likely to go on increasing? I answer, that, upon the smallest estimate, nine tenths of the whole surface of the state, making twenty million of acres, is capable of cultivation, and will richly repay the husbandman. Whereas, not so much as two tenths, are now cultivated, and yet a million of inhabitants are abundantly fed. It would seem, therefore, to be a low calculation to say that Ohio has within herself the means of supporting a population of five millions. This would be allowing five acres to every inhabitant; a very large allowance, when we hear of places not so fertile as this, where "every rood of ground maintained its man." But I am not given to vaticination, and will here leave the subject. W.

FROM THE MSS. OF A TRAVELER IN THE EAST.

NO. V.

Our morning lark was the shrill voice of a soldier on the watch; our *reveillee* was the ringing of his pistols, at which sound each man sprang to his feet, and busied himself in getting open his eyes, tightening his sash, and examining his priming; and, in five minutes, the beasts having been loaded, we all, with our pipes in our mouths, made for the olive tree, under which our leader was sitting on his mat, smoking, and waiting for the assembling of a council of war. He had been unable to come to any conclusion the evening before with his confidential soldier, about the route, and the whole band was summoned to give their opinions and settle the business. They gathered around to the number of fifty, and, sitting down on the ground in circles, in the centre of which was the captain, his pipe ever in his mouth, and his string of beads in his hand, they began a noisy, chattering and disputatious conference,—for every man had a voice in the business; but the great majority deciding that it was better to neglect the common precautions, and strike across the plain to

Navarino, rather than follow the less dangerous, but more circuitous route of the mountains, the captain decided with them, and we all moved off *instanter*, except three soldiers, who determined to have their own way ; so we left them.

The march was disturbed by no uncommon event, except that we hurried more than usual, and often caught ourselves looking anxiously about us, lest we should be surprised on the open plain by the Turkish cavalry, twenty of whom would have been more than a match for us, and would, probably, have carried off our heads at their saddle-bows. But we arrived without accident at a small open village, in the centre of the plain, which had been entirely deserted by its inhabitants, but where we found that several captains, with their bands, had rendezvoused, making our number more than three hundred men.

We had eaten our usual dinner of biscuit soaked in water, and olives, which are both delicious and nutritive, when fully ripe ; after which, we were treated to a cup of the true *mocha*, by a captain of our acquaintance, and in a short time the whole camp was wrapped in stillness, like that of midnight ; all were taking their *siesta*, or afternoon nap, and I lay listlessly with my pipe, watching the fantastic figures assumed by the smoke, as it rose in the still, sultry air of noon-day.

Suddenly, methought, I heard a low, rumbling sound like the roaring of a distant beach ; it continued—I could not be mistaken, and I gently, with my foot, pushed Francesco, who lay asleep near me ; he started up, and as soon as I directed his attention to the noise, he applied his ear to the earth for a minute, then sprang up with a look of alarm, and ran toward the outside of the village, and in a moment more I heard his shrill cry of “ The Turks ! the Turks ! up—up, all hands ! the cavalry are upon us ; ” and, quick as light, every man was upon his feet, and without thinking of defence, ran to gratify curiosity and see the danger.

At first, we gazed without saying a word, at a wide-spreading cloud of dust, which, advancing, seemed to extend itself in every direction, until it became distinct, and we could see the flash and glimmer of arms ; then all was bustle and confusion in our camp ; the captain cursed, and gave orders in the same breath,—the men ran to and fro, regarding neither one nor the other, and all busied themselves, as by instinct, in preparations for defence. The mules and baggage, with the provisions and extra ammunition, were driven into a stone church, which all seemed to consider as a strong hold, and place of refuge, in case the outworks should be carried ; some rolled empty barrels and huge earthen oil-jars, to the ends of the streets, where they were set up for barricades ; others brought stones and timbers to block up the streets ; while others went furiously to digging a ditch, in which they could lie down, and be sheltered by the few feet of earth which they flung up before them ; and others punched holes through the outer walls of the cottages facing the plain, from which they could put out their muskets and fire in security. All were busied in preparing for defence ; but defence with the least possible exposure ; all but W. ; his spirits seemed to rise, and his eyes to flash fire, as he stood impatient on a bank, with his hand on the trigger of his cocked gun, the muzzle resting on his left arm, his body bent forward, and watch-

ing the coming host. I stood beside him, and though I mastered my feelings and showed the same front and bearing that he did, I think it was not the same within. I glanced at the space between our station and the mountains—there was no hope of escape there ; I looked at the dense mass of horses and riders, now for an instant at a stand. I saw the plungings and curvetings of the impatient steeds, the glitter of their trappings, the flowing, gilded dresses of the riders, the flashing of their scimitars, and, I could distinguish, dashing here and there, among the mass, the high-cap of the furious Delhi ; and, as I thought of the feeble barrier on which I stood, and over which they could dash their steeds at a single leap, I half shuddered, and my thoughts flew back to home, to my mother, and to the nursery ; I felt all that man must feel when first in danger, but which we are too cowardly to betray by looks or words.

But there was no time for thought ; there was a sudden movement of the foe—the horses dashed forward toward us at a gallop, the riders waved their scimitars, and raised a tremendous yell of “ Hu ! Hu ! Hu ! Allah ! Hu ! ”—when I felt myself pulled into the ditch by Francesco—when, putting out my gun through a hole made for the purpose, I lay and waited till they should be within shot. There was a deadly, breathless silence among us ; there were moving of lips in prayer, but no sound ; there was making of sudden crosses, but no eye ceased to glance along the gun-barrel towards the foe, who, advancing, like lightning, now began to raise their carbines. I saw them bend their bodies, and try to crouch behind their horses’ necks ; I saw the very glare of their eyes,—when, in an instant, a flash of fire ran along their line—their balls whizzed over our heads—our muskets instantly rattled in reply ; the smoke arose, and, after that, I saw nothing, and thought of nothing, but to load and fire ; and fire we did so fast and furiously into the cloud of smoke, out of which flashed the enemy’s guns, and where they seemed to be a moment checked ; but as the smoke arose I saw a troop of a dozen, dash within a few yards of us, fire their pistols, receive our shots, wheel, and away ; and, when the smoke again cleared up, they were half a mile distant.

Then there was shouting, and congratulation, and exultation, in our hitherto breathless band ; W. leaped over the barrier, and, yatagan in hand, would have advanced—but no one followed the fool-hardy boy. In a few minutes more the enemy were moving off at a full trot, and we saw no more of them.

Half a dozen slight wounds was all the damage we received, and the carcasses of a few horses were all the proof we had of the loss of the enemy ; but the rich saddles of two of them were soaking with yet warm blood ; and as we knew the Turks always carry off their dead, if possible, our leaders did not fail to report fifty slain Moslems, besides a great number of wounded ; and, I doubt not, our skirmish will flourish in the journals of the day, as a desperate and bloody fight.

At sunset, we left our dangerous position, and a hard night’s march brought us to the main body, where we were more secure. But W. soon tired even of that ; his restless spirit needed more excitement, and the company of some reckless spirits, whom he had unfortunately met with, and who pressed him to join them in Western Greece, where they had, as they said, hard fighting, indeed, but beauty and wassail to recompense them. I trembled as he left me, for I knew he was the

darling of an aged mother, and the hope of a proud family ; I knew he was high-minded and generous ; but goaded, as he was, by ambition, and credulous, and inexperienced, he might become the victim of his own passions, or of the villany of others.

* * * * * Months rolled away, and nothing from W. I heard, indeed, strange tales of the proceedings of some Europeans, in Western Greece ; men talked of dissipation and unnatural crimes ; of treason and assassination ; but the East abounds with such tales, and I noticed them not.

One evening, at Hydra, I was sitting gazing on the rich sunset, and for the want of any one with whom to exchange the tones of my native tongue, and in the absence of books, I was repeating the oft-repeated lines of our beloved bard :—

“ On Old Egina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness casts his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis !
Their azure arches, through the long expanse ;
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

Here my attention was attracted by the singular appearance of a young man, who was coming slowly along the street, apparently very weak and exhausted ; his once magnificently embroidered dress presented a strange contrast of rags and riches, of splendor and dirt ; he was without arms, though his silver cartridge-boxes and pistol-belt shewed him to have been a soldier. As he drew near, I saw that he was sallow and emaciated, and was surprised to find him turning in at our gate ; I met him at the door, against which he supported himself with one hand, while he, hesitatingly, held out the other to me, and fixed upon me his ghastly sunken eyes. I took his hand, doubtfully, when he exclaimed in a hollow voice—“ Do you not know me ?” It was W. ; but so changed ! so different from the fiery, yet blooming youth, I had seen a few months before, that I could scarce believe my eyes.

We got him food, and tried to cheer him, and find out his disorder ; but he was sad and reserved ; or, if he roused himself, and tried to laugh, it was with the hollow, heartless laugh of the distracted. I suspected his mind was affected, and we got him to retire, having made up the best bed we could, with some rags, on the floor of an adjoining room.

At midnight, I was awakened from a sound sleep, by the most dreadful screams from the room of W. I seized a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, and dashing open his door with a blow of my foot, found him rolling on the floor, apparently weltering in his blood, and groaning out in a dreadful voice—“ I am stabbed, and murdered—I am dying !” “ Who has stabbed you ?” cried I, looking eagerly around the room, “ there is no one here.” “ There, there,” cried he, clinging around my legs, and pointing to a dark corner of the room, “ there he is—there,” and threw himself back with a groan. I advanced slowly and cautiously toward the corner, with my sword thrust

out as far before me as possible. I almost fancied I could see the glare of a pair of eyes ; I expected the instant flash of a pistol ; there was certainly a dark figure ; I thrust quickly at it—and hit—the bare wall ! Not a soul was to be found ; and then the truth flashed upon me. W. had been dreaming—his conscience had conjured up a spectre. I passed my hand over his body before a light could be brought, and persuaded him he was neither dying, nor even wounded.

But it was long before he ceased to tremble, and to be agitated ; and, when I attempted to go out of the room with the light, he shrieked aloud, and begged, for God's sake, I would not leave him in the dark.

There were horrible workings of his yet unseared conscience, and before morning the unhappy youth disclosed to us the plot, which, aided by his own folly, and pride and ambition, had made him a wretch, a traitor, and an assassin ! He told a tale which bore every impress of truth, which subsequent events have proved to be in the main correct, and which is yet so strange, and so horrible, as to seem to belong rather to the province of romance than of history.

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING "LEON, A FRAGMENT," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,
BY THE LATE DR. DRAKE.

SUCH was thy life ; a fragment brief and bright,
Young minstrel of the west ; the envious blight
Came o'er the greenness of thy vernal hours
When life was nought but incense, dew and flowers.
Cold is the hand that traced this glowing line,
And closed that eye, informed with light divine.
The mind, to which such seraph power was given,
Weary of earth, has wandered back to heaven ;
And that great heart, with truth and feeling fraught,
Rich with the gleams of wild luxuriant thought,
Sleeps peacefully, life's dizzy tumult o'er,
Where grief and joy can wake its throbs no more.
Weep not for him ; it was a boon to die,
While in his veins the pulse of joy beat high ;
While hope was young, and in life's garden yet
With morning dew the leaves and flowers were wet.
He never saw Youth's rainbow fade away,
Before the gairish light of common day ;
He never marked the cold, averted gaze
Of those he loved in pure, enthusiast days ;
Nor ever felt that keenest suffering,
To find himself, in crowds, a lonely thing.
He is not dead ; what though the grassy sod
Wraps his cold form ; his spirit is with God.
His mind is here. Time hath no power to blot
From out our hearts one single, burning thought.
The mind, itself immortal, doth endure
With its own life, its beauteous offspring too,
And stamps each image in its forming hour
With its own impress of enduring power.
While Genius lives, bright Youth and hoary Age
Shall hang with rapture o'er thy pictured page.
While on the earth one heart is left to beat,
That heart shall thee a friend and brother greet ;
Nor shall the touch of Time e'er dim the glow
Of the green laurel wreath that shades thy brow.

EXTRACT FROM THE JEWISH CONVERT.

AN UNWRITTEN TALE.

Soon after the occurrences related, and the final adjustment of them, and the more effectually to prevent all misrepresentations to the Roman authorities, it seemed advisable to me to go up to Jerusalem, and if possible to have a personal interview with the Roman governor, Pontius Pilatus, whose general reputation for justice and probity was so far good, that I thought I might, with confidence, look for a favorable termination of the affair. Another motive, partly of interest and partly of curiosity, also influenced me. At no great distance from Jerusalem lived a family of our near kindred, being the children of my mother's cousin. With this family in my boyish days we had considerable intimacy, which, for several years past had been broken up by the various calamities I have already described as having befallen our house, and my own absence so long from the country. They, too, had been visited by affliction; the parents and two of the younger members of the family had died, and there remained but two sisters and a brother, all unmarried, and living in reduced circumstances, though still with sufficient means of modest comforts. The father had taken an active part in some of the disturbances following the death of Herod the Great, which had been severely visited upon his property by the satellites of Roman authority. Having, however, made his peace, and procured his personal safety by the sacrifice of much of his wealth, he had, at length, withdrawn from the active business of the world to a small estate in the town of Bethany, where he remained until his death, undisturbed, save by the loss of some farther remnants of his property, which fell a prey to the convulsions of the world around him.

The brother and sisters, above referred to, as now the only survivors of the family, were nearly of my own age, and had been, more especially, my companions and playmates, in the days of former intercourse, and association still linked their names and forms with many hours of youthful pleasure, and scenes of past enjoyment. It was but natural, then, that when, after some years of stormy vicissitudes upon the sea of life, and after the loss of many much endeared to me by the ties of kindred or well-tryed affection, I found myself again an inhabitant of my native land, and of the dwelling of my fathers; wasted and desolate as it in some degree was, it was but natural, that I should look around me to discover the sources of happiness, and the means of gratifying the affections of our nature still within my reach, and while memory retraced the sunny steps of departed time, that a yearning should arise in my bosom to see again the friends in whose company they were trodden, now too, with but few exceptions, the nearest kindred remaining to me.

Such was the source and nature of my interest; my curiosity had a different origin. In making the inquiries which afforded me this knowledge of their present condition, I also learned other things concerning them, for the full understanding of which farther detail is necessary.

In the early ages of our nation, we had been favored, above all others, with a direct communication with the Most High; and rulers,

priests and judges, receiving their appointments especially from the manifestation of His will, had guided our affairs, and raised them to the summit of their glory. In later times, under a succession of monarchs, ascending the throne by hereditary right, or often usurping it by violence, and distinguished far more often for their evil, than for their good qualities, and for their wanton violation of our most sacred and holy laws, than by their concern for the welfare of their people, the intercourse with the Deity had been kept up through the medium of the prophets, men not possessing any temporal authority, but inspired by the wisdom of the Most High to rebuke the sins of the people, and of their rulers, to point out to them their wickedness, and to foretell to them the visitations of God's wrath, which would be a consequence of persisting in the ways of ill-doing. As time passed on with but little or transient effect, these denunciations became darker and more gloomy, and the terrors that they threatened, were threatened as things that must inevitably come to pass, and from which there would be no escape ; while yet there was an ambiguity in the language in which they were conveyed, that, favored by the natural self-confidence of men in their own judgement, and the success of their own schemes, prevented their being applied by the rulers and the mass of the nation to their own times and actions, so that they pursued their course, heaping crime upon crime, and preparing the way for the threatened wrath, till the beginning of preparation for the final catastrophe overtook them in the destruction of the national independence and sovereignty.

After this time the race of the prophets ceased ; and though some transient gleams of prosperity, and even of temporary freedom for the most part from foreign domination, yet at times illuminated our annals, they were produced by the merely human energies and virtues of men, that sprang up from time to time in the natural course of events, and who did and dared from patriotism and zeal for the purity of religion, without being favored by any special manifestation of Divine Will, or any direct interposition of Divine Power.

Through all the fearful denunciations of the prophets, there still might be traced the vestiges of hope, a presage of future glory struggling through the clouds and storms of the moral world, as sun-beams throw their light through the tempests, that blacken and convulse the natural heavens. There was in many of them, from time to time, a promise held out of some one that was to arise, whose power should transcend any that had ever before appeared upon earth,—and who was to rescue the people forever from the calamities brought upon them by their own sins, and those of their rulers ; and not only so, but who should extend his dominion over the whole earth. In some, this promise was so distinctly made, the very race whence this deliverer should arise, was distinctly, though figuratively pointed out, and even allusions were made, though obscurely, to the time when he should appear. It may readily be supposed from the circumstances above related as belonging to the history of our national career, that faith was not wanting to our people in expecting the fulfilment of this promise. On the contrary, it was ever present, an argument for impatience under the galling yoke of foreign servitude, and a perpetual stimulus to the fanatic to acts of desperate rebellion. Thus, in later days, from time to time a person would spring up, proclaiming that the appointed

time was come, and that he was the chosen instrument of the long expected deliverance. To one or another of these, thousands of the unthinking multitude had gathered themselves, and had been drawn into open defiance of the constituted authorities, in consequence of which they had perished miserably, with their self-deceived or deceiving leaders, by famine, or the sword, or the ignominious death of traitors; leaving nought behind them but scorn for their delusion, and hatred for its consequences.

Shortly before the time of which I am now writing, another had appeared, professing also to be the glorious personage foretold by the prophets, but whose life and character, as far as I could learn it from those with whom I then conversed, formed a striking contrast, not only with the history of his predecessors in the career of seeking for popular favor, and the honor of being considered the deliverer of the nation, but, if possible, still more so with what was expected among the people of him, to whom this character should truly belong. With his early history my informants did not seem to be very well acquainted; but I gathered from them that he was by birth of humble extraction, and a native of an obscure and poor village of Galilee, simple in his manners, and making no pretensions to any temporal authority, and countenancing no resistance to the established civil powers. The character in which he appeared was that of a religious teacher, wandering about the country, attended by a number of followers, the principal of whom were said to be a few poor fishermen of those who gained a humble living upon the shores of the lakes of Tiberias and Gennesareth. As convenience or pleasure dictated, he would stop at various places, and exhort the multitudes that soon assembled about him from curiosity or desire of instruction, warning them of their sins, and of the punishment to which they would bring them in a future state of being, and desiring them to repent, to believe in him, to lead holy lives, and assuring them, as a reward, of happiness that should await them in the same future state. He was said, also, to declare new and singular opinions concerning the Supreme Being, whose immediate messenger and authorized agent he professed to be, and whose especial power he asserted to be vested in himself; and he was affirmed to make light of the authority of the laws of our religion, as inculcated by the priests and elders, whom he denounced with much bitterness. There were also reports of various things that he had done in confirmation of the truth of his profession, and in corroboration of his assumed authority, which, if correct, showed him to be possessed of powers beyond the natural endowment of man, and equally wonderful with those exercised by any of our ancient prophets. Such was the amount of the confused and imperfect accounts I then collected concerning this new teacher; and, considering the remoteness of my situation and the errors to which popular reports are obnoxious, I afterwards wondered to find them so near the truth as they actually were. It was added, that, though bitterly opposed by the priests, the zealots of the law, and by many of the higher classes, and the pretenders to secular power, he had greatly conciliated to himself the favor of the middling and lower orders of the people, particularly those of simple and unambitious views, and that some, even among the titled and rulers of the land, were not averse to his doctrines, while the quiet tenor of his course,

and his peaceable demeanor had suffered him to pass without ostensibly attracting the stern watchfulness of our foreign rulers, and even, from default of reasonable grounds of offence, saved him from the well attested malignity of the priests and zealots, which yet watched eagerly for the commission of something which might serve as a pretence for his destruction.

Among those, who had either become converted to his views or attached to his person, or perhaps both, my cousins were numbered; and, it was said, that they evinced even more than common reverence and affection for him. Of the truth of this I was anxious to know, and, if I found it true, to ascertain the meaning and extent of this, as I then deemed it, singular and dangerous delusion, and by what means it was brought about.*

Such was the source of my curiosity. Though brought up from my earliest youth with an habitual reverence for our holy law, and with a firm belief in its truth and divine origin, I was yet no bigot. My wanderings had taught me that many discrepancies of opinion concerning certain points of it were to be found even in our own race, especially among those whose home was not in the inheritance of the sons of Jacob. They had also led me into much and close intercourse with many of the heathen nations, more especially the Greeks and Romans; and, though I could not but both despise and abhor their impious idolatry, and the obscene and abominable rites that made a part of it, yet I found among the worshipers by no means a corresponding destitution of those qualities, that constitute moral excellence. I found, among the votaries of Jupiter or Apis, many, whose virtue and kindness would have done credit to a purer and more holy religion, and I learned, that sincerity and truth were of higher importance than adherence to ceremonials. Yet I could not feel altogether unconcerned at hearing of the credence my kindred were said to have given to the author of the new doctrine, which seemed to militate so much with the faith and observances of our fathers; and was yet in hopes to find the reports exaggerated, or to be able, by renewing our old friendship, to exert an influence that might counteract any bias of mischievous tendency in their minds.

Having accordingly made a few necessary preparations, I set out on my journey; but learning on my way from a public messenger whom I accidentally encountered, that Pilatus had withdrawn himself from the city for a few days of relaxation from the fatigues of business, I determined to spend the interval of time before his expected return, in making my intended visit. Turning aside, therefore, from the direct road to the city, I took an unfrequented route across the country, which, at the close of the next day brought me to the dwelling of my kinsman.

On entering the court of the house, I heard sounds of lamentation from within, that told me of the presence of some new calamity, probably of the death of one of the inmates. This was soon confirmed by the intelligence of an aged domestic, to whom I made myself known, but who, though familiar to me in former days, had much difficulty in recognizing me. The news was indeed afflicting; the death that had happened was that of my kinsman himself, who had expired a few

days before, after a short and severe illness, and whose body had that day been deposited in the sepulchre.

Inured, as I was, to suffering and affliction, my sorrow was great, and naturally increased by the thought of the recentness of the event ; at the very time, too, when my mind was busy in contemplating the pleasure of our expected meeting, and looking forward to a renewal of our ancient friendship. A week, or too soon, and I should have found him in health ; and, so slight are the circumstances by which the changes of human affairs are connected, our meeting, by affecting a change in the current of his thoughts, in the routine of his occupations, or in particular circumstances of exposure, might have so altered the connexion, that possibly this fatal event might not have taken place. How momentous a change that event was destined to produce in myself, it did not occur to me to contemplate, nor even if it had, would the reality ever have occurred to my wildest imaginations.

The idea of meeting again for the first time, in this, the moment of their great bereavement, the sisters to whom I had been so long a stranger, was very painful. It would awaken with additional force the remembrance of past sorrows, and make them doubly poignant by the present anguish. It might, however, after the first awakening of these feelings, be the means of some solace, as they would naturally want some one for a protector and friend, an office which belonged now to me, as the only near male relation that the Divine Will had spared to them.

The particulars of this first meeting it is unnecessary to relate ; it was indeed, as I had expected, fraught with much of painful excitement and remembrance. When, however, a few hours of repose had brought our minds to a calmer state, and I had leisure to contemplate my kinswomen, I noticed considerable alteration in their appearance. When I last saw them, they were arrayed in the buoyant graces of youth, which had now given place to the more mature and less obtrusive beauties of perfect womanhood. The trials they had undergone, had given a pensive cast of expression to their countenances, but what struck me as most unusual, was the calmness of sorrow which marked their present demeanor, very different from that often displayed upon similar occasions by our Jewish women. It seemed as if some latent and undefined hope still lingered in their bosoms, though their words gave it not utterance ; or, as if some internal source of tranquillity breathed its balm over the wounds of their affliction, and afforded a solace ordinarily denied.

In endeavoring to account to myself for this, I was led to connect it with what I had heard of the doctrines of the new Teacher, and of the belief they were said to have given to him ; and though I internally smiled at the false impressions under which I supposed them to labor, with perhaps a mingled feeling of contempt for their weakness, yet I could not but own, that, so far as concerned their own feelings, the effect was happy. It, however, increased my desire to know more of the matter, while the circumstances of their situation rendered it proper for me, for a while, to repress my curiosity, which, however, it was appointed should soon receive an unexpected gratification.

On the fourth day after my arrival, while sitting with the sisters in company with a number of their friends and relations, who had come,

according to custom, to pay a visit of condolence, one of the sisters left the room, as was supposed for some domestic purpose. Her prolonged stay, however, after a time, excited our curiosity, and in some degree occasioned uneasiness, when she suddenly entered, as if from a walk and flushed with exercise. As she hastily crossed the apartment towards her sister, I noticed, however, an illumination of the eye, and an excitement that betokened more than the mere use of the corporeal powers; her feelings were evidently awakened in no common manner, though the briefness of the time, and the rapidity of her movements did not permit me to analyze the nature of her emotion, farther than that it did not appear to be either of grief or anger.

Hastily approaching her sister, she stooped down, and uttered a few quick words in a low voice. The sister started with a brief suppressed exclamation, and, hastily rising, they left the room together, without making any apology, or appearing to notice the presence of their guests, otherwise than by the low tone of the words that passed between them, which seemed not to be meant for general hearing.

The company at their abrupt departure arose also, one of them remarking, that the sisters were, doubtless, going to visit the tomb of their brother, there to give vent to their sorrow, and proposing that we should follow and join our lamentations and tears with theirs. To me, however, from the observations I had made upon the demeanor of the sister who had been absent, this did not appear to be a true explanation of their conduct; and, moreover, being seated the nearest to them of any one present, I had caught the words that she uttered, which were merely, "The Master is come, and asketh for thee;" and the exclamation, that was uttered by her to whom they were spoken, was an expression of mingled pleasure and surprise. My curiosity, however, readily led me to comply with the proposal just mentioned, and we hastily followed at a small distance behind the sisters, who passed with a quick and hurried step from the house to the highway running near it, along which they pursued their course.

Proceeding for a little more than a furlong, we came to a glen opening to the road, at a little distance within which, under the shade of an aged and wide spreading sycamore, a considerable number of persons were standing. This collection was composed of persons of both sexes, and many of them seemed the ordinary inhabitants of that part of the country, mostly peasants, with, however, some of higher standing in society mingled with them. As our party approached, the crowd opened a little on the side nearest to us, and disclosed a smaller party, that seemed to form, as it were, a centre of attraction to the others, and directly towards this, the sisters bent their way with increased rapidity. As this central group became visible by the movement of the surrounding multitude, I glanced my eye among our own party to discover if they comprehended the meaning of it. That they did, was evident from the instantaneous change of their countenances, though the effect was widely different upon different individuals. On some, were visibly portrayed the expressions of surprise and gladness, on others, of vexation and anger; others showed merely looks of curiosity, or unconcern, while a few, of peculiar sanctimoniousness of demeanor, distinguished, by their phylacteries and the broad hem of their outer tunic, as belonging to the sect of the Pharisees, contracted their

brows, and with dilated nostrils, as if in the presence of some object both of fear and detestation, looked at each other, and threw towards the group above described glances expressive of deep hate and deadly malignity.

The truth instantly flashed upon my mind ; this was the Teacher of whom I have spoken, and his arrival it was, that was announced by my kinswoman as the coming of "the Master." My attention was immediately directed to the group, which was now near enough to afford me a distinct survey of the persons of whom it was composed. The principal of these were hard-featured men, mostly of middle age, in the coarse dress of the lower class of peasants, and which bore evident marks of recent travel. All they had to distinguish them from any other collection of men of a similar class, was an air of superior intelligence and wisdom, while their looks, with a deep mixture of reverence, enthusiasm and love, were, for the most part, earnestly fixed upon one, who stood in the open centre of them, and who was evidently regarded by them as their leader. No second glance was required to confirm this impression, for nothing could be more dissimilar among men in external appearance, than was that of this person compared with that of his followers.

This difference was not by any means in merely outward habiliments, for his dress, though neat, was unaffectedly simple and plain, and, like that of his companions, showed that he was a way-farer. So perfect a form, so noble and lovely features, had never before met my eyes. I had gazed upon the symmetrical figures and beautiful countenances of the Greeks, even when carried to what was deemed a faultless exemplification in the statues of their false gods. I had seen the finest specimens of the human race, from every known country under the heavens ; but they were but human. The eye, and the mouth, those great keys of expression, spoke of the earth, of its hopes, and its passions ; even the contour of the frame, in its different varieties, told of its fitness for the various exertions and graces of the world, and much as artists had labored, and successful as they had thought themselves in eradicating this expression from the representations of their divinities, memory brought its existence to my mind, in contrast with what I now saw, as but too apparent.

The form of the countenance upon which I looked, was in its outline decidedly Jewish, but its unrivalled features bore no traces of the weakness of humanity, of its earthly desires, or its base or stormy passions. The full deep eye was of hazel, tinged with gray, and its glance, while piercing as an eagle's, was tender as that of a dove. It spoke of unerring penetration, wisdom and knowledge, and unconquerable fortitude, with mildness and patience that no provocation could excite to anger ; all that could be conceived of benignity and love, united with unsullied purity, breathed around those lips ; while these two features harmonized with each other, and with the rest of the face, in a manner the most perfect, yet the general expression was that of pensiveness, untinged, however, with aught of melancholy. Corresponding with these traits was the character of the body and limbs. The eye could rest upon no faulty proportion, no want of harmony between the parts or in the whole, but no idea rose upon the mind of any peculiar adaptation, whether for seats of grace, agility or strength,

single or combined. Its whole character at rest was that of calm and beautiful repose, and when moving that of simple, easy and unlabored motion, as if, though upon the earth and in an earthly form, it belonged not to it.

Such is the result and analysis of the impressions then made upon my mind by the singular being before me, whose image, as it then appeared, even to the minutest detail of form and feature, remains on my mental vision, as it was then imprinted, as distinctly as if it had been engraven on adamant. To examine then, as I have now, the nature of its excellence was not in my power, nor was time allowed for more than a brief and almost instantaneous survey; for that one of my kinswomen, who had been summoned, as I have related, arriving within the group, and springing with a convulsive effort towards the Teacher, threw herself at his feet, and embraced his knees ere he could prevent, while her hitherto subdued feelings burst forth in one passionate and fervent exclamation, "Master, hadst thou been here, my brother had not died." Sobs and tears prevented her farther utterance.

The effect of this scene upon the feelings of those around was instantaneous; the females broke forth into loud lamentations, and many of the men were affected even to tears and sobbing; the very pride and supercilious malignity of the Pharisees, seemed softened down to compassion, as they witnessed the grief and unavailing confidence of the mourner. For my own part, my tears flowed freely, and my emotions so far overcame me, that I became a mere passive spectator, regarding with intense interest what was passing before me. The Teacher, with a look of the utmost tenderness and compassion, and with unspeakable grace of manner, raised the mourner from the ground, and supported her, till the first inexpressible agony of feeling was over, but as he listened to her sobs and the lamentations of the multitude, and saw the weeping faces around him, his own emotions became strong within him; more than once, he sighed deeply, and tears fell plentifully from his eyes. This did not escape the notice of those about him, some of whom I overheard remarking upon it as an evidence of his love for the deceased, while others wondered that he who possessed such power, that he could restore sight to the blind, should not have exerted it to prevent the death of one, the loss of whom seemed so deeply to affect him.

After a few moments, when greater calmness began to prevail, the teacher inquired of the sisters where the body of their brother was deposited, and was answered by an invitation to visit the sepulchre. He assented, and they immediately led him thither, followed by all present. The tomb was in a valley situated at a small distance, and consisted of a cave, hollowed in a rock at the foot of a range of hills; immediately above it grew a gigantic wild fig-tree, and its entrance was closed by a large stone, rolled directly against the aperture. When we arrived there, the Teacher directed that the stone should be removed. Against this, one of the sisters remonstrated, stating that four days had already elapsed since the burial, and that considerable decay must already have taken place in the body, which would render the air of the cave offensive, if not injurious. The reply was brief and energetic, though spoken with great mildness and majesty of manner: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst

see the glory of God ?" Upon this, some of the multitude approached and rolled away the stone, so as to leave the entrance clear. While they were doing this, the Teacher stood with his face bowed, as if in silent prayer. Looking around me to observe the apparent feelings of those present, I encountered a similar, though not the same, diversity of expression with that I had before noticed, when we first approached the assemblage under the sycamore. The prevailing sentiment that appeared was that of wonder and curiosity, blended in some with anxiety, and in others with confidence ; in the faces of the Pharisees, it was attempted to be veiled, under an air of indifference and contempt.

When the obstruction to the entrance had been completely removed, the Teacher lifted up his eyes, while his whole countenance lighted up and became almost effulgent with joy and beneficence, as he said aloud in a clear harmonious voice, with his looks upraised to heaven, " Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. I know, indeed, that thou hearest me always ; but because of the multitude who stand by, I speak, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." Having thus spoken, he advanced towards the mouth of the cave, and in a loud, calm tone, as of assured authority, said, " Lazarus ! come forth !" At these words, a sudden start and tremor pervaded the whole multitude, followed by a death-like stillness, as all held their breath in astonishment and fear, and gazed with intense earnestness upon the dark portal of the chamber of death. Immediately a slight rustling noise was heard within the tomb, and in an instant after issued forth one arrayed as a corpse, moving with difficulty, his hands and feet being bound together, though loosely, and his face covered with a napkin. At this sight, shrieks of terror and shouts of astonishment burst from the multitude ; and many, through fear, covered their faces with their hands, as if to shut out the sight of a supernatural visitant. The Teacher, however, waved his hand with an air of mild command, that quickly imposed silence, and addressing himself to the kindred who stood nearest, said gently, " Unbind him, and let him depart." The bandages were hastily removed, and when the napkin was taken off, that covered the face, I readily recognized the lineaments of my kinsman, wasted and haggard indeed, as of one who had suffered the pangs of dissolution, but with a brightness of eye, and a returning color to his lip, as he inhaled the free air of heaven, that proclaimed that life was now strong within him.

We forthwith accompanied him home, followed by many of the people, even to the very gates, but without the Teacher, the author of this stupendous wonder, who, resisting the earnest intreaties of the sisters, departed another way with his disciples, saying briefly, that he would see them shortly, and bidding them give to God their thanks, and their praises, for what had been done in their behalf. S.

LITERARY PORTRAITS.

NO. II.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

IN a lower room of a large printing establishment in one of the most crowded streets in New-York, distracted by the countless duties and vexations to which the editor of a daily paper is exposed, and encompassed by the most unpoetical sights and sounds, the author of *Thanatopsis* may be seen, during the business hours of the day, by any of his admirers. He is a man, rather under the middle size than otherwise, with bright blue eyes and an ample forehead, but not very distinguished either in face or person. His manners are quiet and unassuming, and marked with a slight dash of diffidence; and his conversation (when he does converse, for he is more used to thinking than talking) is remarkably free from pretension, and is characterized by good sense rather than genius. Would that Mr. Bryant was employed in writing poetry in the aforesaid room, and sending back his thoughts to the streams and mountains which his young eyes were familiar with, and from which he drank his first inspiration! But alas! he is busied about far other things, and what he is writing is as little like poetry, as General Jackson is like Apollo. He is scrawling political paragraphs, and these, by no means favorable specimens of that kind of composition, with the same hand that wrote the "Lines to a Water-fowl." He is burning incense to strange gods, to idols which the hands of men have fashioned, and offers no longer to Nature, upon her mountain altars, a sacrifice of song. The stillness, majesty, and repose of the outward world seem to have lost their old charm; he is in love with the vulgar excitements, the senseless uproar and the empty triumphs of the solemn farce of politics, and delights to be elbowed and jostled in the world's great thoroughfare, and to breathe the hot atmosphere of party strife. The eyes of the muses are yet red with weeping at the apostacy of their favorite son, and they are calling him back to their arms, with an invocation, like that of the shepherd in Virgil;

"Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, Daphnin."

Mr. Bryant has been placed by common consent at the head of the list of American poets; and in all matters which concern any of the original instincts of humanity, of which the love of poetry is one, the decision of the majority is pretty sure to be correct. We are not disposed to enter our protest against it, but would even go a little farther, and claim for him a high rank among the living writers of English verse. And as he has not written a great deal, and as what he has, has been of the same character, it follows that he must have reached very great excellence in that department to which he has principally confined himself.

Poets may be divided into three classes; those who describe Nature, those who delineate men and manners, and those who draw their materials from the contemplation of both. We will not stop to consider that long agitated question, which Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles debated with so much warmth, whether Nature or Art afford

the greater field for the display of poetical talent, but will merely remark that Mr. Bryant belongs to the first of the classes we have mentioned. His poetry is a translation of the language of Nature, which is audible only to the gifted ear. He is essentially undramatic. We do not mean by this to state the obvious truism, that he has written no plays, but that he has nothing to do with the actors of the great drama of life, or with the motives that operate upon them. He has never studied the morbid anatomy of the passions, nor unraveled the many-colored web of human character. He does not describe men as sustaining this or that relation, or swayed by this or that motive, as enslaved by that within them which is earthly, and ransomed by what is divine; but regards them as one of the works of the Great Author of Nature, more interesting than woods and mountains, because presenting a far greater variety.

Mr. Bryant had the good fortune, which Wordsworth has recorded of himself, "of being born and reared in a mountainous country." He was born in the western part of Massachusetts, and in the midst of scenery worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see, and which, if it were across the Atlantic, would stand a chance of being visited by many who would never think of going to view what was only the journey of a day or two. He was brought up at the feet of Nature, and studied, with the rapt eye of inspiration, the ample page in which the lessons of the "mighty mother" are recorded. By this means, he formed not only a deep admiration for the beautiful and majestic forms which ministered to his mind the materials of its growth, but, what is much more rare, a thorough and perfect acquaintance with them. Not content with the dim outline and the expression of the blended and combined whole, he studied each individual feature, and made himself familiar with every minute beauty and every secluded charm. He knew of every plant, "from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." He had watched the course of the stream from its birth among the hills, till it deepened and widened into a noble river, and had mused over the analogy which it presented to the progress of a human soul. Not a wild-flower bloomed unnoticed by him, and all the colors of autumn were known to his eyes. This intimate and familiar knowledge of Nature, gives to his poetry a distinctness, never found in those who describe from recollection or from superficial knowledge. He is so picturesque, that he illustrates himself as he goes along, and his scenes are imaged to the outward eye, without any effort on our own part. Almost all his writings might be cited in proof of the truth of our remarks; there is one in particular, which occurs to our memory, which is a really wonderful piece of painting. It is a winter-piece, originally published, we believe, in the *Idle Man*, but not having the book at hand, we cannot state it with certainty, nor quote its title accurately. It contains a description of that dazzling and glorious spectacle which meets our eyes, when a thawing rain has been suddenly succeeded by a sharp frost, when every twig, leaf and blade of grass, is enclosed with a covering of the purest crystal, which, when sparkling and flashing in the light of the morning sun, reminds us of Aladdin's garden, in which the trees bore diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds. When we say that the description is as beautiful as its subject, we pay him the highest compliment that language can give. His

"Green River" and "Autumn Woods" will recur to those who have read them (and who has not?) as admirable specimens of the picturesque in style.

We would not have it inferred from any thing we have said, that we think Mr. Bryant merely an accurate painter of still life. He who with pure hands draws aside the veil of the temple of Nature, shall be taught to decipher her mystic symbols, which, like hieroglyphics, present not merely a form to the eye but a thought to the mind. There is a beautiful and mysterious connexion between the world within and the world without us, which every true poet feels, but which no one can intelligibly describe, for it is of too airy and impalpable a nature to brook the chains of language. In this consists one of the greatest charms of Mr. Bryant's poetry. He not only understands, but he feels, Nature. His mind has caught the sublimity of the mountain and the beauty of the pastoral vale. The stars have sent him feelings as well as rays; and the summer wind has come to him, laden with tidings from a spirit-land, no less than with the scents of flowers. He has never mused an hour by a river side without bringing away thoughts and images as bright and as numerous as its glittering waves. His reflections upon the outward world have all the freshness and beauty of the objects which call them forth. They are natural but never commonplace, equally removed from mysticism and triteness. They are tinged with that pensiveness which seems peculiar to all poets who are more conversant with things than with men, but they are never defaced with mawkishness or misanthropy—for no genuine lover of nature was ever a hater of mankind. His manly simplicity, and freedom from affectation, prove him to have that true sense of the dignity of his noble art, without which no poet ever had the permanent respect of the reading public, however popular he might be for a time. All these excellencies are combined in what is probably the most popular of his productions, "Thanatopsis," and deservedly so, for it is one of the most admirable specimens of high philosophical poetry that ever was written. The solemn grandeur and sort of choral majesty with which it begins, swell and deepen to the close. He not only soars himself, but he makes the reader soar with him. His own language is no imagination; we seem to be listening to "Nature's teachings," and he is her interpreter. The thoughts follow each other in such natural succession that we are spared the pain of having the spell broken by an unpleasant start of surprise; and the author's train of reflection falls in so completely with our own, that it is only on a second or third perusal, that we feel its power and originality. As a mere piece of versification, it has not its superior in the language, always excepting the blank verse of Milton, which is altogether unlike that of any other English poet, either before or after him. There is also a little piece of his of the same character, which was originally published in the United States Literary Gazette, and which does not seem to be so great a favorite with the public as it is with us, or as it deserves to be. It is entitled "The Lapse of Time," and is remarkable for its cheerful philosophy, and natural and religious feeling, expressed in his very happiest manner.

Mr. Bryant is a natural poet as well as a poet of nature, if the reader will excuse something so like a pun. It is very possible for a man to

write poetry, who is no poet, however paradoxical the assertion may seem. He may work his mind up into such a state of excitement as to feel for a time the true poetical *æstus*, and a great deal of respectable poetry has been written in this way. But it is not so with Mr. Bryant. The natural habit of his mind is a poetical one, and it wears the trammels of verse as a man wears his ordinary garments. He could no more help being a poet than the violet seed can help bearing violets; and, in being a political editor, he does the same violence to his nature, that his coadjutor of the *Washington Globe* would do if he should take it into his head to write a copy of verses to a water-fowl or the evening wind. To borrow a quaint idea from one of Coleridge's early poems, the Muses dipped him, at his birth, into the "fount of Castalie,"

"But with forgetful hand,
Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son,
And with those recreant, unbaptized heels
He's flying from his bounden mysteries."

It would be doing Mr. Bryant injustice not to speak of the elevated tone of moral feeling, which runs through all his productions. He has never written a line which the most rigid virtue could wish to blot. He never forces our moral nature to enter its protest against the admiration which Genius, however exerted and however attended, must and will extort. We give our sensibilities unreservedly into his hands, for we know that he will not enlist them in any unholy cause. He appeals to those principles in man which are pure, spiritual and heavenly, and disdains any alliance with those which are of the earth, earthy. He never approaches the soul through the avenue of the senses. The tenderness and depth of feeling, the purity, the healthy tone of sentiment, and the strong and cheerful religious views, which pervade his writings, show him to be a man of an undiseased and uncorrupted moral nature and a heart sound to the core—to whom Nature has been a mirror, reflecting the countenance of its great Author. If he contemplate a landscape in the budding luxuriance of Spring, or the deeper glow of Summer, it is with a throb of gratitude to Him who has poured out all this beauty to gladden the eyes and the hearts of men. The woods of Autumn, while they fill him with thoughts as lovely as their own hues, teach him to prepare for the great change that is to come over the bloom and greenness of life. Even the blustering winds of March are welcome to him, because they are the heralds of better things. Much of his great popularity is owing to these excellencies. How many throbs of delight have they called forth from readers, to whom the poetry, as such, was quite a secondary affair, and perhaps even unfelt by them. He not only does not make us any worse, but he makes us better; he purifies and refines us,—spreads through us a sunset calm, and bids the waves of passion be still. We feel, after reading him, as if we had been walking through some beautiful and majestic scenery; we are soothed and elevated; the "eating cares" of life have an interval of rest; we are more in unison with the Spirit of the Universe; we feel a warmer glow of benevolence playing about our hearts, and the fire of devotion mounts into a purer and higher flame. We cannot but think it highly creditable to our countrymen, that they have received, with so much favor, the productions of one who has

never furnished any stimulants to the passions and appetites of men, but who has constantly addressed their understanding and their moral nature in the language of Truth, Philosophy and Religion.

Mr. Bryant is as skilful in the practice of his art as he is profoundly versed in its deepest mysteries. He writes pure and vigorous English, and never indulges himself in any freaks of style. He never seeks to attract attention by labored inversions or affected phrases, nor does he rashly attempt to elevate into poetic dignity, words which belong to the kitchen and the barn-yard. His style is simple and translucent, and his meaning shines through, like light through glass. He is remarkably free from the common fault of verbosity; we never see, in his pages, a poor little idea buried and smothered beneath a crowd of words, like the Roman virgin beneath the shields of the Sabines. He regards language merely as an instrument for transmitting thought, and employs it for nothing more. His versification has the ease and gracefulness, that are the result of care and attention, and of these only. It is free from disagreeable and cloying monotony; the pauses and cadences do not recur continually at the same intervals; and it adapts itself with easy flexibility to the subject he is discussing.

As we have hinted before, Mr. Bryant has very little versatility of mind. We do not know that he has ever attempted anything in the humorous or satirical line, and, if he should, he would not probably succeed very well. The serious and somewhat pensive turn of his mind prevents his seeing objects in ludicrous combinations. His Muse is a matron form, whose pale brow of contemplation, and deep, soul-lighted eyes, reconcile us to the absence of the "wreathed smiles of Hebe's cheek," to which they would be so ill suited.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies :
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

He is not only entirely and exclusively a poet, but he has confined himself to one department of poetry. His writings breathe a philosophic and reflective strain, and are the emanations of a mind in that calm and meditative mood, in which it best communes with itself and with Nature. There is a deep repose brooding over them, like the stillness of a summer noon. His thoughts have been born and nursed in solitude. His mind is like an unruffled fountain, in whose glassy depths, the trees, the mountains, and the clouds are imaged. He has never written anything to kindle and excite—nothing to "stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet." He has none of that versified eloquence, which is often mistaken for Poetry, but which is no more like it, than Champagne is like the water of Helicon, or exhilarating gas like common air. He soars on the wing of the "Cherub Contemplation." He has none of that glow, fervidness and rapidity, which are the result of ardor of temperament, rather than of vividness of poetic feeling. He does not possess the power of concentrating the whole mind into one intense and burning point of passion, and making every thought and image supply fuel to the flame. He converses with Nature as Numa with Egeria; in solitude and darkness, by the side of

babbling fountains, and in the shades of the over-arching forest; and the lessons he learns are those of the highest wisdom and the purest reason. We have heard it objected to him as a fault, that he was deficient in fire. It is not his fault, but his peculiarity. His mind is as Nature made it, and some of its finest properties are owing, perhaps, to this very want, and those who make the objection are as unphilosophical as the boy who wanted to eat his cake and have it. Where there is much fire, there is also apt to be much smoke, and we will readily give up the "splendid conflagration," for the sake of clearness of thought and distinctness of expression.

Mr. Bryant is one of the very few poets, who have laid no offerings upon the altar of Love. The myrtle of Venus is almost always found growing by the laurels of Apollo, and the connexion between poetical genius and a peculiar sensibility to female charms seems so obvious, that he, who has the former, appears to be hardly worthy of his trust, unless he makes it the means of expressing his admiration of the latter. It is certainly not for want of subjects, for he may find among his own hills, (*haud inexpertis loquimur*) maidens lovely as his own loveliest dreams, and amply deserving an immortality in verse. Nor is it from a want of tenderness and sensibility, and an indifference to those pure and lasting pleasures, which man derives from the exercise of his social and sympathetic nature; for his poetry exalts the common affections of life into their proper rank, and shows the power they have "to soothe and elevate and bless." We presume he was a bashful boy, and made love to the trees and flowers, and viewed young ladies as so many "bright particular stars," that were to be worshiped and not wooed. But be the cause what it may, we do not in the least regret it, living as we do, in an age, in which every eyebrow has a ballad made for it, and young gentlemen amuse themselves with versifying and publishing their flirtations.

It is very hard to point out any faults in Mr. Bryant's poetry. It would be very easy to make a list of gifts and powers of mind which he has not, but then he does not pretend to have them, and he claims to be judged by what he has done, not by what he has not. There are many poets on record who have more faults than he, but who are also men of more genius. He has never tried to climb to the "highest heaven of invention;" but, knowing perfectly the extent of his powers, he has attempted nothing beyond them, and has succeeded perfectly in every instance. There are a very few poets that are like eagles and can fly any where, into the very lap of the sun, but the wings of most of them are constructed on a principle something like those of Icarus, in the old fable, and will melt if they approach too near the god of day. Mr. Bryant has had the sense never to fly too high. He has so much taste and judgement, and writes in such temperate blood, that he runs no risk of running into the obvious faults of poetical style. There are many of his productions, in which, as it seems to us, it would be impossible to alter a word for the better.

We cannot close this notice without again expressing our sorrow at the nature of Mr. Bryant's present occupation, and that a man capable of writing poetry to make so many hearts throb, and so many eyes glisten with delight, should be lending himself to an employment, in which the greater the success, the more occasion there is for regret; for it

must arise from the exertion of those very qualities which we are least willing that a poet should possess. "'T is strange, 't is passing strange, 't is pitiful," that he should hang up his own cunning harp upon the willows, and take to blowing a brazen and discordant trumpet in the ranks of faction. He may plead the plea of necessity, and, sure enough, a poet must live; and Parnassus never bore any thing but barren laurels. Before he went to New-York, he was a practising lawyer in Great-Barrington, if we mistake not, in this state, and was "making a decent living" by his profession, and we will leave it to an impartial jury, whether the "thorny path of jurisprudence" be not as pleasant a road to walk in, as the high-way of party politics, and a great deal cleaner. At any rate he was secure of the advantage of living in the country, and in communion with the fair forms of the outward world, which are at once the sources of his inspiration, and its most appropriate subjects. We have great faith in the influence of external objects upon the mind, and it may be mentioned in proof of it, that he has written but little poetry since he began to "coop himself in cities," and that little has not been equal to his former productions. If he keep on, we fear he will die as prosaic as an alderman. We will take leave of him, with a word of advice from a kindred spirit.

* * * * *

"Come forth into the light of things;
Let Nature be your teacher."

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our hearts and minds to bless—
Spontaneous Wisdom breathed by Health,
Truth breathed by Cheerfulness."

MEMORANDA, BY A MAN OF LETTERS.

NO. I.

THE LEGENDARY BEECH.

At the head of a narrow bay on the sea-coast of New-England, stands the town of East-Timothy. The harbor, though inconsiderable in point of size, is good, and is well sheltered by ranges of small, abrupt, rocky hills, which bound it on either side. The town, which lies concealed in a romantic valley, has a charming appearance of seclusion, while the coolness and rural beauty of its situation, render it peculiarly attractive in the season's verdure. It was a place of some consequence before the revolution, having several stores, and half a dozen large schooners in the West-Indian trade; but independence seems to have agreed with it rather indifferently,—for it has been dwindling, ever since its inhabitants began to inhale the air of liberty—a fact which some attribute to the loss of certain trading privileges enjoyed under the crown, but which I am rather inclined to lay to the account of the march of intellect. Indeed the harbor of East-Timothy, fair as it is to the eye, affords no scope to the enlarged enterprise of

the present age. At this time it contains only a few aged couples, who cling tenaciously to the soil of their birth; and a small but choice lot of blooming maidens, who would flit at a moment's warning, if proper company, and a sufficient inducement, should offer.

I remember it, however, before its humiliation was consummated, and while its inhabitants were still numerous and enterprising. Where there is business, there is always cheerfulness and plenty, and our village, when in its pride, was both gay and hospitable. A current opinion of the salubrity of its situation, induced many persons from the southern states to visit it for their health, in the summer months—a circumstance, which added to the prosperity of the place, and to the polish of the inhabitants.

In the neighborhood of the town stands a spreading Beech, which has always been held in great estimation, and is now one of the most venerable monuments of the olden time. As the ancients had groves dedicated to religious purposes, so have we an ancient tree, sacred to the mysteries of love and courtship, whose rites are celebrated, not by withered priestesses or druids, but by manly youth and gentle maidens. It is situated at the head of a beautiful glen, in a picturesque amphitheatre, formed by high hills, shadowed by forest trees and vines. Beneath its ample shade is a large flat rock, from whose base issues a clear fountain; and the little plane of table-land covered with short grass, by which it is surrounded, is as smooth and firm as if it had been trodden for ages; but whether it was made so by the feet of mammoths, or of fairies, our best antiquarians cannot ascertain. The spot is as lovely and romantic as lover's heart could desire; and on a summer's afternoon, when the trees are loaded with foliage, and the dense shadows fall from the western hills, there is a coolness and fragrance in the atmosphere, highly propitious to the nurture of the tender passion.

Here we have been in the habit of assembling to celebrate our rural festivals, or to indulge our patriotism on the national anniversary. But lest the reader should suspect, that upon such occasions as the latter, these silent haunts have been disturbed by bacchanalian orgies, it is fit to inform him, that we have heretofore protected them from this evil, by committing the management of our festivities to the ladies, who, with a taste and ingenuity which does them infinite honor, had ordained that tea should be the only beverage used in these celebrations. As our sturdy ancestors at Boston, brought these colonies into hot water by throwing tea into the ocean, our patriotic females deemed it proper to exhibit a symbol of the event, by steeping the obnoxious plant in the boiling element; and, as some barbarians are said to devour their enemies, so we revel upon the juices of this offensive plant. A city wag, who was invited to one of our parties, called it a *tea deum*, to which one of our belles retorted by attributing the *tedium* to the gentleman's own feelings. Several other witticisms, equally clever, have arisen out of this custom of ours, which will one day or other, when they shall be published, entitle us to be considered as public benefactors, inasmuch as we shall, while enjoying ourselves, have contributed something to the national stock of merriment.

In the fine summer evenings this is the favorite promenade of the youthful part of the community. A galaxy of gay looks and bright

colors then gives life and beauty to the lonely glen. Seated on rustic benches, or roving among the green boughs, our pretty girls, resemble a collection of rich exotics—their blue eyes, and white frocks, and pink ribbons, and coral lips, so sweetly intermingle with the deep hue of the forest. Here, secure from the ill-natured watchfulness of prying widows and tattling old maids, they disperse themselves among the rocks, and grottoes, and winding paths, to enjoy, unobserved and unconstrained, those mutual interchanges of sentiment, those unreserved disclosures of affection, those flattering testimonies of confidence, which are the dearest luxuries of love, the sweetest enjoyments of life. Sometimes they assemble under the wide-spreading branches of the Beech, and pass the harmless joke, or merry accusation, or give publicity to their own or each other's attachments, by carving initials on the round smooth trunk of the favorite tree. It has thus become a faithful calendar of the village loves; and its ample circumference exhibits as many quaint devices and ingenious symbols, as could be found in the closet of the antiquary or among the armorial bearings of feudal times. Here are hearts and arrows, doves and cupids, death's heads, chains and coffins; and among the rudely carved mottoes, may be traced the hopes, the fears, the raptures, and the vicissitudes, of the all-pervading passions.

I was once a delighted actor in these scenes, and, like other enamored Orlandos, immortalized the wounds of my own bosom, by transferring them to the bark of the Legendary Beech. Another generation of lovers has now succeeded; a new series of attachments adorn the village record; yet I still visit the spot with undiminished interest. Providence has furnished enjoyment to every stage of our existence, by allowing us to recal our own past recreations, or to enjoy, in the persons of others, those pleasures in which we cease to be the immediate agents. In my solitary moments I now stroll in that enchanted dell, which I frequented in the frolicsome days of youth, and where I passed my gayest and my brightest moments. It is delightful to recall my early gallantries, to remember the partiality which gratified our pride, the smile which brightened our hopes. I enjoy a new existence in recalling the beauties I courted, and the friends I loved.

Here too I have an honest chronicle of the events which have transpired in my absence; for I have sometimes been a wanderer, returning only at distant intervals to the single spot in the wide world which my heart recognized as a home. At the Legendary Beech I find recorded all the village courtships, as well those of my own time as those which have had a later birth. In these researches I find much food for amusement, much for serious reflection. Here I trace the memorial of a transitory attachment, and, in characters equally durable, the sad monument of a blighted passion; the same tablet perpetuates the heart-absorbing affection of years, and the fickle partiality of a day. Here I remark the unexpected vicissitudes of human events—especially of such events as are governed by the heart and fancy. Of the many who were joined in courtship, but few have been united in marriage, and the ladies who have had the most admirers seem often to have been the last to be safely anchored in the haven of wedlock. The belle to whom every knee was bent, as to some "bright peculiar star," is now withering in useless maidenhood, while the less shining

female, whose name is faintly impressed in a distant margin of the record, flourishes a happy wife. The old adage, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," does not seem to be of extensive application in the affairs of courtship and marriage. Young people of opposite sexes, shew their teeth to each other only in good humor; and where the parents have spent their lives in bitter hostility, the children often close the breach by the sweetest union of which the human breast is susceptible. This tree of ours is moreover a most democratic tree, and shall tell you more in a minute of the folly and futility of unmeaning distinctions in society, than a philosopher could write in a month. Shew me a haughty aristocrat, inflated with the pride of family, and our legend shall point out his descendants united with the purse-proud offspring of wealthy nothingness. Shew me an honest cobbler, whose industry is daily increasing his little hoard, and I will predict to you that his blood shall mingle with the proudest streams. * * * * *

THE COMMENCEMENT AT YALE COLLEGE.

THE Commencements at our colleges resemble, in some degree, the public games of Greece, but with a difference not very creditable to us. All Greece, and all the sons of Greece, wheresoever dispersed over the civilized world, collected at Olympia, and the other festal cities, to witness the Athletic games. The object seems scarce worth the attendance. With us a limited,—though an intelligent and interested assembly,—is brought together to witness, not a foot race, nor a chariot race, nor a match at quoits or in wrestling, performed by men,—who, after all, must have been but a better species of prize-fighters; but the specimens of proficiency, and the earnest of future usefulness, exhibited by the young men, who are to be the guides and ornaments of the country. These great academic festivals ought to excite more interest. Their object is of eminent importance; not merely for the sake of the transactions of the day, on which they are held, but for the moral influence on the minds and hearts of the young men, who are then taking a new departure in life; and also for the effect on our places of education, produced by the notice of a scrutinizing and watchful community.

In former times, Commencement was a greater matter than it has since become; and this for good reasons. There were then fewer colleges; for a good while after the settlement of the colonies, only one in New-England, and then, for another long period, but two. We have now eight or ten, to divide the interest, which is taken, in their respective festivals, by the friends of our colleges. But in addition to this, with the progress of society, numerous other institutions have sprung up—other societies and celebrations demand attention. The calls of political life, under the present government, give employment for not a little of the time and attention, which, before the revolution, must have taken another direction; and a dense population provides,

in the relations of private life, that mental aliment and gratification, which, in a simple state of society, were sought in the religious and academic celebrations. In fact,—election day, and occasionally an ordination and commencement, were about the only festivals, which our self-denying ancestors were permitted to enjoy. At the present period, the red-letter days are almost a majority in the calendar. Public celebrations have greatly multiplied. Associations have become exceedingly numerous,—many of them organized for public assembling and discourse,—and commencement day is but one among numerous occasions, reputed of nearly equal interest, in the course of the year. Besides all this, as a community becomes prosperous, and the means of comfort and domestic enjoyment abound within doors, public places of resort lose their zest. The passion of the Greeks for out-door life, sports, and occupations, was, no doubt, much heightened, by their detestable privation of household comforts.

If commencements have declined a little in interest, (we speak of all commencements) the fault may be partly in those, whose duty it is to prescribe the order and matter of these academic festivals. The treat formerly consisted very much of orations and dialogues in the learned languages, enlivened by metaphysical discussions of points of scholastic philosophy. This must always, and to all persons, have been a terrible *bore*,—as much so to the grave professors and reverend presidents, who were obliged to sit and seem to listen to it all, as to the young, gay, and fashionable, who thronged the galleries. This has passed away. The spirit of the age has invaded the walls of our colleges, and among numerous other reforms, has secularized the exercises of commencement day. Hebrew and Syriac orations, (we remember a Hebrew one, on pride, from a worthy graduate, who, we are sure, knew as little of the passion, as the audience did of the language, in which he described it) have been exorcised; syllogistic arguments in Latin are put to flight; and the learned tongues have scarce retained a foothold, except in the salutatory and valedictory orations. The exercises under various names are substantially a succession of English orations and essays;—we speak of our colleges generally. Now of these, the number usually delivered is too great to be brought within moderate compass; and, as the writing and speaking of a piece of composition, in his mother tongue, happens to be precisely the hardest thing in nature, of the literary kind, to do well,—the very *ne plus ultra* of education and talent,—it results that a considerable number, who are put to this test, although they may acquit themselves creditably, all things considered, fail of a degree of excellence, sufficient to gratify a large and mixed audience. How would it do, to select some three or four of the graduating class, those best able to do credit to themselves and to the college, by a public exhibition, and allow to them a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes each; that all thought of any thing handsome may not be crushed, by the farcical constraint of limits now of necessity enjoined; providing for the residue of the class some other system of rewards, and a more precise indication of relative merit? At the commemoration at Oxford, four performances only take place; being those of prize essayists and poets.

New-England has reason to be proud of her colleges. There were, in 1827, in all the New-England colleges, fourteen hundred students.

If we suppose a fourth to be graduated yearly, we have three hundred and fifty young men of education, annually dismissed from our places of education into the world. Of these, a large number are from other parts of the country, and naturally carry away with them, in most cases, a kindly recollection of the college, at which they have been educated. In fact, the attachment of the alumni of most of our colleges to their Alma Mater is strong and distinct enough, to form an *esprit du corps*, among several powerful sections of the community. With the lapse of time, and the growing repute and age of the colleges, it will increase. It has already been drawn into the elements of political calculation, among the influences, which may affect the prospects of candidates. It is almost the only compensation, which New-England has for the irreversible decree of proscription, which the organization of the Union produces against her. It is in her destiny to exercise no permitted direct control over the interests of the country; but her seminaries of learning enable her to wield some indirect power over public sentiment.

But we have been talking of commencements in general. We must not forget that we have written *Commencement at Yale College* at the head of our article. The attractions of this year's commencement at Yale were not a little heightened by the appearance of Chancellor KENT, as the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the day before. Before attending the exercise of this institution, we enjoyed an opportunity, by the kindness of Professor KINGSLEY, one of the soundest scholars and most judicious critics in the country, of visiting some of the collegiate establishments. Most of these are too well known to need description. But the fine new Telescope deserves to be mentioned. This instrument is, probably, the best in the country, about ten or twelve feet long, with a magnifying power of three or four hundred, of the most approved English construction and workmanship. It is the gift of Mr. CLARK, a farmer of a neighboring town, who without having himself received the advantages of a college education, and without being stimulated by theological sympathy or sectarian zeal, has been a more magnificent benefactor of Yale College, than all other individuals united! The splendid Mineralogical Cabinet, collected by Colonel GIBBS, forms an ornament of the college too well known to be commemorated. It is the most costly and elegant in the United States, and in these respects superior to that at Cambridge, which is said, however, to be of equal scientific value.

At eleven o'clock on Tuesday, we repaired to one of the churches in town, to attend the oration of the Chancellor. It was understood that, at the private meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the brethren of Yale had concurred with the branch at Harvard, in abolishing the idle injunction of secrecy, which lay upon the proceedings of the fraternity. This Society, in its origin, was a college club, instituted for literary purposes. Its secret organization grew out of the youthful love of mystery, of which there are other equally harmless cases among the young men at college. In the lapse of time, this Society has acquired a new character,—that of a literary association of a portion of the alumni of the colleges where it exists, including some of the most distinguished men of the community, and attracting to its anniversaries a resort not much inferior to that of commencement. The affectation

of mystery, in an association of this character, is, of course, unwise and objectionable. We wish, in abolishing it, that the Society had gone one step further, and changed the pedantic, ill-sounding name, which is in the worst possible taste.

The Chancellor's appearance was a most gratifying incident. He told us, it was the fiftieth anniversary since his graduation. The Chancellor, by the over scrupulous care of our fellow-citizens of New-York, to protect the bench from incompetent judges, has been for the last six or eight years legally superannuated ; but is blessed, nevertheless, with the still unclouded possession and exercise of one of the soundest, best adjusted, and truest intellects, that have ever adorned the country, or his profession. We do not take upon ourselves to pass judgement on the wisdom of that provision of the constitution of New-York, alluded to ; but had it been in force, with respect to the courts of the United States and Great-Britain, many years of service of some of the ablest judges, that ever sat on the bench, would have been lost to the world. Chief Justice Marshall would have been obliged to vacate his seat, fifteen or sixteen years ago.

The Chancellor's address was very happily conceived and successfully executed. It was a sketch of the efforts of the early settlers of New-England in the cause of education, succeeded by a brief history of Yale College, principally in the way of an account of its successive presidents. The Chancellor did justice to the characters of the distinguished men, whom he was thus led to recal, to CLAP, STILES, DWIGHT, and their less renowned, but worthy associates, in the presidentship of the college. A great deal of matter, equally instructive and entertaining, was embodied in this survey, and presented in the peculiarly chaste and unaffected style of Chancellor Kent. He occasionally allowed himself to be drawn out into digressive remarks, suggested by the subject ; among which, those in defence of classical learning were especially well weighed and pertinent. The whole address was peculiarly seasonable, in reference to the attempt making by the associated alumni of the college, to effect a large subscription, in aid of its funds. The success of this effort must, of course, greatly depend on the warmth and concentration of the college feeling of the sons of Yale ; and this feeling could not but be strengthened and stimulated, by this happy survey of the origin and progress of the college, and of the characters of some of its great luminaries. Accordingly, at a meeting of the alumni, which was held in the evening, to concert measures for the promotion of this object, a gratifying display was made by several gentlemen,—sons of Yale,—who addressed the meeting, of the most affectionate and dutiful attachment to their intellectual parent. The Chancellor himself presided at this meeting, as president, we believe, of the associated alumni. President DAY made an interesting expose of the affairs of the college, from which it appeared, that its whole disposable fund did not yield an income, much exceeding two thousand dollars *per annum*. All the rest of the expenditure is met by the tuition fees. It is hard to say, whether such a state of things does more credit to the personal characters and professional exertions of the faculty, by which, during a long course of years, the college has, on so insecure a foundation, maintained its respectability ; or discredit to the state of Connecticut, and the wealthy individuals, who ought to

have endowed it. It was stated by President DAY, that, more than once, the institution, in consequence of its financial condition, had been in a state of peril; and it was further added, if we mistake not, that seven thousand dollars, the part of a bank *bonus*, was all that could be hoped from the state. Now, what has Connecticut, what can she have or hope in the world, so honorable to her, or even so profitable, as Yale College? The possession of such an institution is more creditable to her, than if she had given to the United States every president, that ever filled the chair; and, if she allows it to suffer, for want of patronage, it will be an ineffaceable blot on her annals. If a handsome sum were annually granted to the college,—as the high school of the commonwealth,—out of the school fund, it would do more good, than all the rest of the fund put together. Several very interesting addresses were made at the meeting of the alumni; and, among them, the glowing and affectionate appeal of Mr. L. C. DUNCAN, of New-Orleans, commanded the sympathy of all who heard him. The intention of the Society is to raise one hundred thousand dollars, on easy terms of subscription; and, of this liberal sum, a third part, we believe, is already subscribed. We heard, with equal admiration and pain, that very large sums had been subscribed towards this fund, by President DAY, Professor SILLIMAN, and other members of the faculty. This ought not so to be. Those gentlemen do all their duty to the college and the public, by the assiduous and faithful discharge of their official trust. They ought not, out of their frugal salaries, to be allowed to tax themselves to aid its finances. We are sure, the wealthy sons of Yale will not allow these subscriptions to take effect, in any other way, than that of creating a new title to the gratitude of the friends of the college, in behalf of these excellent and eminent men.

The next day, (September 14th) we attended commencement. The assembly was held in a very large church, capable of accommodating nearly twice as many as the church at Cambridge, and crowded to excess. The greater part of the exercises manifested good studies, maturity of thought, and manliness of character. The elocution was throughout good, frequently excellent; and, in fact, if we may be permitted to judge from this commencement, and the last at Cambridge, the ancient *tone* is banished from our colleges. Would that the prompter, that evil genius, which at Yale, as well as Harvard, still haunts our academic exhibitions, could be banished also! Among the exercises, were some, which, though admirably composed, and spoken with much effect, and to the great satisfaction of the audience, were of a character, which will disappear, probably, before long, from the collegiate stage. We refer to the colloquy and dialogue,—dramatic satires on contemporary topics. These, as we have observed, were exceedingly well done, and were, probably, to most of the audience, the most attractive part of the performances. At any rate, we did not observe that the hearty expressions of pleasure, which they drew forth, preceded exclusively from the young of either sex. Even the dignity of the stage, where the learning and gravity of the corporation and faculty were arrayed, furnished no defence against the contagious merriment excited by these exercises. And, perhaps, these very circumstances may furnish a ground for discontinuing such levelling performances. It would bear a question, whether an academic dignitary

which will astonish and gratify the public, he can scarcely make a sure and rapid progress to the heights of his profession. Should he have the opportunity of forming himself at Rome, under the eye of the distinguished living artists there collected, and in the presence of the departed masters of the art, of ancient and modern days, who teach in their immortal works, there is scarce any eminence in sculpture which he may not fairly hope to reach.

The new Grave-Yard in New-Haven is visited by every stranger. It wants nothing but trees to make it a delightful spot. There are the monuments to some of the distinguished presidents of the college. General HUMPHREYS's epitaph declares the obligations under which he laid the country, "*vellere vere aureo*," which he introduced from Spain. But WHITNEY's monument perpetuates the name of a still greater public benefactor. His simple name would have been epitaph enough, with the addition, perhaps, of the "inventor of the cotton gin." How few of the inscriptions in Westminster Abbey could be compared with that! Who is there that, like him, has given his country a machine,—the product of his own skill,—which has furnished a large portion of its population, "from childhood to age, with a lucrative employment; by which their debts have been paid off; their capitals increased; *their lands trebled in value*!"* It may be said, indeed, that this belongs to the physical and material nature of man, and ought not to be compared with what has been done by the intellectual benefactors of mankind; the Miltons, the Shakspeares, and the Newtons. But is it quite certain, that any thing short of the highest intellectual vigor,—the brightest genius,—is sufficient to invent one of these extraordinary machines? Place a common mind before an oration of Cicero, and a steam engine, and it will despair of rivalling the latter as much as the former; and we can by no means be persuaded, that the peculiar aptitude for combining and applying the simple powers of mechanics, so as to produce these marvellous operations, does not imply a vivacity of the imagination, not inferior to that of the poet and the orator. And then, as to the effect on society, the machine, it is true, operates, in the first instance, on mere physical elements, to produce an accumulation and distribution of property. But do not all the arts of civilization follow in the train? And has not he who has trebled the value of land, created capital, rescued the population from the necessity of emigrating, and covered a waste with plenty—has not he done a service to the country, of the highest moral and intellectual character? Prosperity is the parent of civilization, and all its refinements; and every family of prosperous citizens, added to the community, is an addition of so many thinking, inventing, moral, and immortal natures.

* The words of Mr. Justice Johnson, of South-Carolina, in the opinion in the case of *Whitney vs. Carter*.

LITERARY AND INTELLECTUAL STATISTICS.*

On the presumption that the readers of this article possess the feelings common to our race, they will scarcely be altogether incurious to know, why two works so different in their titles are made the subject of the same review? The information explanatory of this may be communicated in a few words. The works are from the pen of the same individual, and constitute different portions of his means for carrying into effect the same purpose. Their author is a counsellor at law, to whom nature has been bounteous in intellectual endowments, and who is not more distinguished by his talents, than by his attainments in literature and general knowledge, and his accomplishments as a writer. His object in composing these works and submitting them to the public, was to bring to light a mass of interesting historical truth, which had hitherto lain concealed, at least from all but curious inquirers, and thus to vindicate his country from certain unfounded and injurious charges, preferred against her by foreigners, sometimes perhaps through ignorance, but more frequently, we apprehend, in the spirit of mischief. And should this paper do justice to the productions which form its subject, it will show the effort of our author to be as able and successful, as it is patriotic and praiseworthy. This ought to be sufficient to fill, for the present, the measure of his ambition. We doubt not that the further prosecution of his purpose, in which we are pleased to understand he is engaged, will give him fresh claims to distinction in letters.

To the volumes before us more ambitious titles might have been affixed, without a violation of justice or modesty. Those bestowed on them are not indicative of the multifarious and important matter they contain. They are rather veils to obscure the amount of truth and beauty that lies beneath them, than mirrors to reflect its image.

Distinguished individuals, as well as their deeds, belong to their country, and constitute its principal strength and glory. All high and successful efforts to reward such individuals for their labors and services, by holding them up to public admiration and gratitude, and conferring on them merited honors, belong also to the country, as the fruits of genius, and are entitled to the applause and patronage of the community. It is not easy to decide which most essentially benefits mankind,—the hero who bleeds for his country in a righteous cause, the sage who ministers to her in the character of a wise and virtuous legislator, the orator and diplomatist who proclaim her rights and defend her interests, or the scholar who fitly records such achievements. If, in examining the question, the durability of the performances of each, and the permanency of the renown conferred by them, be taken into the account, and justly estimated, the superiority will be necessarily awarded to the latter. Of all that is earthly, the pen only can immortalize. But for the historians, poets, and other writers of Greece and Rome, the glory of those countries would be now but a name; or

* Lectures on American Literature, with remarks on some passages of American History, by Samuel L. Knapp.

Sketches of Public Characters, drawn from the living and the dead, with notices of other matters, by Ignatius Loyola Robertson, LL. D. a resident of the United States.

rather, less, because it would be unknown. Without scholars to give it substance and duration, modern glory would be equally a shadow.

If this be true,—and we do not believe that the enlightened and the virtuous will be inclined to question it,—our author must himself rank with the worthies whose portraits he has so faithfully drawn, and whose stories he has so ably and eloquently told. In both works his object is strictly national, and might be aptly enough defined, an exposition of the literary and intellectual statistics of the United States. As already intimated, he as clearly contends for, and as strenuously maintains, what is the right, and interest, and glory of the country, as the warrior does in the field, the diplomatist in the cabinet, or the statesman and orator in the hall of legislation. For public reputation, of every description, is as high and sacred a concern of the nation, and ought to be as vigilantly and resolutely protected, as the liberty, property, and lives of the citizens. If either individuals or communities neglect reputation, or supinely trust it to the keeping of others, they will lose it; and not it alone, but the influence also which they exercised by means of it, whether for good or evil. He, therefore, who, in any way, successfully vindicates his country's good name, is a public benefactor, and should be not only greeted but rewarded as such.

No one is ignorant of the discourteous and offensive practice,—not to affix to it harsher epithets,—of British writers, especially in their Reviews, Journals, and Books of Travels, in representing the American people as a degenerate race. Nor has their perseverance in it been less stubborn, than their purpose was unfriendly. In the face of the most conclusive evidence of its falsehood, the charge was reiterated by hundreds of hireling presses, and thousands of profligate tongues, until letters were polluted by it, ignorance believed it, and intelligence and virtue turned from it, in all its varying shapes, with indignation and loathing. But although the calumny is still repeated by too many, its organs and advocates are comparatively so reduced in number, as to indicate that its final overthrow is near, and that truth and justice will flourish on its ruins. And to the consummation of those events, our author has ably contributed in the works we are considering.

Shall we be told, that the evil of British calumny, being so near its end, will now expire of an incurable decay, and should be therefore forgotten, or at least no further resisted by us? We think otherwise. The "snake" is indeed "scotched," but not killed; and the sooner its writhings and misery are terminated, the better. Passing over various other grounds, our opinion to the effect here stated might rest on a recent manifestation of British feeling. In a late number of the London Quarterly Review, we find the following extraordinary paragraph:—

"With due deference and all *tenderness* to our transatlantic *brethren*, as they are *miscalled*, we beg leave to remark, that the rest of the world are pretty well agreed that, in almost every thing material, they have been progressing *stern* foremost, ever since they took the helm into their own hands, and their velocity in this wrong direction is likely to increase just in proportion as their exclusively democratic system shall be brought into more intense operation." * * * * "The United States have advanced in nothing but population and the cultivation of the soil." * * * * "From the hour that in an excess of passion, they chose to fling away from their king, and to relinquish the immense benefits arising from a government checked by a powerful aristocracy, and allied with a church establishment, and trusted exclusively to the demoeatrical branch of the community,

they have done nothing but *propagating the species, and chopping down forest timber*, without advancing the cause of good government, or of any branch of human knowledge, science, or art, *one jot.*"

Such is the language in which we are spoken of, by a people who boast of their taste and refinement. To be sure, from the consummate folly and impudence of the passage, to say nothing of its premeditated violation of truth, and the vulgar sea and land *patois* which forms its diction, we believe it to be from the pen of Capt. Basil Hall; and, in his individual capacity, he is as notorious for his trashiness and mendacity as a writer, as he is for his discourtesy and ingratitude as a man—a standard of comparison which his productions and behavior prove to be lofty. But no matter from whose pen it comes. It holds a place in the London Quarterly, which is a national work. We are authorized, therefore, to consider it a national sentiment; and we conscientiously believe that it is so. Legitimately considered, a majority of the people, in every free country (and Britain *professes* to be free) constitutes the nation. But that a great majority of the British people have been so deceived by gazetteers, journalists, pamphleteers, tourists and others, as to credit the sentiment expressed in the Review, we are forbidden to doubt. In fact, the case cannot be otherwise. For every single publication, telling truth of our country, that the people of England, as a body, have ever looked into, they have read fifty, intentionally defamatory of it. From the well-known principles of human nature, therefore, they must consider us in a state of ignorance and degeneracy. From some acquaintance, moreover, with different parts of England, we have reason to know that they do so. We speak of the great mass of the population; not of the *few* who are better informed. Yet, as relates also to the latter, we have often had occasion to be greatly surprised at their profound ignorance of America and its concerns. Even they have no correct knowledge of our character, as individuals, or, our condition as a people.

To these views respecting the people of Great-Britain, we know that there are many very honorable exceptions. Nor ought they to be all passed by, without the notice and acknowledgement they merit. It is gratifying to us, therefore, to record the following, in justice to the enlightened Editor of the "*Scotsman*," one of the ablest papers in the kingdom. From that excellent Journal, Vol. XIII. No. 1014, dated September 26th, 1829, we extract a brief editorial paragraph, expressive of the writer's views of our country.

"A friend who has lately been making an extensive tour in the United States, has put into our hands a number of books and pamphlets which he brought home with him. Such publications are always acceptable to us. The United States are alive with the spirit of improvement, beyond every other country in the world, our own not excepted, and we find more pleasure in chronicling the march of society, and the triumphs of the useful arts, than the achievements of the warrior, or the troubles and convulsions which spring from vice and misery in old and crowded communities. From the *prodigious strides* which industry and enterprise are now taking in the United States, that new country already offers *useful lessons* in many points to the *most ancient and improved States of Europe.*"

Could this paragraph, correct and liberal as it is, be permitted to circulate through the same channels with that we have extracted from the London Quarterly, the antidote might, in some measure, counteract the poison. But it is not to be expected, that a work, which, for the

attainment of an end resolved on, gives currency to premeditated slander, will intentionally do any thing to frustrate its purposes. We have deemed it our duty, therefore, to aid in making the liberality of the "Scotsman" better known in the United States. But to return to our more immediate subject.

The points of inferiority which our calumniators have charged on us are numerous. Nor, in relation to several of them, do we hesitate to repeat, that the ignorance they exhibited was no less striking than their open hostility and disregard of truth. A faithful representation of these slanders, and of the changes they underwent, to suit the policy, and gratify the evil passions of their propagators, were it not for its odiousness, would be an amusing picture.

At one time we were pronounced inferior to our European ancestors in size, strength, symmetry, and activity of person, although observation has long since proved, that, in these respects, the descendants of British emigrants are almost universally superior to their parents. Even Captain Hall, who, in mind and body, is himself no bad specimen of cockneyism, had the effrontery to repeat a portion of this falsehood; and the slander here uttered is in correct keeping with his whole pasquinade on a people, who treated him with distinguished courtesy and kindness, and, if his manners "speak the man," received him into the first well-bred society he ever entered.

As respects the charge of personal degeneracy, it has not been confined to the male population of our country. In equal violation of gallantry and truth, it has been extended to our females, who are among the most beautiful women of the world. For proof of this, we have only to refer to the testimony of all enlightened travelers, and to the productions of the pencil and the chisel, wherever they have appeared. Scarcely if at all does the *beau idéal* of foreign beauty, not excepting that of ancient Greece, surpass the reality we find at home. Who does not know that the beauty of American women has been the admiration of courts, and has received the homage of nobles, princes, and sovereigns? The empress Josephine, the most fascinating woman of the age, was in truth an American; for the West-India islands belong as really to the American continent, as Great-Britain and Ireland do to the European. Besides, their natives have lain, in common with ourselves, under the charge of degeneracy. Although we believe the fact is not generally known, it is notwithstanding true, that the monarch who occupies at present the Ottoman throne, is the son of an American lady. His mother, like Josephine, was a West-Indian creole. Bound for Italy, to complete her education in a nunnery, she was captured in the Mediterranean, by a Turkish cruiser, and carried to Constantinople. When conveyed to the harem, her beauty so attracted the reigning chief, that he made her his second Sultana, and she became the mother of the present Sultan. It is believed that the superior liberality and kindness the latter has shown to Christians are owing to early impressions received from his mother; a beginning, which may lead, if not to the conversion of the Turkish people, at least to an incalculable amelioration of their condition. Such has been already the influence, and such may be yet the glorious fruit of the beauty and virtue of an American woman! As to the intellect of the females of our country, it needs no commendation from us. Its productions are its eulogy.

In relation to the stature, form, and strength of Americans, we might point to our hill-country in general, but more especially to that of Virginia and Vermont, and challenge the whole eastern hemisphere to match the population of those regions. But on this, as on every other subject, facts are preferable to general assertions. We trust, therefore, that a few of them will not be unacceptable.

When Dr. Franklin was minister in Paris, he dined, with his diplomatic family and several other Americans, all fine looking men, at a public table where the Abbe Raynal was also a guest. Each of these distinguished individuals was seated in the midst of his own countrymen, on the opposite sides of the table. The Abbe, who was a firm believer in American degeneracy, addressed himself on that subject, with his usual eloquence, to our great compatriot. The latter, somewhat to the disappointment and chagrin of his friends around him, waited in silent patience, until the harangue was closed. He then replied to the following purport. "You, M. Abbe, are surrounded by Frenchmen, I by Americans. Please to rise from your seat, with the six friends who are nearest to you, and I will do the same with an equal number of my countrymen who are nearest to me." The invitation was accepted, to the merriment of the table and the utter overthrow of the Abbe's hypothesis. The Americans were, on an average, six feet high, and built in proportion; while the Frenchmen were not more than five feet seven or eight inches, and correspondingly slender. The Abbe, joining in the laugh, acknowledged his defeat; but pronounced it accidental. For this anecdote, we are indebted to Mr. Jefferson.

A few years ago, we ourselves met, by accident, near the door of a hotel, in the state of Kentucky, seven persons, all known to each other, and engaged in conversation, whose aggregate weight amounted to near two thousand pounds. The height of the lowest individual was six feet two inches, and that of the tallest six feet six. The heaviest weighed near three hundred and forty pounds, and the lightest two hundred and fifty-five. They were all Americans, and most of them natives of the state in which we saw them.

One fact more on this topic, and we have done. As we were walking for amusement, some years ago, in company with five other Americans, who had met accidentally in the saloon of Drury-lane theatre, we observed ourselves gazed at in a manner deemed exceptionable. On inquiring into the cause, we found it to be our inordinate size. The writer of this article, whose height is nearly six feet two inches, was the smallest of the party. From matter of supposed offence, the fact was changed into a subject of diversion. And yet we have been pronounced a diminutive people! In fine, the average height of Americans surpasses that of the people of England, France, and most other European countries, by two inches at least; some observers make the difference greater. In consequence of this, we understand that the military step of the troops of the United States, is, by order, longer than that of the military of other nations.

Again; our prowess and firmness were once called in question. Yet history has recorded it, and both the land and the ocean testify to its truth, that these have been proved, in chastisement, on the persons of our revilers, as often as we have met them on equal terms, in gen-

eral battle, or single combat. That error, therefore, has been beaten down by the most suitable weapon of logic, the *argumentum baculinum*.

We have been pronounced not only an enfeebled, but a short-lived race, entirely destitute of instances of longevity. Mr. Godwin, an English author now living, and enjoying the confidence of a great body of his fellow subjects, has asserted, in his late "Reply to Malthus on Population," that in most parts of the United States (and he has specified one of the healthiest of them,—the state of Pennsylvania) the inhabitants begin to feel the decrepitude of years, at the age of thirty. Nor is this all. He has further asserted, that were it not for the constant tide of migration to them, from the north and from Europe, the states of the South and West would be soon depopulated, owing to their insalubrity, and the shattered constitutions of those who reside in them. His obvious meaning is, that the southern Americans are so near a state of impotency, as to be disqualified to people the earth by their descendants.

Such, we say, are some of the specific charges preferred from abroad, denying us longevity and vigor of constitution. Let recorded facts in our own country answer them. They will be found abundantly in our bills of mortality, and our grave-stone inscriptions. Consult them, and they will prove, that, some parts of Russia excepted, no country in Europe furnishes, in proportion to its population, a greater number of octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians, than the United States. Nor is this true, as some allege, of New-England alone. The middle and southern states, not excepting South-Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana, abound in instances of great longevity. From our late census it appears that North-Carolina, containing a population of 738,470, numbers 304 persons who have reached and passed the age of one hundred years. As far as we are informed, this instance of *popular longevity* is unequalled. The western states have been too recently populated, by white inhabitants, to testify on the subject. But many of the Indians in them have lived to a very advanced age, and appearances promise that the Caucasians will do the same.

Being in correspondence with a friend in England, in 1822, on the subject of American longevity, we applied to the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, and were obligingly furnished by him with the following document, accompanied by others to substantiate its accuracy.

"A statement of the number of non-commissioned officers, and privates of the regular troops furnished by the several states, at the close of the revolutionary war, showing how many each furnished.

New-Hampshire,	733
Massachusetts,	4,370
Rhode Island,	372
Connecticut,	1,740
New-York,	1,169
New-Jersey,	675
Pennsylvania,	1,598
Delaware,	235
Maryland,	974
Virginia,	629
North-Carolina,	697
South-Carolina,	139
Georgia,	149

Total, 13,476

Our revolutionary army was disbanded in 1783. Between that time and 1822 is included a period of thirty-nine years. It appears from the Pension-list in the war office, that, at the latter date, 5043 of the above 13,476 were still living. Nor did that number constitute the full amount of the survivors. Many others were known to be alive, whose names were not on the Pension-list, on account of their prosperous condition.

Of the troops disbanded at the close of the war near twelve thousand are believed to have been natives of the United States. At that period their average age could not have been less than twenty-seven or twenty-eight years. Probably it was more. In 1822, then, there were still living five thousand and forty-three of our revolutionary soldiers, whose average age could not have been less than *sixty-six* years; probably *sixty-seven* or sixty-eight. Yet, it is well known, that soldiers are not the most temperate and regular in their habits. Search the annals of all nations, through all times, and it is confidently believed, that no similar instance of the longevity of the remnant of an army can be found. We might defy Europe to show any thing comparable to it.

We doubt whether there is a place in the world, more strongly marked by the longevity of its inhabitants, than Montpelier, the residence of Mr. Madison, and the country immediately around it. During a visit which we made to the venerable ex-president a few years ago, we were informed by him of about ten or twelve individuals, who were either then living, or had died a short time before, the most remote of them not more than eight or ten miles apart, each of whom was upwards of eighty, and most of them between ninety and a hundred years of age. Among them were a near female relation of Mr. Madison, and her waiting woman, who made a part of his family, each of them in her ninety-fourth year. We learned from the same source, as well as from others equally authentic, that the adjacent counties abounded in similar instances of longevity. Individuals nearly eighty years old and upwards were numerous. Mr. Madison was himself seventy-five, and several of his servants about the same age; some of them turned of eighty. We shall only add, that in that tract of country the human frame has received generally a development more gigantic, than we have ever witnessed elsewhere. We think the average height of the men but very little, if at all, short of six feet. We saw one, Mr. S. Martin, six feet nine inches high, and of good proportions. We saw also two sisters, the tallest of whom was six feet two inches in height, and the other six feet an inch and a half. They were the daughters of a man who afterwards kept a public house, in Hancock, a small town situated on the national road, in the state of Maryland, where, we doubt not, they have been seen by thousands of travelers. We are thus particular, that we may guard ourselves from any suspicion of inaccuracy or exaggeration.

As to the freshness, elasticity, and vigor of its inhabitants, not only after the age of thirty, but after that of fifty, and in many instances of sixty, Pennsylvania, in common with every state in the union, speaks for itself; and its language should redden the cheek and silence the tongue of every European who has charged us with degeneracy. If a want of knowledge or a disregard of truth betoken degeneracy, well might we retort the charge on themselves, where it would not fail to

fasten. As relates to the southern and western states, every observant and kind-hearted traveler who passes through them, is surprised and delighted at the unusual number of healthy, vigorous, and beautiful children he every where beholds. Families containing twelve and upwards are often met with, and from six to nine, when the family is full, is about the average number. True, they are sun-burnt, and not often clad in either purple, scarlet, or fine linen. But so much the better. They will form men the more perfectly fitted to subdue the monsters of the wilderness, overawe the savage, fell the forest, and compel the earth to yield them its fruits. And such are the occupations that Heaven has allotted to them. Their appearance and deeds are the fairest comment on British defamation. They hold, moreover, the fictions of their slanderers in as deep scorn, as they would their strength and prowess, should they ever come into conflict with them. In further confirmation of what we have said respecting the southern states, we shall only add, that, in Louisiana, which is reputed the sickliest of them, individuals of *four successive generations* have often danced as partners in the same cotillion.

By such qualified judges as Captain Hall, of whose taste and manners we have already spoken, and whose mind is a compound of ingratitude and prejudice, we have been further accused of a want of breeding. To this charge we shall not circumstantially reply, because the world is already sufficiently informed on it. We take the liberty, however, to remark, that we have rarely, if ever, known a young Englishman to visit the United States, who did not, in a few months, acquire much more of good breeding and gentlemanly manners, than he brought along with him. Nor did he fail to improve in good sense also, unless his inordinate conceit, or want of capacity, prevented him. Nor do we know of any other cause to which this could be attributed but the influence of better society than he had before enjoyed. Had even Captain Hall, intractable as he is, and every way unfit for the work of refinement, remained with us long enough to acquire a little knowledge of us, and fashion himself somewhat to the circumstances around him, he would have learned to think, and behave himself better than he did. He might, perhaps, have been even so much improved, not only in breeding, but in intellect and honesty, as not to have disgraced himself by his book of travels. But we have bestowed too much of our time on him and his pasquinade. We, therefore, dismiss them forever from our thoughts. With all persons of sense, candor, or taste, he has dug his own grave. There let the worm consort with his fellow.

As if all the vices and defects of climate and country were to be visited on ourselves, it was charged against us, as a mark of degradation, that even the inferior animals are wanting in perfection in the New World. It was tauntingly observed of us, that our forests and mountains produce neither the lion, the tiger, the rhinoceros, the elephant, nor the camel; nor our lakes and rivers, the hippopotamus, or the crocodile. Nor does the anaconda cross the path of the traveler, or enfold and crush him with his cable-like coils. But, in preferring against us these imputations, if such they can be called, our condemners forgot their usual cunning; for they are as true of Great-Britain, and of all Europe, as they are of the United States. The animals re-

ferred to are natives only of Asia and Africa, and the adjoining islands. Europe, both insular and continental, is as barren of them as America. The largest wild animals found in Britain, on its first discovery, were the stag and the wolf. The wild-boar and the urus belonged to the continent. But these are all inferior, in size and strength, to the bison, the elk, the moose, and the grizzly bear, which inhabit the wilds of the United States. Besides, such are the diversities of animated nature, that it is absurd to infer the necessary deterioration of man in any place, merely because large and fierce species of inferior beings are not there produced. In New South Wales, the largest native animal is the kangaroo, which, in size and strength, is greatly below several animals of our own country. Yet, if we may credit statements, gravely made by individuals on the spot, the human frame is there expanding to unusual dimensions. We do not find that man is larger, more powerful, or more courageous in the land of the elephant, the camel, and the lion, than in that of the wild boar, the stag, and the hare. Nor does it follow that he will attain the perfection of his nature in tangled swamps and reeking morasses, or along the oozy banks of rivers, because these are the native haunts of the crocodile and the hippopotamus.

It was further asserted that our domestic animals, especially the horse, the ox, and the dog deteriorated in our country; that they became smaller and feebler, less active, and less courageous. But this also is a mistake; the result of ignorance or wilful misrepresentation. Our breed of horses, when skilfully cultivated, is not surpassed, in the high and noble qualities of the animal, by that of any country in Europe. One or two American horses have lately, on her own turf, surpassed in trotting, all that England could bring to oppose them; our running horses are not less fleet and staunch than theirs, nor our draft horses less powerful; and the bulk and weight of some of our bullocks have exceeded those of any that that island has ever produced. Nor are the dogs reared in the United States inferior in swiftness, strength, and courage to those of any other country. If there exist an exception to this, it is found in the Irish greyhound, a race which we have never seen on this side of the Atlantic; and which is now rarely seen any where. The Newfoundland dog attains as high perfection in America as in Europe. In truth, he is an American, Newfoundland being an appendage of our continent.

But the most grievous charge is to come. It was laid against our intellect; that power which governs the whole being of man, gives effect to his exertions, and makes him what he is. It was confidently affirmed, not alone by men of ordinary standing, but by those whom the world called philosophers, that, in all its attributes, the American mind was of an inferior cast; in terms apparently coined for the occasion, that the "man of America was essentially *belittled*." No doubt a belief to this effect, pronounced and supported by such high authority, had much influence in inducing the British Parliament to issue their resolve, that they had a "right to bind us in all cases." In their pride, power, and rapacity, why should they not thus resolve and act, when they had (*in their own opinion*) so much to gain by it, and nothing to lose? when, on the condition supposed to be settled,

that we had neither the spirit nor the capacity to resist, it placed at their mercy our property, liberty and lives?

In point of extent, this inglorious charge against us, of mental inferiority, underwent several successive changes, amounting to abatements. As already stated, it was at first general and sweeping, denying to us any capacities of mind equal to those of the man of Europe. It was then admitted that, in the humbler pursuits of life, embracing petty traffic and certain mechanical trades, some of them as important as boat, and, perhaps, ship-building, we had great cleverness, but an incurable unfitness for any thing elevated. The next admission was more liberal; that we were sagacious and dexterous in directing the affairs of churches, boroughs, and other limited corporations, but incompetent to the government of large communities. When driven from these and other positions, by the events and issue of our revolutionary war, and the forms of government we soon afterwards established, our accusers seized on new ground, and, with their wonted audacity, pronounced us destitute of true genius, utterly devoid of a national literature, and incapable of forming one. This is their last retreat. When compelled to surrender that, their discomfiture will be complete.

It was, in a particular manner, to aid in vindicating his countrymen against this latter charge, that Mr. Knapp engaged in the enterprise, which led to the composition and subsequent publication of his "*Lectures on American Literature*." He is himself well fitted by nature for literary labor. This his productions, marked by research, and bearing on them the seal of taste and refinement, abundantly prove. His own feelings, therefore, united to a knowledge of his intellectual constitution, must have assured him that the charge against us was unfounded; and his pride, as an American, together with his patriotism and sense of justice, urged him to resist it. Nor was he long in finding, in the productions of his countrymen, ample means to resist it successfully. But let us hear him speak for himself on the subject, as no one else can expound so satisfactorily his views and motives. In a very neat and modest dedication of his work to a literary friend, he holds the following language:

"I have taken the liberty (that of dedication) because I was confident that you would favor the effort, whatever might be its success with the public, as you understand the motives which called it forth; and for another reason, which is, that I know you are among the number who are anxious that we, as a people, should speak freely and justly of ourselves, and honestly strive to place our claims to national distinction on the broad basis of well-authenticated historical facts; this would soon be accomplished, if all our able and enlightened scholars would come forward in aid of the few who are toiling in the cause; yet, with few exceptions, our pride has rather led us to make spirited retorts, than laborious researches, for an answer to those who question our literary and scientific character." * * * *

"The work I now present to you and the public, is offered as the opening argument of junior counsel, in the great cause instituted to establish the claims of the United States to that intellectual, literary, and scientific eminence, which we say she deserves to have, and ought to maintain; and in this I attempted but little more than to state my points, name my authorities, and then have left the whole field for those abler advocates who may follow me."

Our author appreciates, as he ought, the wisdom and importance of the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He, therefore, intends his "*Lectures*" for the use of schools, and has adapted them to that end, confi-

dent that, if suitable impressions, respecting the intellectual renown of their country and countrymen, be made on the susceptible minds of children, and corresponding sentiments be awakened in the glowing bosoms of youth, they will be valued and nurtured as precious seeds, and be productive of the fruits of patriotism and virtue. In his preface, therefore, he addresses American teachers in the following pertinent and eloquent strain :—

"Your calling is high, I had almost said holy. To your intelligence, patience, good temper, purity of life, and soundness of principles, parents look for the forming of healthy, vigorous minds in their children." * * * "The temple of knowledge is committed to your care; the priesthood is a sacred one. Every inscription on the walls should be kept bright, that the dimmest eye may see, and the slowest comprehension may read and be taught to understand." * * * "The elements of learning have been simplified. Geography has been made easy and fascinating, and natural philosophy very pleasant. History, both sacred and profane has assumed new charms, as it has been prepared for the school-room; I speak of the history of other countries, *not of our own*. We have very good histories, narrative, political, military, and constitutional; but I know of none, as yet, that can be called literary—meaning by the term, a history of our literature, and of our literary men." * * * "You will struggle in vain to make American history well understood by your pupils, unless biographical sketches, anecdotes, and literary selections are mingled with the mass of general facts. The heart must be affected and the imagination seized, to make lasting impressions upon the memory.

"One word to your pride. You are aware that it has been said by foreigners, and often repeated, that there was no such thing as American literature; that it would be in vain for any one to seek for proofs of taste, mind, or information, worth possessing in our early records; and some of our citizens who have never examined these matters, have rested so quietly after these declarations, or so faintly denied them, that the bold asserters of these libels have gained confidence in tauntingly repeating them. The great epoch of our history,—the revolution of 1775,—seemed sufficient alone, to many of the present generation, to give us, as a people all the celebrity and rank, among the nations of the earth, we ought to aspire to, without taking the trouble to go back to the previous ages of heroic virtue and gigantic labors. Many of the present generation are willing to think that our ancestors were a pious and persevering race of men, who really did possess some strength of character, but, without further reflection, they are ready to allow that a few pages are "ample scope and verge enough" to trace their character and their history together. I have ventured to think differently, and also to flatter myself, that, at the present day, it would not be a thankless task to attempt to delineate some of the prominent features of our ancestors in justification of my opinion. This error can only be eradicated by your assistance, and that by instilling into the minds of our children, in your every day lessons, correct information upon these subjects; and while you lead your pupils through the paths of miscellaneous and classical literature,—and, at the present day, even the humblest education partakes of much that is of a classical nature,—be it your duty also to make them acquainted with the minutest portion of their country's history. No people that do not love themselves better than all others, can ever be prosperous and great. A sort of inferiority always hangs about him who unduly reverences another. If "*know thyself*" be a sound maxim for individual consideration, "*think well of thyself*" should be a national one." * * * "Guardians of a nation's morals, framers of intellectual greatness, show to your charge, in proper lights, the varied talent of your country, in every age of her history; and inscribe her glories of mind, and heart, and deed, as with a sunbeam, upon their memories."

With these views before him, and animated by the sentiments here expressed, our author boldly commences his labors. And were we to call them Herculean, we should scarcely speak extravagantly. To overthrow entirely, though already shaken, the inveterate and deep-rooted slanders of foreigners, to awaken the slumbering indifference of his own countrymen, and to enlighten the ignorance, and dissipate the

errors and prejudices of all, in relation to his subject, constituted a task, which it required the firmest resolution to encounter, and no common ability to perform. But to intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance, difficulties submit, and most things become practicable. This, if it had not been already an established truth, our author has demonstrated, in the issue of his labors. Although he brought into requisition, as he tells us, but a part of his means, he has vindicated, we think triumphantly, the claim of his country, to a very respectable literary standing,—one greatly beyond what her condition promised; although inferior to that of some of the older nations of Europe. He has shown satisfactorily, on the evidence of their works, that many Americans have ranked justly with the foremost literary and scientific characters of their day, if they were not themselves the foremost. He has done more. He has aided not a little, by his own contributions to the general stock, in filling up the measure of his country's renown. While citing examples in proof of his opinions, he has also set one. In defending the literary reputation of others, he has produced a work, on which his own may rest securely, and which will materially strengthen the claim of his country, for which he contends. Long after the writings of the puny revilers of American genius shall have supplied the grocer with wrappings, and the book worm with food, the "Lectures on American Literature" will have a place in the library of the American scholar, and minister to the instruction of American youth. Nor will the improvement derived from them consist alone in the knowledge they will communicate. The conductors of education, on a plan at once enlarged and amended, will employ them also as means for the promotion of refinement and virtue; they will find in them matter well suited to cultivate the taste of their pupils, awaken their patriotism, purify and strengthen their moral feelings, and confirm in them laudable resolutions to excel. And to what higher or more sacred purpose can the fruits of genius and learning be applied? Let our youth be suitably trained in knowledge, virtue, and the love of country, and all will be well. Neglect or misdirect their education, and the picture will be reversed. Evil will befall us, as certainly as any other effect proceeds from its cause. And what can more effectually contribute to such training, than that teachers should constantly present to their pupils, with a sentiment of due veneration, and in suitable colors, the talents, virtues, and glories of their ancestors? The influence of the example of our own worthies on the minds of their descendants and countrymen, is infinitely more inspiring and salutary, than that of Greek and Roman example. The teachers in other countries are sensible of this important truth, and act accordingly. Hence, when the English, French, Swiss, or Russians, would fire their youth with patriotic ardor, and implant in them high resolutions to excel, instead of Phocion or Epaminondas, Curtius or Cato, they point to their own Alfreds, Henries, Tells, or Peters. Why, then, should not Americans follow their example, since they are so abundantly supplied with the means to do so? Our forefathers, viewed through their high attainments and glorious deeds, become sacred objects to us. They cling to our hearts, and incorporate with our natures, or hover around us, as household gods, shield us from vice and dishonor, and confirm us in virtue. To all other motives to well doing, they add that of family and

national pride, a sentiment which cannot be awakened by either the examples of the ancients, or those of the moderns of foreign countries. By adapting his work, therefore, to the purposes of schools, our author has greatly enhanced its usefulness. But it is time we should speak more particularly of its contents. To this part of our duty, therefore, we shall now proceed, with the single remark, that, from the limited space to which we must confine ourselves, we feel it impossible to perform it with justice. To understand what the volume really is, and duly to appreciate it, the reader must peruse it. But, having already filled the space allotted to us, we are obliged to postpone our further remarks to the next number.

TO SLEEP.

Thou deity of winds and waving trees,
 Close friend of gushing streams, and murmuring strains
 Of summer music, unwound by the breeze
 From its devoted harp, whene'er it deigns,—
 Being of heavenly birth, to be for man
 A chorister !—Thou sittest on the sand,
 When ocean rolls his sluggish waves to land,
 Pleased with the spicy winds thy brows that fan !
 Thou who dost hallow all the vines that run
 In flickering masses round the green-robed trees,
 Rustling in music to the melting breeze,
 Weaving a bower for thee against the sun !—

Who will not envy thee, O monarch Sleep ?
 Thy throne is beauty's eye-lid ; earthly kings
 Woo thee with many prayers, their souls to steep
 With your sweet anodyne of wo. The strings
 Of royal harps have sounded pleasantly,
 To bribe your presence and your mild control ;
 Emperors and victors render up the soul
 Less willingly to Beauty's self than thee.
 Thou hast a kingdom of thine own, bright Sleep,
 And, on the bosom of an upward dream,
 With clown or sage or king, as thou dost deem
 Best, from this earth to that bright realm dost leap.

Who has not seen young Sleep, as he reposes,
 Soft on the bosom of the murmuring south,
 As it rolls lazily o'er seas of roses,
 With tangled hair, shut eyes, and open mouth,—
 A wreath of poppies wound around his brow,—
 His robes upon the wind ; while all around,
 A waterfall of music, with sweet sound,
 Lulls him in sweet oblivion ; or now
 In glowing, sun-gilt dreams, wraps his winged soul,
 And pillows it in heaven ! O sweet Sleep,
 Come with thy draught of Lethe, bright and deep,
 And lift me in thine arms on that cloud car to roll !

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE aim of the warrior's ambition is to govern; of the philosopher's, to dogmatize. The first has accomplished his object when his power is undisputed; the second, when his opinions are held sacred. I trust, my opinions are held sacred at the breakfast table of my respected landlady, who has requested me to save her the expense of an advertisement, by stating in this place, that she will be happy to accommodate two more boarders on reasonable terms. That it has cost me some pains to accomplish this mental infallibility, I do not deny. I have awarded the name of cherub to two infants respectively, neither of whose outward features were laudable, and one of whom was almost a *lusus*. I have looked unmoved upon the plate of smoking rolls, which has now and then breathed up its soft aroma amidst the rank and file of toasted *laminæ* around it, like love in a desert, under the false pretext of dyspepsia, always remembering to give my stomach a little something in private to atone for the insulting imputation. I have sacrificed my personal vanity to my effective weight of character, as men clip the feathers of a game-cock to fit him for action. All this and much more have I done, and in this manner I have gained the enviable privilege of asserting without contradiction, and deciding without argument. In cutting out my extracts from the columns of domestic life, I may perhaps now and then include a little irrelevant matter, as one sometimes finds, in a lady's scrap book, the poet's fount and the grocer's advertisement included in the same excision.

The remarks, which follow, were uttered at different times, and in very different manners. It is my rule, when asserting a truism, not to waste my vocal energies, but to reserve them, as well as the more earnest kinds of gesticulation, to carry down that which I consider false or doubtful.

Truth, if I may use the language of the pugilist, can step up to the scratch, without a backer; but her half sister, Plausibility, requires a stout bottle-holder.

Somebody was rigmaroling the other morning, about the artificial distinctions of society.

Madam, said I, society is the same in all large places. I divide it thus.

1. People of cultivation, who live in large houses.
2. People of cultivation, who live in small houses.
3. People without cultivation, who live in large houses.
4. People without cultivation, who live in small houses.
5. Scrubs.

An individual, at the upper end of the table, turned pale and left the room, as I finished with the monosyllable.

Excuse my indelicacy; but whenever I see johnny-cake without consistency, and butter without flavor, I am reminded of a poultice and simple cerate.

Apparently considered barbarous by the feminines.

I love the magnificent. An antediluvian tragedy I wrote some years ago, opened with the following scenery :

Hills behind Boston. A crimson sunset forming the back ground. A ringtailed mammoth seen leaping along from one to the other. The manager informed me that ringtailed mammoths were procured with difficulty, but perhaps something might be done with the great ox Columbus.

Every individual character is a centre, determined by converging attributes. If it were not a troublesome and thankless office to scrutinize a man's nature too nicely, I should love to have each of my species submitted to a few tests like the following, before admitting him into society :

Kick him, to see if he will show fight.

Request the immediate loan of seven and sixpence.

Tell him his talents are rather of the solid than the brilliant order.

Observe that externals are of little consequence, with evident allusion to his personal appearance.

Talk him down in the presence of several young ladies.

There are some men that have only soul enough to keep their bodies from decomposition.

I make very excellent fables, occasionally. This, being a little outrageous, was articulated in a low key, very slow, with a pretty considerable blow on the table.

Once on a time, a notion was started, that if all the people in the world would shout at once, it might be heard in the moon. So the projectors agreed it should be done in just ten years. Some thousand ship-loads of chronometers were distributed to the selectmen and other great folks of all the different nations. For a year beforehand, nothing else was talked about, but the awful noise that was to be made on the great occasion. When the time came, every body had their ears so wide open, to hear the universal ejaculation of Boo,—the word agreed upon,—that nobody spoke, except a deaf man in one of the Fejee Islands, and a woman in Pekin, so that the world was never so still since the creation. I was requested to give the moral of my fable. It is too obvious, I observed, to need explanation. The inquirer looked very indefinitely.

My forte in literary matters rests chiefly in prose and poetry. These two pleasing verses were made while sailing up the Delaware :

TO A LADY WITH HER BACK TO ME.

I know thy face is fresh and bright,
Thou angel-moulded girl ;
I caught one glimpse of purest white,
I saw one auburn curl.

O would the whispering ripples breathe
The thoughts that vainly strive—
She turns—she turns to look on me ;
Black ! cross-eyed ! seventy-five !

How much easier it is to be witty on some old, hackneyed subjects, than to find out the ridiculous for one's self. If I had been a married man, regard for my personal safety would have saved the world two epigrams.

TO FAME.

They say thou hast a hundred tongues ;
 My wife has only one ;
 If she had been equipped like thee,
 O, what should I have done !

THE ECHO.

Nay, dearest stranger, do not shout ;
 My wife has worn the Echo out.

Nothing can be more delightful than to listen to a person laboring through a string of absurdities, in order to prove an axiom.

If Theseus should come back and take a walk over West Boston bridge, he would return into town swinging the heads of both the toll-keepers, raise a mob in Washington-street, and congratulate them on being rid of two tyrannical extortioners.

The laughable and the pathetic are sometimes strangely mingled in little exhibitions of domestic economy. A plate of apples, for instance, with the defective parts cut out for the children. A small basket of home-made gingerbread, with one or two pieces of pound-cake carefully disposed on the surface, so as to appear to the best advantage.

I have but one enemy, whom I hate utterly. If he dies before I do, I shall resurrectionize him. There are two glazed mahogany cases in my apartment ; one of them encloses the mortal remains of a long-armed ape ; the other is destined for his skeleton. Observing some symptoms of horror, I thought I would try the effect of a little vivid description. Yes, my respected friend, we are indeed awfully hardened. Six human shapes—five brandishing the implements of their unhallowed calling, and one lying cold, stiff and livid, with lips writhed in the ghastly smile of agony, twisted with the spasm of the death struggle, dewy with the vapors of the grave.

Shall I help you to any thing ? said I, to one of the most insatiable of Eve's daughters. " Nothing, I thank you ; you have spoiled my appetite." It was false—within a few minutes, she depopulated the plate of morning cakes, which I had entertained some hopes of securing, by my catalogue of abominations.

I said there was but one man whom I hated utterly, but I have not forgotten the paltry tyrant, who abused me, cruelly and undeservedly, when I was too young to resist what I am now too old to resent. The miscreant may not remember the feeble boy, whom he beat almost to maiming, nor have I any longer an inclination to crack his distorted bones ; but if he can make an honest prayer, let him thank Heaven, that every blade of grass is not twisted into a cowskin, to lash him for his brutality.

This specimen of the tremendous was received with great applause by a youngster, whose inexpressibles I suspected of concealing a little excoriation.

The *vis inertiae* of some people's minds is so great, that, but for the exertions of their neighbors, they would probably never have gone into action. It is curious, when talking with such people, to watch their distress, while they are accumulating sufficient intellectual energy to justify them in articulating a sentence.

A friend of mine was asked lately to give the derivation of Cuffee, a word colloquially employed to designate the sons and daughters of Ethiopia. "Our community," said the legal gentleman, "is divided into two great classes; the whites, who are the Cuffers, and the blacks, who are the Cuffees."

The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the closer it contracts. I do not mean to call this a good simile, and, for aught I can say, it may be an old one; but, if new, it was very respectable for one to say in a dream, although it may not be worth repeating when awake.

Nothing is so capricious as the memory of a parvenu. People with their eyes always turned upwards, are very apt to give the cut celestial to every body near their own level. An individual of this class applied to me lately, to assist him in forming an alliance with some old family. I recommended him to a domestic circle, which embraced seven unmarried daughters, all warranted over thirty, as the oldest family of my acquaintance.

I generally subscribe my initials to my little printed follies, because the few friends who recognize them, will be very ready to forgive, and what is much more, perhaps to read the trifles which go with them. To others, the name they half conceal is nothing, for it has neither rung through the trumpet of fame, nor whistled through the catcall of notoriety.

"I have heard you spoken of, as a respectable young man," said a fellow-creature.

I am not a respectable young man—if I were nothing better, I would take an anodyne that should make me sleep until the funeral flame of the universe had split the stone above me.

A very long article of very light matter, I consider impregnable; a deliberate threat of a second number, I know is impolitic, and therefore I shall stop here, and say no more about it.

O. W. H. *Oct 1842*

SONNET.

[From the Spanish of Hernando de Herrera.]

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

Alma bella! que en este oscuro velo
Cubriste un tiempo tu vigor luciente.

PURE Spirit! that within a form of clay
Once veiled the brightness of thy native sky;
In dreamless slumber sealed thy burning eye,
Nor heavenward sought to wing thy flight away!

He, that chastised thee, did at length unclose
Thy prison doors, and give thee sweet release;—
Unloosed the mortal coil, eternal peace

Received thee to its stillness and repose.
Look down once more from thy celestial dwelling,
Help me to rise and be immortal there,—
An earthly vapor melting into air;—

For my whole soul, with secret ardor swelling,
From earth's dark mansion struggles to be free,
And longs to soar away and be at rest with thee.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

OH, Dream of Youth ! my weary soul
 Turns from the Present, to the Past,
 When childhood quaffed from Pleasure's bowl
 Ambrosial draughts, too sweet to last ;
 Rich drops, that lingered on the lip,
 And charmed the intoxicated brain ;
 Then Love and Joy held fellowship—
 Ah, when shall they return again ?

I look around—but find not here
 The constant friends I loved of yore ;
 Like sunbeams from the atmosphere
 They passed—and they will come no more ;
 The kindly hearts, whose pulses true,
 Beat in full answer to my own,
 Are wasted, like the morning dew,
 Which leaves the sun-struck rose alone.

Oh, Dream of Youth ! I sigh to find
 How all thy raptures have decayed ;
 Like blossoms on the autumnal wind,
 That once with summer breezes played ;
 How all the dearest hopes, that threw
 A matin radiance o'er my way,
 Have lost the bright, ethereal hue
 Which made my every vision gay.

And, gathered from each faded year
 In Memory's pale and solemn urn,
 What brilliant treasures reappear,
 What glittering fancies rise and burn !
 I press the hands I pressed of old—
 The lips I kissed—I kiss them o'er,
 As when the Lover's tale I told
 Till the full heart could speak no more.

Oh, Dream of Youth !—the Present, now
 For all thy rich delight is given ;
 Its fever fires my throbbing brow,
 Its shadows pall thy sunny heaven ;
 As winds, to wanderers o'er the wave
 Borne from some cloud-like fading strand,
 Thus all the flowers my childhood gave,
 Breathe odors from that pleasant land !

Then to the fixed and musing eye,
 Come tears of momentary joy ;
 I live again my hours gone by,
 And roam, a free and giddy boy.
 How soon that fantasy is o'er—
 How soon to busy Life I wake,
 And stand on Manhood's stormy shore,
 Where Fate's unnumbered surges break !

MY AUNT.

My aunt! my dear, unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone;
 I know it hurts her,—though she looks
 As cheerful as she can:
 Her waist is broader than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt—my poor deluded aunt!
 Her hair is almost gray.
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When through a double convex lens
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father—Grand Papa! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—
 Vowed she should make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school;
 'T was in her thirteenth June;
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small.
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screwed it up with pins—
 O never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was *done*,
 My grandsire brought her back,
 By day-light, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track.
 Ah! said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man!

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade
 Tore from the trembling father's arms
 His all accomplished maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree.

O. W. H. *Stewart*

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Oh, Dream of Youth ! my weary soul
 Turns from the Present, to the Past,
 When childhood quaffed from Pleasure's bowl
 Ambrosial draughts, too sweet to last ;
 Rich drops, that lingered on the lip,
 And charmed the intoxicated brain ;
 Then Love and Joy held fellowship—
 Ah, when shall they return again ?

I look around—but find not here
 The constant friends I loved of yore ;
 Like sunbeams from the atmosphere
 They passed—and they will come no more ;
 The kindly hearts, whose pulses true,
 Beat in full answer to my own,
 Are wasted, like the morning dew,
 Which leaves the sun-struck rose alone.

Oh, Dream of Youth ! I sigh to find
 How all thy raptures have decayed ;
 Like blossoms on the autumnal wind,
 That once with summer breezes played ;
 How all the dearest hopes, that threw
 A matin radiance o'er my way,
 Have lost the bright, ethereal hue
 Which made my every vision gay.

And, gathered from each faded year
 In Memory's pale and solemn urn,
 What brilliant treasures reappear.
 What glittering fancies rise and burn :
 I press the hands I pressed of old—
 The lips I kissed—I kiss them o'er,
 As when the Lover's tale I told
 Till the full heart could speak no more.

Oh, Dream of Youth !—the Present, now
 For all thy rich delight is given :
 Its fever fires my throbbing brow,
 Its shadows pall thy sunny heaven :
 As winds, to wanderers o'er the waste
 Borne from some cloud-like fading strand,
 Thus all the flowers my childhood gaze
 Breathe odors from that pleasant land.

Then to the fixed and musing eye,
 Come tears of momentary woe,
 I live again my hours gone by,
 And roam, a free and giddy boy
 How soon that fantasy is o'er—
 How soon to busy Life I wake.
 And stand on Mankind's stormy shore,
 Where Fate's unnumbered sorrows break.

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 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way ?
 She can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 View through a double convex lens
 She just makes out to spell ?

My father—Grand Papa ! forgive
 The crying lip its smiles—
 Proud she should make the finest girl
 From a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school ;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June ;
 He vain her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

He laced my aunt against a board,
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 They screwed it up with pins—
 Her mental suffered more
 A penance for her sins.

When my precious aunt was *done*,
 My grandmère brought her back,
 To—apt, but some rabid youth
 Laid blow on the track.
 He met my grandmère, as he shook
 Saw powder in his pan,
 He said this lovely creature do
 Span a desperate man !

My christ, her barouche,
 My maid cavalcade
 Then the trembling father's arms
 To an accomplished maid.
 How happy had it been !
 My father had spared to me
 My maid, ungathered rose
 My ancestral tree.

D.

Job Cassatt, Charles
 Mel McKeehan, Wm.
 on, Robert Falconer,
 ey, William Helster,
 H. Burrows, Thad-
 Hamby. *Delaware.*
 ad. John S. Shriver.
 Jonathan Warner,
 dly, Nathaniel Kid-
 klin Baker, James
 r.

organized by the
 C. Spencer of
 ant—John Ruth-
 Sloan, Ohio,
 nd John Bailey,
 -B. F. Hallett,
 ber, Vt., Caleb
 Savitt, Con., Sec-
 the deliberations
 the nomination of
 WIRT,
 indidate for the
 l of
 IAKER,
 candidate for the
 ant. Both those
 the nominations.
 the convention a
 length, express-
 ness, his views in
 which form the
 cteristic of the par-
 adopted an address
 company their nom-
 ned, after passing a
 a similar convention
 t the city of Washing-

TRADE CONVENTION, as-
 Philadelphia on the 30th of
 composed of the following
 most of whom were elected as
 at meetings in their respective
 A few of them were invited to
 ats in the convention, as mem-
 a formal vote of the convention
 invitation of the President.

Joshua Carpenter, Charles Q. Clapp,
Massachusetts. Henry Lee, T.
 Samuel Swett, Gideon Tucker,
 on, Theodore Sedgwick, John
 rge Peabody, Pickering Dodge,

O. W. H.

A VOICE FROM MOUNT AUBURN.

A voice from Mount Auburn! a voice!—and it said—
 “Ye have chosen me out as a home for your dead;
 From the bustle of life ye have rendered me free;
 My earth ye have hallowed—henceforth I shall be
 A garden of graves, where your loved ones shall rest—
 O who shall be first to repose on my breast?

“I now must be peopled from life's busy sphere;
 Ye may roam, but the end of your journey is here.
 I shall call! I shall call! and the many will come,
 From the heart of your crowds to so peaceful a home;
 The great and the good, and the young and the old,
 In death's dreamless slumbers my mansion will hold.

“To me shall the child his loved parent resign;
 And, mother, the babe at thy breast must be mine!
 The brother and sister for me are to part,
 And the lover to break from each tie of the heart.
 I shall rival the bridegroom, and take from his side,
 To sleep in my bosom, his beautiful bride.

“And, sweetly secure from all pain they shall lie
 Where the dews gently fall, and the streams ripple by;
 While the birds sing their hymns amid air-harps, that sound
 Through the boughs of the forest-trees whispering around.
 And flowers, bright as Eden's, at morning, shall spread,
 And at eve, drop their leaves o'er the slumberer's bed!

“But this is all earthly! While thus ye enclose
 A spot where your ashes in peace may repose,
 Where the living may come and commune with the dead;
 With God and his soul, and with reverence tread
 On the sod, which he soon may be sleeping below,—
 Have ye chosen the home where the spirit shall go?

“Shall it dwell where the gardens of Paradise bloom,
 And the flowers never open to die o'er the tomb?
 With the song of an angel, a vesture of light,
 Shall it live in a world free from shadow and blight;
 Where the waters are pure from a fount never sealed;
 And the secrets of heaven are in glory revealed?

“A day hastens on—and an arm shall then break
 The bars of the tomb—the dread trump shall awake
 The dead, from their sleep in the earth and the sea,
 And ‘Render up thine!’ shall be sounded to me.
 Prepare for that hour, that my people may stand,
 Unawed by the scene, at the Judge's right hand.”

MONTHLY RECORD.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

To this department for the present month belongs the record of two public meetings or conventions, essentially political in their character and professedly intended to produce a change in the political and statistical condition of the country—one, having a special relation to a change of the men who administer the government, and the other to the course of measures to be pursued by the government, as connected with the foreign trade and domestic industry of the nation.

THE NATIONAL ANTIMASONIC CONVENTION. This body assembled at Baltimore, on the 26th of September, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President, and was composed of the following delegates, viz;

Maine. Levi Cram, Hanes Learned. *New-Hampshire.* Caleb Emery. *Vermont.* Josiah Riving, Samuel C. Loveland, Charles Davis, Joseph H. Brainerd, Edward D. Barber. *Massachusetts.* Abner Phelps, Amasa Walker, Benj. V. French, Stephen Oliver, Alpheus Bigelow, Nathan Lazell, Jr., Joseph Morton, John Bailey, Micah H. Ruggles, Hiram Manly, Gardner Burbank, Samuel B. Barlow, Epaphras Hoyt, Nahum Hardy. *Rhode-Island.* William Sprague, George Turner, Benjamin F. Hallett, Walter Paine, Jr. *Connecticut.* Smith Wilkinson, John Boynton, Samuel Kellogg, Henry Halsey, Henry Terry, Sheldon C. Leavitt. *New-York.* Henry Cothrel, Henry Dana Ward, William Howard, Robert Townsend, Jr. Samuel St. John, Samuel A. Foote, Jonathan Ferris, Thomas S. Lockwood, James Burt, Silas Stone, Joseph Case, Samuel M. Hopkins, David Russell, Samuel Partridge, Reuben Goodale, John C. Morris, Gamaliel H. Barstow, James Geddes, John C. Spencer, Evert Van Buren, Elijah Miller, Phineas L. Tracy, Philo C. Fuller, John Birdsall, George H. Boughton, Thomas Beekman, Samuel P. Lyman, Samuel S. Seward, James S. Wadsworth, William H. Seward, Nicholas Devereux, Myron Holley, Tilly Lynde, Charles W. Lynde, Timothy Childs, Noble D. Strong, William G. Verplanck. *New-Jersey.* John Rutherford, James Vanderpool, John H. Voorhees, John Ailing, William Vanderpool, Joseph Northrop. *Pennsylvania.* Harnar Denby, John Clarke, John E. Jones, William Grimshaw, Charles Waters, Samuel Parke, Owen Stover, George Smith, James Paul, Thomas Elder, Christian Pretz, Samuel Ledy, John

Burrows, Jacob Alter, Jacob Cassatt, Charles Ogle, Jacob B. Miller, Samuel McKeehan, Wm. W. Irwin, Joseph Buffington, Robert Falconer, Charles Diel, Samuel Harvey, William Heister, Benjamin Riegle, Thomas H. Burrowes, Thaddeus Stevens, Thomas C. Hambly. *Delaware.* Joshua V. Gibbins. *Maryland.* John S. Shriver. *Ohio.* Jonathan Sloane, Jonathan Warner, Warren Jenkins, Ziba Lindly, Nathaniel Kidder, Robert Hanna, Franklin Baker, James Pike, Frederick W. Fowler.

This convention was organized by the appointment of John C. Spencer of New-York, as President—John Rutherford, N. J., Jonathan Sloan, Ohio, Thomas Eider, Pa., and John Bailey, Ms. Vice-Presidents—B. F. Hallett, R. I., Edward D. Barber, Vt., Caleb Emory, N. H., S. C. Leavitt, Con., Secretaries. The result of the deliberations of the convention was the nomination of

WILLIAM WIRT,

of Maryland, as a candidate for the office of President, and of

AMOS ELLMAKER,

of Pennsylvania, as a candidate for the office of Vice-President. Both those gentlemen accepted the nominations. Mr. Wirt addressed to the convention a letter of considerable length, expressing, with great frankness, his views in relation to the topics which form the distinguishing characteristic of the party. The convention adopted an address to the people, to accompany their nomination, and adjourned, after passing a resolution that a similar convention should be held at the city of Washington in 1835.

THE FREE TRADE CONVENTION, assembled at Philadelphia on the 30th of September, composed of the following persons, most of whom were elected as *delegates* at meetings in their respective states. A few of them were invited to take seats in the convention, as *members*, by a formal vote of the convention or by invitation of the President.

Maine. Joshua Carpenter, Charles Q. Clapp, S. H. Mudge. *Massachusetts.* Henry Lee, T. S. Pomeroy, Samuel Swett, Gideon Tucker, Horatio Byington, Theodore Sedgwick, John L. Gardner, George Peabody, Pickering Dodge,

Joseph Ropes, Isaac Newhall, J. W. Rogers, Henry Williams, Edward Craft, William Goddard, Ebenezer Breed, William Foster, Thomas Bancroft. *Connecticut*. William J. Fortes, James Donaghee. *Rhode-Island*. William Hunter. *New-York*. Preserved Fish, John Leonard, Edward Bergh, Samuel P. Brown, Jonathan Goodhue, Thomas R. Mercein, John A. Stephens, Isaac Carow, John Constable, James Boorman, George Griswold, Benjamin L. Swan, John Augustus Smith, M. H. Grinnell, George T. Trimble, Zebedee Ring, Albert Gallatin, John S. Crary, Jacob Lorillard, James G. King, Charles H. Russell, H. Kneeland, Isaac Bronson. *New-Jersey*. C. L. Hardenburgh, J. C. Van Dyck, John Bayard Kirkpatrick, Miles C. Smith, Henry Clov, John C. Schenck, John Potter, Henry Vethake, John R. Thompson. *Pennsylvania*. Joseph R. Evans, George Emlen, Clement C. Biddle, Edward Ingraham, J. M. Barclay, E. Littell, Samuel Smith, Isaac W. Norris, Richard Price, Henry R. Walton, Thomas P. Cope, John A. Brown, Philip H. Nicklin, Condé Raguet, Samuel Spackman. *Maryland*. William H. Handy, Arnold D. Jones. *Virginia*. Philip P. Barbour, Henry E. Watkins, Richard Booker, James M. Garnett, Samuel L. Venable, Thomas R. Dew, Walker Hawes, Philip A. Dew, John Brockenbrough, Thomas Miller, William C. Overton, George C. Dromgoole, Randolph Harrison, Richard Jones, Robert Yancey, Robert Hurt, Ferdinand W. Risque, Malcolm Macfarland, Thomas W. Gilmer, Burwell Bassett, H. R. Anderson, Josiah Ellis, Charles Everett, Alexander Gordon Knox, George M. Payne, James S. Brander, William Maxwell, Benjamin F. Dabney, R. D. Grayson, S. A. Storrow, Charles Cocke, John W. Jones, William O. Goode, Henry H. Watts, William Townes, John Dickinson, William B. Rogers, C. D. McIndoe, William P. Taylor, John H. Bernard, Linn Banks, William H. Roane, James Lyons, John Tabbs, James Jones, Thomas Giles, Archibald Bryce, Jr., James Magruder, Benjamin H. Magruder, William Daniel, Jr., S. H. Davis. *North-Carolina*. Joseph B. Skinner, Charles Fisher, Louis D. Wilson, James Iredell, William R. Holt, Joseph B. G. Boulhac, William W. Jones, Edward B. Dudley, William A. Blount, Joseph D. White, S. T. Sawyer, David Outlaw, Thomas S. Hoskins, Robert C. G. Hillard, John E. Wood, J. W. Cochran. *South-Carolina*. Zachariah P. Herndon, James G. Spann, F. W. Davie, James Cuthbert, Thomas Pinckney, T. D. Singleton, William Butler, Joseph W. Alston, Henry N. Cruger, Charles Macbeth, Henry C. Young, A. P. Butler, H. A. Middleton, Thomas R. Mitchell, W. Wilkinson, Philip Tidyman, Stephen Miller, William Pope, John Frazer, James Lynah, Job Johnson, John D. Edwards, John Carter, Langdon Cheves, Joseph E. Jenkins, Hugh Wilson, J. H. Glover, T. Pinckney Alston, Edward Richardson, William Harper, William C. Preston, Henry Middleton, Daniel E. Huger, Hugh R. Legare, John Taylor, Thompson T. Player, J. Berkeley Grimbail, James Rose, William Smith, Thomas Williams, Jr. *Georgia*. Eli S. Shorter, Robert Habersham, Alexander Telfair, John Cumming, Seaborn Jones, J. Macpherson Berrien. *Alabama*. John A. Elmore, Benajah S. Bibb, Enoch Parsons, Alfred V. Scott, John W. Moore, William J. Mason, Howell Rose, P. Waters, Henry Goldthwaite, Ward Taylor, Archibald P. Baldwin. *Mississippi*. George Poinexter. *Tennessee*. William E. Butler, Alexander Patton. *Totals*. Maine 3; Massachusetts, 18; Connecticut, 2; Rhode-Island, 1; New-York, 23; Pennsylvania, 15; Maryland, 2; New-Jersey, 9; Virginia, 51; North-Carolina, 16; South-Carolina, 40; Georgia, 6; Alabama, 11; Mississippi, 1; Tennessee, 2—190.

Hon. Philip P. Barbour of Virginia was elected President of the Convention, and Condé Raguet of Philadelphia, Secretary. The convention continued its sittings till the 7th of October, when it adjourned *sine die*.

The prominent object of this convention was to prepare a memorial to Congress, which represents to that body the evils, or supposed evils, of the law of 1828, establishing duties on certain imports, for the purpose of protecting similar articles, the product or manufacture of the United States; or, in other words, it was the purpose of the convention to procure a repeal or modification of the whole system of protecting duties, and to procure such an established rate of imports, as may secure a sufficient amount of revenue to meet the ordinary expenses of the government. To frame and present to Congress a memorial, a committee was appointed consisting of one member from each state represented in the convention, and of this committee, Mr. Gallatin was appointed chairman. The report of the committee is to be prepared, and, by them presented to Congress at its approaching session. The following gentlemen compose this committee:—Albert Gallatin, of New-York, Chairman; Henry Lee, of Mass.; William Hunter of Rhode-Island; Roger Minot Sherman, of Ct.; C. L. Hardenburg, of New-Jersey; Clement C. Biddle, of Penn.; George Hoffman, of Md.; Thomas R. Drew, of Vir.; James Iredell, of N. C.; William Harper, of S. C.; John M. Berrien, of Georgia; Enoch Parsons, of Alabama; William E. Butler, of Tennessee.

An address to the people, prepared by a committee composed also of two members from each state represented in the convention, was reported by Mr. Berrien, of Georgia. Some amendments to the address were proposed in the convention, but were not adopted. Several unsuccessful attempts were made, also, to discuss the reported address. It was adopted, without debate, 158 to 20—majority 129.

A proposition was made by Mr. Poinexter, of Mississippi, for the appointment of a committee to confer with a convention notified to appear at New-York on the 26th of October. This proposition was supported on the ground that it would show a conciliatory spirit, and perhaps lead to a satisfactory arrangement. If the New-York Convention should refuse to confer with the committee, the Free Trade Convention would appear advantageously before the

public, as having made an offer for a friendly compromise. Mr. Harper, of South-Carolina, said he could see no possible good that would result from the appointment of such a committee.

The two conventions differ in principle. They believe protection to manufactures to be constitutional. We believe it to be unconstitutional. The proposition was not adopted.

THE CENSUS. The following abstract was procured by the editors of the New-York Enquirer, from a clerk in the Department of State, and may, it is presumed, be relied on as accurate.

An Abstract of a "careful revision of the enumeration of the United States for the year 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, and 1830," compiled at the Department of State, agreeably to law; and an Abstract from the aggregate returns of the several Marshals of the United States of the "Fifth Census."

STATES.	1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.
Maine, - - - - -	96,540	151,719	228,705	298,335	399,463
New-Hampshire, - - - - -	141,899	183,762	214,360	244,161	269,533
Massachusetts, - - - - -	378,717	423,245	472,040	523,287	610,014
Rhode-Island, - - - - -	69,110	69,122	77,031	83,059	97,210
Connecticut, - - - - -	238,141	231,002	262,042	275,202	297,011
Vermont, - - - - -	85,416	154,465	217,713	235,764	280,679
New-York, - - - - -	340,120	586,756	959,049	1,372,812	1,913,508
New-Jersey, - - - - -	184,139	211,949	245,555	277,575	320,778
Pennsylvania, - - - - -	434,373	602,365	810,091	1,049,458	1,347,672
Delaware, - - - - -	59,096	64,273	72,674	72,749	76,739
Maryland, - - - - -	319,728	341,548	380,546	407,350	446,913
District of Columbia, - - - - -		14,093	24,023	33,039	39,588
Virginia, - - - - -	748,308	880,200	974,622	1,065,379	1,211,266
North-Carolina, - - - - -	393,751	478,103	555,500	638,829	738,470
South-Carolina, - - - - -	249,073	345,591	415,115	502,741	581,458
Georgia, - - - - -	82,548	162,101	252,433	340,987	516,504
Kentucky, - - - - -	73,077	220,955	406,511	564,317	688,844
Tennessee, - - - - -	35,791	105,602	231,727	422,813	684,822
Ohio, - - - - -		45,365	230,760	581,434	937,679
Indiana, - - - - -		4,875	24,520	147,178	341,582
Mississippi, - - - - -		8,850	40,352	75,448	136,806
Illinois, - - - - -			12,282	55,211	157,575
Louisiana, - - - - -			76,556	153,407	215,791
Missouri, - - - - -			20,845	66,586	140,084
Alabama, - - - - -				127,902	309,206
Michigan, - - - - -			4,762	8,896	31,123
Arkansas, - - - - -				14,273	30,383
Florida, - - - - -					34,725
	3929,827	5305,941	7289,314	9638,131	12856,407

INCREASE THE LAST TEN YEARS.

Maine, - - - - -	33,898	South-Carolina, - - - - -	15,657
New-Hampshire, - - - - -	10,391	Georgia, - - - - -	51,472
Massachusetts, - - - - -	16,575	Kentucky, - - - - -	22,066
Rhode-Island, - - - - -	17,157	Tennessee, - - - - -	62,044
Connecticut, - - - - -	8,151	Ohio, - - - - -	61,998
Vermont, - - - - -	19,005	Indiana, - - - - -	132,087
New-York, - - - - -	39,386	Mississippi, - - - - -	81,032
New-Jersey, - - - - -	15,564	Illinois, - - - - -	185,406
Pennsylvania, - - - - -	28,416	Louisiana, - - - - -	40,665
Delaware, - - - - -	5,487	Missouri, - - - - -	110,380
Maryland, - - - - -	9,712	Alabama, - - - - -	141,574
District of Columbia, - - - - -	20,639	Michigan, - - - - -	250,001
Virginia, - - - - -	13,069	Arkansas, - - - - -	113,273
North-Carolina, - - - - -	15,592	Florida, - - - - -	

Average, - - - - - 32,392 per cent.

MAINE.

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The Penobscot Journal states that the Historical Society of Maine has in press and will shortly publish a volume of papers relating to the objects of the association. About half of it will be taken up with a history of Portland, and that part of its vicinity, comprised in the ancient town of Falmouth. Another interesting paper, is an account of the expedition of Gen. Arnold through Maine to Canada, during the Revolutionary War. There will also be an interesting and valuable illustration of this account, consisting of letters written by Arnold on the march, giving an account of his progress, and the Journal of a British Officer, who passed up the Chaudie after the conquest of Quebec by Wolf, and penetrated some distance into the State. This Journal, falling into the hands of Arnold, probably suggested to him the idea of the route he adopted. These documents were obtained for the society, through the agency of Col. Aaron Burr, who accompanied Arnold, and was by the side of Montgomery, when he fell, under the walls of Quebec. This Society has an extensive and almost unexplored field for its labors. The early history of the State, presents many topics, which require elucidation, and to which the researches of the society, will doubtless be directed. The original grants, and varied forms and extents of government in the western part of the state, the different provinces into which that quarter was divided, under the names of Laconia, New-Somersetshire, Lygonia, and Maine, with the numerous and conflicting relations arising from the divisions, are topics of great, though perhaps not of general interest. More attractive subjects will be found in accounts of various Indian tribes formerly inhabiting the state, their predatory excursions and bloody wars against the early colonists; of the incursions and settlements, conquests and defeats of the French with their alliances at different times with the savages, particularly with the Norridgewocks and Penobscots, by the aid of the Jesuit, Ralle, in the one case, and the Baron Castine, in the other; of the ancient settlements on the coast, at Mount Desert, Penaquid, and Piscataqua, and others at different points; and of more recent interesting events, such as the occupancy of the soil by the British, in the Revolution, and again in the late war; and in notices of men who have been distinguished from various causes, in the annals of the state.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The Legislature of this State adjourned on the 2d July last, having passed, during the session, 75 acts and 50 resolutions, and having voted two addresses to the Executive for the removal of a Judge of Probate and a Coroner. The Senate elected Hon. Benning M. Bean, of Moultonborough, their President, in room of Hon. Samuel Cartland, appointed Judge of Probate for the County of Grafton. We perceive that a writer in the Concord Statesman questions the constitutionality of the election of Mr. Bean, he having received but *four* of the votes of the seven senators present, whereas the Constitution of the State requires that "when *less than eight* Senators shall be present, the assent of *five at least* shall be necessary to render their acts and proceedings valid."

The Religious Anniversaries which have been holden in September, in various parts of the State, for nearly twenty years, were this year holden at Concord. The meeting of the General Association was on Tuesday, the 6th. Rev. Nathaniel Lambert, of Lyme, was Moderator. The New-Hampshire Branch of the American Education Society held their meeting on the 7th. The officers elected are, Rev. Nathan Lord, D. D., President; Professor Ebenezer Adams, Vice-President; Rev. Charles B. Had-duck, Secretary; Hon. Samuel Morril, Treasurer; Dr. Samuel Alden, Rev. P. Cooke, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, Rev. Israel Newell and Mills Olcott, Directors. The New-Hampshire Bible Society and the New-Hampshire Missionary Society had their meetings on Thursday, the 8th. The President of the last named Society is Rev. John H. Church, D. D., of Pelham; the Secretary, Rev. Abraham Burnham, of Pembroke. The Bible Society has, during the last 2 years, raised and remitted to the National Society at New-York, the sum of \$8000, for the general supply of Bibles to the destitute throughout the United States.

VERMONT.

William A. Palmer, who was the candidate of the Antimasonic party at the late unsuccessful ballot, has been elected Governor of the State, by the Legislature.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Northampton. From the returns which have been made to the Assessors, the Editor of the Courier has gathered the following facts, in relation to this town. The agricultural products change essentially every year, as the demand and the prices make it expedient; a

year or two since immense quantities of Hemp were raised in the meadows, this year scarcely an acre; last year but little broom-corn was raised, in consequence of which the price of brooms was high, and this year, most of the productive soil is devoted to it; according to this fluctuating principle, this article will fall, and next season the land will be appropriated to some other crop; and so on, *vice versa*. The number of dwelling-houses in Northampton is 417; stores and shops, 69; barns, 302; mills of various kinds, 26; of tillage, 2635; bushels of rye raised, 6257; oats, 5050; Indian corn, 31,000; acres of mowing, 2148; tons of hay, 2394; acres of pasture, 4060; barrels of cider, 2150; acres of woodland, 4414; horses, 334; oxen, 174; steers and cows, 866; sheep 4000; woollen factories, 3; spindles, 1152; carriages and chaises, 3525.

Pawtucket. This town is four miles from Providence, on both sides of Pawtucket river, which at this place divides Rhode-Island from Massachusetts, and contains about four thousand inhabitants. It is entirely a manufacturing town, and one of the most flourishing in the country. The manufacturing establishments are built upon three several falls. At the Upper, or Valley-Falls, are four large mills, running 7500 spindles, 210 looms, employing about 200 hands, and manufacturing above 1000 bales of cotton annually. Another building is erecting, which will hold 10,000 spindles. At the Central-Falls are four large factories, running nearly 10,000 spindles, and 200 looms, employing 240 hands, and using 1200 bales of cotton. At the Lower Falls, which is the principal village, there are 11 mills, running 17,687 spindles and 440 looms, employing 576 hands, mostly females, and using annually 1864 bales of cotton.

Taunton. contains about 6000 inhabitants. The different cotton manufactories here, run about 15,000 spindles, use 2300 bales of cotton, and employ 1160 hands. The Taunton Manufacturing Company have four cotton-mills;—they bleach, and turn into calicoes, two hundred and fifty thousand pieces, equal to about seven millions five hundred thousand yards in a year. They use three hundred hogheads of madder, thirty thousand pounds of indigo; 150 tons of various kinds of dye woods; beside a vast quantity of drugs. They burn 3000 tons of coal, and 2000 cords of wood. The Iron Works manufacture from scrap 300 tons of iron; they roll and make into hoops, nails, shovels, &c. &c. 1500 tons of foreign iron. They make

25 dozen of shovels, daily—burn 1000 tons of coal and employ 100 laborers. There is a large manufactory of copper and lead, unquestionably the most extensive concern of the kind in the country, where are manufactured about 300 tons of copper, and from five hundred to a thousand tons of lead, in all their varieties. But the most interesting establishment here, is the manufactory of Britannia ware. It owes its existence to the ingenuity of a native mechanic. To come at the nature of the mixture, an improved tea-pot was broken up and analyzed. From this small beginning, a large four story building with numerous hands, is scarcely equal to the demands upon the company for their ware.

Worcester. The Hundredth Anniversary of the first sitting of the Supreme Judicial Court in Worcester county, after its incorporation, was commemorated in that town by a public address and dinner, with other exercises, under the direction of the Worcester Historical Society, on the 4th of October. The procession, in which the Governor of the State, the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, Members of the Antiquarian and Historical Societies, many of the civil and judicial officers and clergymen of the county, occupied the places which had been previously assigned to them, together with a great number of citizens of the county and strangers, moved to the Old South Meeting-House, at 12 o'clock. It was escorted by the corps of Independent Cadets, from Boston, the Worcester Light Infantry, and the Worcester Riflemen. The exercises at the Meeting-house consisted of an appropriate prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Bancroft, the reading of select passages of scripture and an address, by the Hon. John Davis. This was an exceedingly interesting historical sketch of the primary legal proceedings in the county, as well as of the difficulties encountered by the original settlers, and an eloquent tribute to the memory of those who persevered through all the obstacles which opposed them. It contained notices of the aboriginal inhabitants, of their hostilities with the planters, the wars with the French, and the efforts of the inhabitants in the expeditions against the seats of the formidable power whose influence darkened the early years of New-England—the struggle of the spirit of freedom in the revolution—and the prominent events of local interest during the past century. The causes which have made the population virtuous, and given their character to the men of

more minute delineation, than is sketched in the pages that follow; but these, imperfect as they are, present a narrative in which all who have derived pleasure from the writings, will find much to make them admire the author; and those who aspire, though at a distance, to similar fame, will discover at once lessons to direct, and motives to incite their efforts.

[Preface.]

Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin, with a Biographical Memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John McVickar.

These Remains consist of two large octavos, containing about nine hundred pages; the greater portion of which is occupied with notes made during the author's travels in Europe. To those who have perused any part of the work, it is superfluous to say that we have been much gratified by an examination of it; and to those who have not, we can safely promise a satisfactory treat. Every person of good taste must be pleased with the plain and sensible manner of the author,—seldom, perhaps never, brilliant, but always manly and elevated in his tone, rich in historical recollections and classical allusions, and ever buoyant with the enthusiasm of youth, but tempered by a degree of thoughtfulness which is supposed to be peculiarly the attribute of maturer age.

The compilation was made by the brother of the author, and the work is introduced by a modestly written preface, giving some account of the contents, from which the following is an extract:

Those who may turn over the ensuing pages, will, perhaps, be of opinion that it would have been better to leave the memory of their author to sleep, with his material remains, quietly in the grave. Something, however, it is hoped, will be pardoned to fraternal affection, if, yielding to a natural partiality, it has erred in seeking to raise to one, cut off so prematurely in his career, a monument of his own works.

The materials for this purpose were, in quantity, ample. Though the author died at the early age of twenty-five, he left behind him manuscripts which, if printed, would suffice to fill at least six octavo volumes. What he wrote, was, however, from necessary circumstances, mostly written in great haste. With the exception of the Latin poems, and the little poem in English on the 'Fall of Greece,' all of them produced in boyhood, it is confidently believed that not a single page of the matter contained in these volumes, was intended by him for the press. The Journal of his Tour in Europe, which has furnished a large portion of the material of this publication, was composed in the haste of rapid traveling, at intervals snatched from the diligent study of those objects which engage the traveler's attention, and in the form of letters to his relatives at home, chiefly to his father. Of course, it never received the revision of the author. The Lectures on Roman, Italian, and English Litera-

ture, extracts from which are here given, were composed with a rapidity perhaps rarely equalled in the case of a youthful writer employed on so comprehensive a subject. These lectures, which, if published at large, would fill a moderate octavo volume, were written and delivered to a class in Columbia College, without any previous preparation, in the space of two months immediately succeeding his return from Europe. Of this portion of time, at least half was occupied by his other duties in the college; so that not more than one entire month could have been devoted to the arrangement and composition of the lectures.

The editor is well aware that the haste in which these writings were produced, is no excuse for their publication, if they lack intrinsic merit. Justice to the memory of the author seemed, however, to require that the fact should be stated. Though it cannot palliate dullness, it may be allowed as an apology for inaccuracies or omissions which his own revision might have corrected or supplied. Those likewise, who may happen to become interested in the productions of the author's mind, may not be wholly indifferent to a circumstance which shows the power of that mind over its own resources.

The poems spoken of, are few in number, mostly translations; and perhaps they do not indicate the possession of great poetical genius, as they certainly do not betray any very "high reaching" or unsuccessful flights of fancy. On the contrary, every thing seems to have been written without effort, with great simplicity, and above all, in good taste. The great merit of Mr. Griffin,—as an author,—was his industry. He first labored assiduously to prepare himself for the place he intended to occupy, and then bent all his energies to fill it with credit to himself, and advantage to those about him. It is said, that among the Mss. left by him, were about sixty sermons. The productions of theological students, generally speaking, would not be extravagantly prized by common readers; but if Mr. Griffin's discourses are, as is stated, more highly finished than his other writings, they could not but be acceptable to his friends.

Mr. Griffin was the second son of George Griffin, Esq. of New-York, and was born at Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of September, 1804. He was the grandson of Col. Butler, who commanded the Americans in the battle which preceded the devastation of that beautiful valley by the Indians and British, in 1778. He was educated in New-York, first at the school of Mr. David Graham, and subsequently at that of Mr. Nelson, who was distinguished as the Blind teacher. Many of the productions of the scholar, while under those tutors, while they evinced a precocity flattering to parental hopes, certainly gave promise of future eminence; but we do not see the propriety

of publishing them, after that promise has been fulfilled. He entered Columbia College in 1819, and graduated, with the first honors of the class, in August, 1823. He then commenced the study of the law, but soon became dissatisfied; and in October, 1823, joined the General Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as a student of divinity. In August, 1826, he was admitted into deacon's orders, and ordained by Bishop Hobart. He soon received a call from the vestry of St. James's church, Hamilton Square, and immediately afterwards, a call to officiate in Christ's Church, as the associate of Dr. Lyell. He was still under twenty-two years of age. He declined the settlement offered by the latter church, and in October, 1828, sailed for Europe. It was during this tour, that he wrote, in the shape of letters to friends, the interesting notes, which form so large a portion of the present work. He returned to New-York in April, 1830. The Lectures upon Roman, Italian and English literature, were prepared during the summer, and delivered at the request of his biographer, and to relieve that gentleman from a portion of his college duties. These lectures, says the biographer, "continued through the months of May and June, being prepared, written out, and delivered, almost, it may be said, at the same moment. They extend to more than three hundred pages octavo; a degree of manual as well as intellectual labor not often paralleled;" and when it is recollected that they were a voluntary service, they are certainly honorable to his diligence and promptitude, and "afford a rich sample of what might have been effected by him, had his life been spared." He was attacked with an inflammation of the bowels on the 25th of August, and died on the 1st of September, 1830. We cannot better close this biographical notice, than in the words of the friend who has endeavored to preserve his memory.

The aged chamberer of the earth is left, while the youthful Christian warrior is taken away, just as he is buckling on his armor for the battle. Yet thus it is that reason is ever baffled when it seeks to enter into the deep counsels of God; and it is perhaps for this very reason, to teach man humility and the nothingness of himself and all things human, that death is permitted to snatch his victims out of the very instruments which God seems to have prepared for usefulness on earth. The shock given to the mind by one such breach upon the hopes and order of nature, does more to arouse the young to reflection, and the thoughtless of every age to watchfulness, than a thousand removals in the ordinary course of mortality. One further blessing may yet attend it: the example of such a life strikes more deeply, from

admiration being mingled with tears. Sorrow is the barb which fixes the arrow in the heart. So may it be in the one now traced; and should this simple narrative fall in some measure to effect it, the author will feel that he has not done justice to his subject. But he trusts that it may be otherwise, and that this fair portraiture of youth well-employed, will lead some of those who are following in the path of life, to form themselves upon its model; that by it some will be roused to diligence, from witnessing what diligence can accomplish; some be saved from vice, by beholding the beauty of innocence; some be led to religion, by seeing it united with taste and accomplishments; some be weaned from their prejudices against a church to which such an inquirer was freely led; some child be won to filial obedience, some brother to fraternal love, by the pleasing picture exhibited of domestic attachment; and all who read it, be impressed with the wisdom of being prepared for an event against which no sufficient barrier was found in youth, health, knowledge, virtue, or all the fond anticipations which human affection builds upon them.

We are pleased to find in Mr. Griffin, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, and regret that its length prevents the translation to our pages of his lecture upon Shakspeare's writings. We have, therefore, substituted a few notices of eminent French philosophers, containing descriptions of their personal appearance, which are always matters of interest; for when we respect or dislike a man for what he has said or done, we desire to know something of his form, features and habits.

The first lecture which I attended was one by M. Cousin, the second of a course on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. It was to be delivered in the hall of the Sorbonne. Understanding that he was one of the most popular lecturers in Paris, I went thither an hour before the time, and found the room, though large enough to contain from one thousand five hundred to two thousand persons, already so thronged that I thought myself happy to obtain a seat near the door. It was curious to observe the habits of a French audience. Some were reading as quietly as if at home, but the greater part engaged in the most active use of tongue and eye. The room was filled with incessant and loud cries, of which I could not at first ascertain the meaning. At length, however, I perceived that they proceeded from persons who had retained seats vociferating the names of their friends, and from individuals in search of accommodation calling to their acquaintance in order to obtain it. Our American reserve would scarcely relish this proclamation of a name; nor would our American notions of the "rights of things and persons" permit an individual to retain more room than he could occupy himself. The lecturer was received on his appearance with a loud burst of applause, which was succeeded by a breathless silence. The French applaud on every occasion except, I believe, in church; and on the other hand, maintain a profound stillness in the intervals of exclamation. This is carried so far, that all coughing, moving, &c. take place in the pauses of the orator, instead of being scattered over the whole time of the discourse. A Frenchman will not even sneeze unseasonably. But to return. The lecturer on the present occasion, M. Cousin, is a tall, thin man, about forty years of age. His face is long and dark, and of a mel-

ancholy and contemplative character. His eyes are large and exceedingly expressive. He was dressed in the ordinary habit of a gentleman; and delivered his lecture, standing in an easy and dignified posture. Though his subject was of an abstract nature, he spoke extempore with uninterrupted fluency. His manner approached very near to one's idea of inspiration. The whole man, head, eyes, hands, and body, as well as voice, seemed to be engaged, and that too, without the least awkwardness or affectation, in the expression of his ideas. If at any time he paused for a moment, you could perceive by the glowing eye, the thought burning within him, and could almost anticipate its general nature from the unconscious motions of his hands. Having taken a general survey of all philosophy down to the period which constitutes the peculiar subject of his course, I never shall forget the animated dignity with which he made profession of his own belief in Christianity. Conscious that the majority of his brother *seigneurs*, and perhaps of his audience, in heart, if not openly, would be inclined to sneer, and that his reputation as a philosopher and among philosophers, was at stake, he seemed to erect his person, and elevate his voice, and expand each glowing feature, as if in noble defiance of expected obloquy. He is accused by his enemies of a tendency to the exploded tenets of Plato; which means in reality, I suppose, a tendency to the spiritual and truly intellectual doctrines of revelation. His lecture lasted more than an hour and a half; and though it was in a foreign language, and required therefore the closer application on my part, my attention was not suffered to flag even for a moment.

On the next day, I accepted the invitation of a young physician to accompany him to a lecture of Broussais, one of the most distinguished of the French physicians, and the great rival and opponent of Cousin. Owing to his principles (he is a materialist) he has never been appointed to any chair of philosophy or medicine; but he is permitted to lecture to his pupils at the Val de Grace, a royal military hospital, of which he is superintendent. We found him a man of forty-five, with a figure and face whose massiveness might well serve to remind you of his system, though from his quick, bright eye, looked out a something which might serve still better to refute it. The expression of his countenance was benevolent, and denoted remarkable activity of mind, though deficient, I thought, in the grave and deliberative character of wisdom. He commenced his lesson by a review of the various patients in the hospital, their diseases, states, and treatment, which occupied about half an hour. He then took off his cap, which he had hitherto worn, and proceeded to discuss a subject more abstruse and difficult, the affections and passions of the human mind. As far as I could understand his system from a single lecture, it seemed to be, that our ideas, affections, and passions are produced altogether by impulses from without, which operate upon the brain and nervous system; an old theory presented under a more modern form, and with novel illustrations. The tendency of the system is plainly to show that facts do not justify the supposition of an immaterial soul. What these philosophers prove, however, even though their theory of nervous action be admitted, is beyond my power to discover. The true *modus operandi* is, after all, a secret, towards which they approach very little nearer than the most ignorant of men. Indeed they are further from the truth. For the latter has probably been taught by his "nurse and priest," so much the object of philosophic derision, that his mind is spiritual and its operations naturally invisible. He has at least attained to that degree, beyond which Socrates himself did not aspire, "to know that

he knows nothing." In the course of the lecture, the system of Gall was examined at some length. It was admitted that the intellectual character develops itself in the front, and the animal in the hinder part of the skull; but the system was pronounced visionary, inasmuch as it is impracticable to ascertain minute details, and classify them by any methods of induction. Broussais delivers himself sitting, and looks frequently upon his notes, which seem to contain only a few brief hints. He speaks fast, and with uncommon vehemence, using a great deal of gesticulation, and distorting his features with every variety of grimace.

Mr. Griffin's next visit was to the Geographical Society. He says—

The sitting was opened by an introductory address from the president of the society, Baron Cuvier. This distinguished man is of about the ordinary height, but his stature appears of unnatural breadth, in consequence of the great quantity of clothing which he wears. His face is of an aquiline form, his complexion and hair light, his mouth and eyes large and expressive. He sustains at present, such is one of the burdens of distinction, an oppressive number of offices. He is a member of the council of state, chancellor of the university of France, inspector of all religious denominations not Roman catholic, (he is himself a protestant,) superintendent of the Garden of Plants, and president or a member of a multitude of scientific and literary societies. His address on the present occasion was brief and appropriate, and delivered with great dignity.

Precedents of Indictments, to which is prefixed, a Concise Treatise upon the Office and Duty of Grand Jurors. By Daniel Davis, Solicitor General of Massachusetts.

This is the title of a law-book, in some 300 pages octavo, compiled by the Solicitor-General of this State, and recently from the press of Messrs. Carter, Hendee & Babcock. He observes in his preface, that it is the result of thirty years' official experience—and that in a station, one would suppose, specially favorable to the accumulation of accurate knowledge upon this as upon many other subjects. The book seems to have been needed—for the simple reason, that there is no previous one, even in England, which contains a complete collection of precedents; while those which are most complete, like Wentworth's and Chitty's, besides being too voluminous and of course expensive, are founded in a great degree upon statutes and precedents which in this country have no operation. And independently of the mass of entire forms which are inapplicable here, it is no small object to get rid of the tedious and useless, not to say burlesque prolixity of such as are applicable substantially. As Mr. Davis remarks, the English precedents have been the same for several centuries, handed down from book to book for study, and from jury to jury for prac-

tice, as if the obsolete and exploded language which encumbers them were absolutely indispensable. The American Law cannot be too soon relieved in any of its departments, of the burden of "confusion worse confounded," thus unnecessarily made consequent upon a connection with the English Law in itself necessary; but in no department are simplicity and certainty of process more requisite than in the law by which Jurors are guided. Whatever inconveniences may attend that ancient and popular institution, it is not likely soon to be abandoned in this country, and perhaps cannot be with safety. It should be made, then, as perfect as its nature admits; and as a large majority of the intelligent citizens of all the states are liable to serve in this capacity, the information which is most necessary for them should be at their disposal in a cheap, simple, and complete form. It will certainly hold true in that case, that "ignorance of the law shall excuse no man." We should not omit to mention the excellent notes of Mr. Davis, and the essay upon the powers and duties of Jurors.

A Discourse on the Philosophy of Analogy, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode-Island, Sept. 7, 1831. By Francis Wayland, D. D. President of Brown University.

The Society before which this discourse was delivered, was organized in Sept. 1830. Dr. Wayland is understood to have been the principal agent in its establishment, and might, therefore, with propriety, lay claim to the honor of being its first anniversary orator, as well as on account of his distinguished reputation as a well-read and ripe scholar.

We were a little startled at the author's declaration, that "the philosophy of analogy, so far as he has been able to discover, has not yet attracted the notice of any writer in our language," and we partake with him in his wonder at such a remarkable instance of neglect. We are not certain, however, that we understand the extent of Dr. Wayland's meaning; for, on reading the discourse, we do not discover any propositions or illustrations that strike us as novel in their character, or essentially different in import from what may be found in other metaphysical writers. But in works of this description, we admit that our researches have not been extensive or profound, and we should shrink at once from a controversy, lest it might lead to an exposure not much

to our credit. If we have any right conception of what is meant by the "philosophy of analogy," or analogical reasoning, we should say that it is difficult to find a person who is not accustomed to reason from analogy—the unlearned in science as well as the learned. "How can we reason but from what we know?" Dr. Wayland, for instance, lays down the following principle—"The work of an intelligent and moral being must bear, in all its lineaments, the traces and character of its author. And, hence, he will use analogy the most skilfully, who is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the system, and, at the same time most deeply penetrated with a conviction of the first cause of all things." And this he illustrates as follows:—

Suppose I should present before you one of the paintings of Raphael, and covering by far the greater part of it with a screen, ask you to proceed with the work and designate where the next lines should be drawn. It is evident that no one but a painter need even make the attempt; and of painters, he would be the most likely to succeed, who had become best acquainted with the genius of Raphael, and had most thoroughly meditated upon the manner in which that genius had displayed itself in the work before him. So, of the system of the universe we see but a part. All the rest is hidden from our view. He will, however, most readily discover where the next lines are drawn, who is most thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Author, and who has observed with the greatest accuracy, the manner in which that character is displayed, in that portion of the system which he has condescended to reveal to us.

Is not this precisely the mode in which a child would reason, who had never heard of the science of analogy? And does not every person capable of exercising the intellectual faculty at all, use "the argument from analogy to establish a very definite probability," though he may be unacquainted with the technicalities of scholastic philosophy, and unable to give a name to the process by which he obtains an inference or arrives at a conclusion?

Inaugural Discourse, delivered before the University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Sept. 3, 1831. By Charles Follen, Professor of the German Language and Literature.

The public are aware that about a year since, provision was made by the government of Harvard University for establishing in that institution a Professorship of the German Language and Literature. Dr. Charles Follen has been recently inaugurated in the Professorship thus newly created; and his inaugural discourse is now before us. The subject is the importance of the study

of the German Language, and Literature; and this the learned Professor has treated with his characteristic strength, depth, and sober enthusiasm. After describing the changes that have taken place in the opinions of literary men, both in Europe and America, respecting the labors of the German scholars, he remarks, that, though not a German Grammar or Dictionary was to be found in the city of Boston, fifty years ago, there are now many persons here who speak the language, and a large number who read the works which appear in it. German works, in their native type, are now published at the University press. The average number of German students yearly at Cambridge is stated to be about fifty. The Professor goes on to state what the scholars of his "father-land" have accomplished in the various departments of literature and science. In pointing out some of the excellencies of German literature, he begins with "the science of sciences, Philosophy, or, as it is sometimes called, Metaphysics." From this portion of the discourse, we make the following extract, which illustrates the writer's enthusiasm, and affords, at the same time, an idea of the style of the whole performance.

Of all modern nations, I believe the Germans deserve the credit of having formed the most perfect idea of this great science; an idea which lies at the foundation of all their philosophical works, particularly since the great revival of philosophy through the influence of Kant. The various branches of knowledge, the natural sciences, mathematics, history, ethics, and theology, contain each of them a copious and various detail of facts and speculations; but also some general principles from which others may be deduced, and under which all the particulars may be arranged in a systematic manner. Now these principles themselves form the substance of philosophy. Philosophy, according to the German idea of it, is the system of the fundamental and regulating principles of all the various branches of human knowledge. So far therefore as the universe is revealed to human knowledge, philosophy is the system of the universe.

With such an idea of this science, it is natural that all German speculations should bear more the character of beginnings, than of finished results. Important as some of the results are to which these speculative efforts have led, still their greatest value consists in the unwearied and never satisfied strivings of the mind to sound and comprehend itself, and that whole, of which itself is but a particle. Jacob, who in his dream, wrestled with the Lord of heaven and earth, bearing off in his lameness a revelation of Omnipotence, is the true emblem of German philosophy. It is something that you must not expect to turn to immediate account in your particular trade or profession; nor is it necessary in order to be benefited by it, that you should adopt its results. German metaphysics have been called the best gymnastics of the mind; and the true object of gymnastics, we know, is not to give the power to perform some great and astonishing feat, but methodi-

cally to unfold, invigorate, and refine all the growing powers of man.

It is true that this philosophic tendency of the German mind sometimes mistakes its true object, and, setting aside the tribunal of common sense, runs wild into hypotheses. But the amount of evil is very small compared with the good proceeding from this source; and the faithful student who is determined to dig down to the true and living springs of German philosophy, will not mistake those transient and insufficient streams, which partake of the impure surface, for those which come from the lofty heights or the unfathomable depths.

This philosophic tendency has sent a spirit of free inquiry into every department of science and learning. I say a spirit of free inquiry,—not a sneering skepticism, seeking, either by knowing hints or sarcastic allusions, to captivate those who think themselves wise, simply because they doubt where others believe, or to impose upon the ignorant and unthinking by high-toned, dogmatical effrontery. The genius of German philosophy is a spirit of laborious, thoroughgoing investigation into the nature of things, anxious to prove all, and hold fast that which is good. Thus it has surveyed the whole territory of faith and of doubt, has inquired into the elements and the origin of all sciences, has endeavored to analyze every conception, to examine the title of every idea we form, to a free-hold in the domains of truth, and to trace its pedigree in the human mind.

Dr. Follen proceeds to give a rapid survey of the progress made by German scholars in the sciences of Philology, Theology, Medicine, Mathematics, and History. From his observations on Poetry, we take the following extract:

The last remarks which I have to offer on the intellectual productions of Germany, relate to that portion of the national literature to which every native clings with the fondest preference, because it is of all the most national—the poetic literature. Among the various impressions, and modes of influence, which different departments of literature exercise on the formation of the youthful mind, poetry is that which resembles most the heart-winning ministrations of maternal love. Science furnishes the mind with a competent outfit for the exigencies and trials of the world; poetry imparts to the unfledged heart the power to soar above it. There is no portion of our national literature, there are no words, with regard to which we feel so confident of possessing their inmost meaning, so desirous to have them understood by others, particularly foreigners, and yet so reluctant to meet their unexpected calls for explanation. Indeed, to enter fully into the idiomatic beauties of any foreign poetry, to catch the faintest and highest notes of this wonderful instrument, vibrating with every pulsation of the heart, to enter into that melody of thought which has over the soul of a native a power he cannot resist or account for,—thus fully to comprehend and feel the poetry of another country like one of her own children, requires a forgetfulness of self and a devoted sympathy rarely to be found. And yet without such an intellectual metempsychosis, you cannot enter into the very soul of another nation, which is revealed in its poetry. The judgement of parents when speaking of the best qualities of their children, is sometimes set aside as partial; and the eulogiums by natives of their own national poetry, are often undervalued for the same reason. And yet this imputed partiality is perhaps only their deeper knowledge, the result of a penetration which love alone can give. At the risk then of

being thought partial, I would profess my faith, that there is no thought or emotion that moves with dread or delight theolian harp which God has placed in the bosom of man, that has not found an expression, if expression it can find at all, in the effusions of German poetry.

The English scholar will perceive, from these extracts, that the style of the Professor is remarkably pure; and when it is considered that he is a foreigner, and probably knew nothing, practically, of writing English, till long after the period when most men relinquish all attempts to study languages, we are compelled to admire its beauty, purity and precision.

We conclude our notice of this discourse (which has almost persuaded us to study the German language) with the following eloquent passage, upon the religious character of the German scholars.

The great diversity of opinion which is the natural result of such a state of society, makes it highly important for the student of German literature, particularly of theological works, to be directed in the choice of his studies by a competent guide; but it makes it in the same degree unjust to judge of all or even a portion of them, by any single production. Besides, I would call to mind again what has been said of German Philosophy, that materialism, or unbelief in spiritual realities, is not an indigenous, but a rare, an exotic plant in Germany; so that even those who doubt or reject the historical facts that form the body of Christianity, still embrace its spiritual essence. Though they deny a part of divine truth, they are not infidels or unbelievers, as the followers of Hume would be, in case they rejected the historical evidence of our religion. Indeed, such is the state of the public mind, of society, and of education in Germany, that real infidelity, or apostasy from faith itself or the evidence of things not seen, is not likely to occur. The charm of novelty, which in other countries draws numbers after the syren song of modern atheism, does not exist in a country where a general acquaintance with the history of philosophy preserves at least the well-educated portion of the community from the allurements of a system of seeming liberty, but of real slavery of the mind. Even the weight of political oppression, which has curbed but not broken the German spirit, even the unsatisfactory nature of the external state of society which meets the 'sight,' seems to urge the mind to 'walk by faith' alone; to resolve upon a life of intellectual action and enjoyment, and to seek in the 'spirit-land' the substance of the things hoped for, but hoped for in vain under the dark influence of the princes of this world. Every German, whose soul has grown in sight of the bright examples of a high, though sometimes mistaken spirit of self-sacrifice, with which the history of his nation abounds, who has listened to the voices of the living and of the dead speaking to him through their works, feels ever compassed about by a cloud of witnesses to the reality and eternity of the things which are not seen. All the branches of his instruction, though they seem destined to bear blossoms and fruits only for this life, become so many roots to fix the tree of spiritual life more firmly in the eternal ground of his being. For if faith, or the trust of the spirit in its own essence, is the groundwork, and if love, or a vital interest in perfection, in truth, good-

ness and beauty, is the soul of religion, then is may well be said of every one who has enjoyed a German education, that his mind has been nurtured in religion—that in it he has lived and moved and had his very being. He feels as if his great parent, even his own father-land had presented him early, while yet a child, to the God of his fathers, and obtained for him a blessing with promise, that the Great Spirit who made him in his own image, who gave him this hard earth for his cradle, will guide him also through its wilderness, will feed his starving soul with the bread of life and the cup of salvation, and when made perfect by suffering and endurance to the end, will raise him again in his own likeness.

Annals of Tryon County; or the Border Warfare of New-York, during the Revolutionary War. By William W. Campbell.

The transactions of the Revolutionary war possess attractions for readers in all sections of the country, however local they may be in themselves; and whatever disagreements may since have arisen, between different parts, every man who shouldered his musket at that time, comes in for his share of our gratitude as a nation; and the scene of every skirmish, however trifling, is considered worthy of honorable mention. This is presumed to be a natural feeling, for its exhibitions are not confined to the United States. The birth of every royal pigmy in Europe is a matter of rejoicing to the people whose pre-destined ruler he is; every delicate circumstance attending his august advent, so far from being covetously monopolized by the ladies of the bed-chamber, is proclaimed with regal generosity, and the first squeakings of his "childish treble" are received with the flourishes of kettle-drums, and the acclamations of grateful subjects. Not only the free citizens of America, then, but even those who look to Europe for directions: and example, for precedent and fashion, may feel at liberty to read, and be interested in, the minor incidents attending the separation from Great-Britain; for although now the mother of millions, the throes and convulsions of that period, mark the birth of the United States, and the time at which she was baptized in blood. Notwithstanding the number of volumes already composed upon the subject, the history of the Revolution is yet to be written; and it will be many years before it can be accurately compiled. Every local chronicler adds something to the materials of which it is to be composed, as well as to the information of those now upon the stage; and every such historian, whatever may be the merit of his work, if it be only authentic, is entitled to our

thanks. But the annals of border wars possess additional interest. They are always crowded with hair-breadth escapes; with affecting, as well as patriotic incidents; they are always tinged with romance; without the pomp and circumstance attending the movements of armies, border warfare is ever the most bloody; our own was peculiarly so; for those engaged in an unrighteous cause, and especially those who flourished in the double honor of traitor and fratricide, were always striking valiant blows upon weak adversaries, and fighting desperate battles with women and children; and as no such biped bloodhounds figure in the history of any other war, the exploits of the Tories of the revolution and their more humane Indian allies, will continue to form the subject of the strangest and most improbable, though none the less veritable, chapter in our history.

The author of the work before us makes no pretensions to literary distinction; but he claims our attention only on account of the interesting nature of his work, the materials of which he derived from official papers in the state department of New-York, from personal intercourse with actors in the scenes described, from original papers left by those who have departed, and from other authentic sources. Tryon County, during the war, comprised the whole state of New-York, lying west of Albany, and received its name from the British Governor Tryon. Most of the events detailed in the present work, however, transpired in the valley of the Mohawk, and particularly in Cherry Valley. After a historical account of the first settlements in the county, and many details of the measures adopted by the people to advance the American cause prior to the Declaration of Independence, the author has given us the history of many battles and sieges, many instances of desperate courage, and of personal prowess, which occurred during the war, of as thrilling interest as any created by the writers of romance. To some readers their truth will be an additional recommendation. There are also several interesting biographical sketches, compiled from works which have heretofore been made public.

The annexed extract contains the account of a stratagem by which Col. John Harper circumvented a party of Indians, and saved a whole settlement.

The following account of a successful enterprise of Col. Harper, was also furnished by the Rev. Mr. Fenn, who received the information from him. "He informed me that in the year

1777, he had the command of a fort in Schoharrie, and of all the frontier stations in this region. He left the fort in Schoharrie, and came out through the woods to Harpersfield in the time of making sugar, and from thence laid his course for Cherry Valley to investigate the state of things there; and as he was pursuing a blind kind of Indian trail, and was ascending what are now called Decatur Hills, he cast his eye forward and saw a company of men coming directly toward him, who had the appearance of Indians. He knew that if he attempted to flee from them they would shoot him down; he resolved to advance right up to them, and make the best shift for himself he could. As soon as he came near enough to discern the white of their eyes, he knew the head man and several others; the head man's name was Peter, an Indian with whom Col. Harper had often traded at Oquago before the revolution began. The colonel had his great coat on, so that his regimentals were concealed, and he was not recognised; the first word of address on Col. Harper's part was, "How do you do, brothers?" The reply was, "Well—how do you do, brother? which way are you bound, brother?" "On a secret expedition—and which way are you bound, brothers?" "Down the Susquehanna to cut off the Johnstone settlement." (Parson Johnstone, and a number of Scotch families, had settled down the Susquehanna, at what is now called Sidney's Plains, and these were the people whom they were about to destroy.) Says the colonel, "where do you lodge to-night?" "At the mouth of Schenewa's creek," was the reply. Then shaking hands with them, he bid them good speed, and proceeded on his journey.

"He had gone but a little way from them before he took a circuit through the woods, a distance of eight or ten miles, on to the head of Charlotte river, where were a number of men making sugar; ordered them to take their arms, two days' provisions, a canteen of rum, and a rope, and meet him down the Charlotte, at a small clearing called Evans's place, at a certain hour that afternoon; then rode with all speed through the woods to Harpersfield; collected all the men who were there making sugar, and being armed and victualled, with each man his rope, laid his course for Charlotte; when he arrived at Evans's place, he found the Charlotte men there in good spirits; and when he mustered his men, there were fifteen, including himself, exactly the same number as there were of the enemy; then the colonel made his men acquainted with his enterprise.

"They marched down the river a little distance, and then bent their course across the hill to the mouth of Schenewa's creek; when they arrived at the brow of the hill where they could overlook the valley where the Schenewa flows, they cast their eyes down upon the flat, and discovered the fire around which the enemy lay encamped—"There they are," said Col. Harper. They descended with great stillness, forded the creek, which was breast high to a man; after advancing a few hundred yards, they took some refreshment, and then prepared for the contest—daylight was just beginning to appear in the east. When they came to the enemy, they lay in a circle, with their feet toward the fire, in a deep sleep; their arms, and their implements of death, were all stacked up according to the Indian custom when they lay themselves down for the night; these the colonel secured by carrying them off a distance, and laying them down; then each man taking his rope in his hand, placed himself by his fellow; the colonel rapped his man softly, and said—"Come, it is time for men of business to be on their way;" and then each one

sprang upon his man, and after a most severe struggle they secured the whole number of the enemy.

"After they were all safely bound, and the morning had so far advanced that they could discover objects distinctly, says the Indian Peter—"Ha! Col. Harper! now I know thee—why did I not know thee yesterday?" "Some policy in war, Peter." "Ah, me find em so now." The colonel marched the men to Albany, delivered them up to the commanding officer there, and by this bold and well executed feat of valor, he saved the whole Scotch settlement from a wanton destruction."

The early history of this county contains many instances of the influence acquired by great courage and perseverance, and of the credulity of the Indians; but none more characteristic of both, than the following notice of Murphy, once a member of Morgan's celebrated rifle corps, and subsequently a resident of Schoharrie.

He fought the Indians in their own way, and with their own weapons. When circumstances permitted he tomahawked and scalped his fallen enemy; he boasted after the war, that he had slain forty of the enemy with his own hand, more than half of whom he had scalped; he took delight in perilous adventures, and seemed "to love danger for danger's sake." Tradition has preserved the account of many of his exploits; but there are so many versions of the same story, and so much evident fiction mixed with truth, that we shall give but a single instance as a proof of the dread with which he was regarded by the Indians.

They were unable to conjecture how he could discharge his rifle twice without having time to re-load; and his singular good fortune in escaping unhurt, led them to suppose that he was attended by some invisible being who warded off their bullets, and sped his with unerring certainty to the mark. When they had learned the mystery of his double-barreled gun, they were careful not to expose themselves too much until he had fired twice, knowing that he must have time to re-load his piece, before he could do them further injury.

One day, having separated from his party, he was pursued by a number of Indians, all of whom he outran, excepting one; Murphy turned round, fired upon this Indian and killed him. Supposing that the others had given up the pursuit, he stopped to strip the dead, when the rest of his pursuers came in sight; he snatched the rifle of his fallen foe, and with it killed one of his pursuers; the rest, now sure of their prey, with a yell of joy, heedlessly rushed on, hoping to make him their prisoner. He was ready to drop down with fatigue, and was likely to be overtaken, when, turning

round, he discharged the remaining barrel of his rifle, and killed the foremost of the Indians; the rest, astonished at his firing three times in succession, fled, crying out that he could shoot all day without loading.

A Treatise on primitive or secondary disguised or misplaced fever, as a single disease; with the varieties, cause, and treatment, as it appears in most of the particular forms of fever recognized by Nosologists, by M. E. Sawyer, M. D. New-York: Peabody & Co. 1831.

The time has been when it was sneeringly asked by those beyond the Atlantic "who reads an American book?" The number of original works which are daily issuing from the American press, authorizes us in our turn to demand who is there now that does not read an American book? No class of professional men has written and published so much, and with so great credit to our country, as that engaged in the practice of medicine. The works of many of them are used as the text books in our medical colleges, have been republished in Europe, and are referred to as high authority on both sides of the Atlantic. We feel a pride in stating these facts, and shall always esteem ourselves happy to inform the public of the appearance of all new works treating of subjects which are of such vital importance to man, as those relating to his physical health. The work bearing the above title, is the result of the observation and experience of a gentleman who has for many years been engaged in the practice of medicine, where the diseases of which he treats, are the prevailing ones of the climate. The opinions which Dr. Sawyer has advanced in regard to fever, appear to be in many respects original, and are supported with much talent, and in language at once simple and expressive. We commend the work to the notice of those whose province it is to examine and defend medical doctrines.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. The anniversary of this institution was held on the fourth Wednesday in September. The class of students which graduated, numbered 52, and exercises were assigned to 42. On Tuesday, Dr. Reynolds delivered an address before

the Mechanical Association, designed to show the importance of exercise, and the futility of the dependence upon dietetic maxims, so prevalent among professional men. Addresses of a highly respectable character, were delivered before the Porter Rhetorical Society, by

Edward A. Parks and William A. Stearns. An address was delivered before the Society of Inquiry.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, Hartford, Ct. The increasing duties of his Episcopal office requiring the undivided attention of the Rev. Bishop Brownell, he has, in compliance with the request of the late convention of Connecticut, resigned the Presidency of this Institution. At an adjourned meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 4th October, the Rev. Nathaniel S. Wheaton, Rector of Christ Church, in Hartford, was elected his successor, accepted the appointment, and will enter upon the discharge of its duties, so soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. At the same meeting of the Board, the Rev. Gustavus F. Davis, and Mr. Ward Woodbridge, both of Hartford, were elected Trustees.

VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY. We learn from the Virginia papers, that the students of this institution are distributed as follows: the School of Ancient Languages, has 41; Modern Languages, 23; Mathematics, 55; Natural Philosophy, 48; Chemistry and Materia Medica, 54; Moral Philosophy, 45; Medicine, 34; Anatomy, 38; Law, 23.

PRINCETON COLLEGE. The Annual Commencement of this Institution, was held on the 28th of September. The exercises were of a character which sustained the credit of the College. On the day preceding, George M. Dallas, Esq. of Philadelphia, delivered the annual oration before the American Whig and Chiosophic Societies. The oration was admired for its propriety, chasteness, correct sentiment and elevated thought. At a meeting of the Alumni Association, it was resolved upon a motion, made by Colonel Mumford, of New-York, and seconded by Mr. Dallas, to establish, wherever it might be found practicable, associations of the Alumni to co-operate with the association in the prosecution of its important objects. Thirty-three Alumni of the College were admitted to the first degree in the Arts, and sixteen to the second. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Obadiah Jennings, of Nashville, Tennessee, and, on the Rev. Luther Halsey, Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegany Town, Pennsylvania.

HAMPDEN SYDNEY COLLEGE, Virginia. The Commencement at this institution was held on the 28th of September. The exercises are well spoken of. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon six

graduates, and that of A. M. upon the same number.

OHIO AND KENYON COLLEGE. The convention of this diocese met at Gambier, on Wednesday, the 7th ult. Present, 15 clergymen, and 34 laymen, representing 25 parishes. The convention continued in session four days; and was occupied principally with the affairs of Kenyon College. By referring to the circular of Bishop Chase, and the reply of the Professors, it will be seen that difficulties had for some time existed between the President and the other officers. On the evening of the first day of the convention, Bishop Chase delivered his address, in which he considered, at some length, the causes of misunderstanding between himself and the Professors. The convention appointed a committee to report on this portion of the address. They reported partially on the second and more fully on the third day, dissenting from the views of the Bishop, and in favor of the Professors; and were sustained in their opinion by the convention. A new and a larger Board of Trustees for the college was appointed, and a new code of by-laws was adopted by the Board. With this code Bishop Chase was dissatisfied, and therefore tendered to the convention his resignation of the charge of the diocese and of the Presidency of the College. A committee appointed by the convention, waited on him to persuade him to withdraw his resignation; every one being anxious that he should continue in the exercise of his functions as diocesan. But he declared, that unless he was permitted to exercise patriarchal authority over the Institution and all those connected with it, he would retire from the Episcopate. It then became the duty of the convention to decide between the claims of the Bishop and what they deemed the paramount interest of the institution. On Saturday, therefore, the resignation was unanimously accepted; and the Rev. Charles P. M'Irvine of Brooklyn, N. Y., was, by a unanimous vote, elected Bishop of Ohio, and President of Kenyon College. We learn, however, from an Ohio paper, that Bishop Chase subsequently became convinced that a Bishop is not authorized, according to the usages of the Church, to resign his Episcopate; and consequently that he will remain Bishop of the Diocese, and ex-officio President of Kenyon College. The ultimate decision of the Bishop is said to be in accordance with the opinions of the most enlightened members of the communion.

MISCELLANIES.

THE JAVA FEMALE ORANG OUTANG. Dr. Pascalis, of New-York, has communicated for the Evening Post, the following remarks upon the animal recently exhibited in that city and Boston.

"Among the strange forms of animated creation, none is more varied, singular and puzzling than that of the young *Simia*, the *homo Silvestris*, the *Stage* of the French, or the *Ape* of the English.

The Count de Buffon, who has so learnedly written on the subject, would have been still more perplexed by this, which he does not appear to have seen. He says that the male Orang Outang has the stature of a man, a little more than five feet, and is erect and approaching to our form, deprived of a tail, of pockets in the mouth, of collosities of the seat, and of claws on the hand. He acknowledges, however, that three other kinds of apes are much similar to his animal, although of much inferior size; the Jacot and Magot, also the Pithouque of the Greeks, which last has been described by Aristotle, and which he had never seen; but he knew not the present kind of Orantagess, which is only two feet and a half high, and differs from any of the species above noticed.

The trunk of her body, including the pelvis up to the cervix and the arms with the shoulders, is all of a perfect human form and proportion, save a folding of the cutis vera descending from the neck to the breast, as if it was expansible and reserved for a swelling of goitre, or other parts, which is not yet formed. The innominati of the pelvis are flat and lower, the femurs shorter, in good proportion, and much diverging. The knee and leg are perfect, but the foot exercises a flexion between the tarsi and metatarses, and gives a semi-circular support to the body, much assisted by a central internal big toe or a thumb. It besides completes the characteristic of the quadrumanes observed in this class, with very few exceptions, and proves that it is destined to live, to jump, to transport itself from tree to tree, and to grasp by the foot as well as by the hands. The upper and lower jaw of this Orang Outang departs from the human form and protrudes out so much as to give a very acute facial angle, flat nose and frontal surface, but the mouth is internally shaped like that of a man, presenting two circular jaws

and sets of teeth in good order but not yet complete. In it we did not perceive any uvula, except it be a small appendage of it, and no velum palati, from which we conclude that the animal could not give nor strike and form any articulated sound or syllable, although her tongue is well formed; but she must be deprived of the benefit of a posterior chamber of the pharynx necessary for the speech. We are told that the animal is only 19 months old; hence her dental system is not yet completely formed; her nails of twenty fingers are rather thick and hard, but not bent nor shaped as claws. The muscular agility, elasticity, and all powers of locomotion are remarkable, whether walking, jumping, or suspending herself at a rope provided for her exercise: yet playful with her keepers, to whom she appears cheerful and obedient. Nothing is unsightly about her, neither by the hairy appendage short upon the head, rare on the back and spine and null on the inside of her upper and lower extremities. However vacant her physiognomy, it indicates not the smallest degree of ferine disposition, except she should be too much touched and meddled with.

Yet we confess that the beholders of such a creature may either believe that the ascent from her condition of brute and beast to that of man, would not require much alteration; or that our own organization places us not very high in the scale of reason and intelligence above similar beings. Both extremes of such impressions are erroneous, and are sufficiently refuted by our civil, moral and religious institutions. When we think that it is so difficult to bring Indians and savages (yet men to all appearances) to our social laws and industry, we may well think what great distance there still remains between the Orang Outang and the Lord of the creation.

If even the changes and meliorations by generation were to be depended upon, we must know that in that mould, not only bodily forms must be cast, but that it must also adjust those which are necessary to intelligence and mental perceptions!"

BLACK SNAKE OF NEW-ENGLAND. The Exeter News Letter gives the following account of this reptile, which is said to attain a larger size than any other in New-England. "They have not unfrequently been known to measure between six and seven feet in length;

and may be found in abundance in the pastures of New-Hampshire in the months of April and May, when they emerge from their dens, and court the rays of the noon-day sun. They may then be killed with but little trouble, being somewhat torpid, and sluggish in their motions. They afterwards become more active and shy; and if seen in the summer months become instantly alarmed, and glide away with the velocity of a race-horse. They are generally considered harmless; and it is ascertained that their bite is not venomous: instances have been known, however, of their having attacked individuals without provocation, and they have then proved themselves a fearful enemy.

Several years since, Mr. N., a gentleman of Massachusetts, was walking leisurely from Lynn to Lynnfield, when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the bushes near him, and two monstrous black snakes, which he stated to have been seven or eight feet in length, made their appearance, rushing towards him, thrusting out their forked tongues, while their eye-balls seemed glowing with defiance and ire. Mr. N. turned and fled. His pursuers, however, soon came up with him, and one of them clinging to his boot, arrested his farther progress. The snake twined itself around his leg, with its head reaching above his knee—and seemed evidently attempting to gain his body, for the purpose of compressing him to death. In this critical situation, Mr. N. fortunately retained his self-possession, and drew a penknife from his pocket, with which he severed the body of his loathsome antagonist. Its companion escaped.

A woodcutter in a neighboring town, was once cutting down a tree which stood near a ledge of rocks, which rose precipitately to the height of fifteen or twenty feet. Suddenly a large black snake sprang from the ledge above him, and alighted on his shoulder, to the great horror of the poor fellow. The snake began to entwine itself around his body, which he attempted to prevent by seizing the neck of the snake, and striving with all his strength to compel it to relinquish its hold. In this way, this modern Laocoon struggled with the arch enemy, and at last succeeded in releasing himself from its grasp."

EXTRAORDINARY FORMATION OF PEAT.
A bed of Peat, of great size and importance, the working of which, upon an ex-

tensive scale, has just been commenced, has been discovered upon the property of Mr. William Woodworth, about two and a half or three miles East of New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, and less than half a mile from the Raritan. The depth of the Peat formation is about eleven feet, and its surface so broad, that it is estimated that five or six millions of chaldrons could be extracted per annum, for twenty-five years; and as peat turf generally renews itself once in twenty or twenty-five years, this bed may be considered as inexhaustible for any quantity that will probably be required. As an article of fuel it is of rare quality. It is very solid, and seems, from its texture and appearance, to have been almost charred by some chemical property in the soil.

COTTONIER. This is a plant which grows in great profusion in the wildernesses of Canada, and has generally been considered of little or no value. It is said that ship loads of the seed are blown away by the wind, every year. A lady lately succeeded in spinning some of the wild cotton, and it has been woven into an article of very considerable value to the poor in that climate.

A METEOR. A brilliant meteor exploded in the sky about 11 o'clock on the night of the 11th October, a little northward of Wellsborough, Pa. A bright flash was seen, followed by a heavy sound and a jarring of the earth. The light was remarkably brilliant. One spectator reports, that he was walking homewards at the time mentioned above, when, suddenly, the ground became enlightened, like noon-day; on looking up, he saw a broken flame, more brilliant than he ever before witnessed, coursing its way from the northwest to the north, in a descending direction. When nearly to the northern point, it vanished and all was darkness; in a few seconds from this he heard a loud report in the direction in which the meteor disappeared, which very sensibly shook the earth; he thinks that at the time of the light, he heard a low, hoarse, rumbling noise in that direction, but in this he may have been deceived. The report was heard by many people in the neighborhood, and all join in corroborating the above statement; some thought it the report of a cannon—others an earthquake—and some thunder, but no clouds were to be seen above the horizon.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Parsonsfield, Me. Major SAMUEL PEASE, a revolutionary soldier, aged 77.

In New Portland, Me. Mr. SHUBID WICKSON, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 78.

In Temple, Me. Mr. WILLIAM BLUNT, aged 87, a soldier in the old French War.

In Hopkinton, N. H. ESENEZER LERNED, M. D. a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1787. He was elected a member of the New-Hampshire Medical Society in 1800, and for a number of years was President of the Centre District of the Associates belonging to the Society.

In Exeter, N. H. JOHN J. PARKER, Esq. aged 61. Mr. Parker had filled the office of Town Clerk for the period of twenty years, and had been for nearly that period Register of Probate for the county of Rockingham—which office had been filled by himself, father, and grandfather, for ninety-seven successive years.

In Durham, N. H. Hon. ESENEZER SMITH, counsellor at law; for several years a member of the Legislature, and of the Executive council.

In Dover, N. H. Mr. STEPHEN SAWYER, aged 79.

In Newburyport, Ms. Mr. PHILIP JOHNSON, aged 75—at the age of nineteen he volunteered and joined a company of Militia from Newburyport, under the command of Capt. Perkins, in the year 1775; and was in the battle on Bunker Hill.

In Salem, Ms. Mr. WILLIAM FAY, aged 82.

In Worcester, Ms. Capt. PETER SLATER, aged 72. Captain Slater was one of the persons who disguised themselves and threw the Tea overboard in Boston harbor, in December, 1773. He was then an apprentice to a rope-maker, in Boston. He attended the meeting of the citizens of Boston at the Old South Church, in the afternoon, where the question was agitated relative to the landing of the tea, and some communications were made to Ketch, the consignee of the cargoes. His master, apprehensive that something would take place relative to the tea then in the harbor, took Peter home and shut him up in his chamber. He escaped from the window, went to a blacksmith's shop, where he found a man disguised, who told Peter to tie a handkerchief round his frock, to black his face with charcoal and to follow him—the company soon increased to about twenty persons. Captain Slater went on board the brig with five others—two of them brought the tea upon deck—two broke open the chests and threw them overboard—and Captain Slater with one other, stood with poles to push them under water. Not a word was exchanged between the parties from the time they left Griffin's wharf till the cargo was emptied into the harbor, and they returned to the wharf and dispersed. This is the account of that memorable event as given by Captain Slater. He afterwards served as a soldier in the Revolution five years. He was a firm patriot, a brave soldier, a valuable citizen, and an honest man.

In Springfield, Ms. Col. ABEL CHAPIN, aged 75.

In Providence, R. I. General WILLIAM BAXTON, aged 84. Early in the struggle for Independence, he embarked in the cause with an enthusiastic ardor highly honorable to his character as a patriot; and during the long period of his service as an officer, he exhibited the valuable qualities of prudence, decision and valor. The capture of General Prescott, at his

quarters on Rhode-Island, which was planned and executed by General Barton (then a Colonel in the American army) aided by a small detachment of trusty men, was one of the most hazardous achievements of those times. The services of General Barton were highly appreciated and duly honored by Congress in presenting him a sword, and also by a grant of land in Vermont, in the transfer of which, however, he unfortunately became entangled in the toils of the law, was subjected to numerous and heavy expenses, which eventuated in his imprisonment there, most unjustly, as was thought by himself and friends. He was deprived of his liberty for many years, away from his family, with scarce a hope for enlargement, until Lafayette visited this country, who learning the situation of his brave fellow-soldier, opened the prison doors.

In Guilford, Ct. WILLIAM TODD, Esq. Counsellor at Law, aged 45. The deceased was educated at Yale College, where he was graduated with the honors of the institution in 1806. He was a sound, well-read lawyer, and a most correct and exemplary man. As a public man, his sagacity, intelligence, and purity of character, secured to him the respect and esteem of his associates, as well as the confidence and attachment of his constituents.

In Williamstown, Vt. General JOSHUA R. BURNHAM, aged 46.

In Chittenden, Rutland county, Vt. ISAAC BUMP, a revolutionary patriot, aged 71.

In New-Jersey, Dr. WILLIAM C. M'CALL, a surgeon in the United States Navy.

In Hunterdon county, N. J. Mr. JOHN PRALL, aged 74, a soldier at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth.

In New-York city, Mr. JAMES KERR, aged 34, President of the Hibernian Universal Benevolent Society of that city.

In Albany, N. Y. Rev. JOHN DE WITT, D. D. formerly Pastor of the South Dutch Church in that city, and at his death, Professor of Belles Lettres, Criticism and Logic in Rutgers College, and the Theological Seminary, at Brunswick, N. J. The period of his ministry was more than ten years, and although at its commencement there was towards him a strong feeling of admiration and regard, yet, like the shadow in the departing sun, it was growing and enlarging to the last, until at the termination of his pastoral functions, sentiments of exalted respect, of affectionate esteem, and with many, sincere love and veneration, were general throughout his congregation. This growing popularity was amply sustained by the success of his ministry. Since Dr. De Witt succeeded to the Professorate chair he has discharged the duties of his place without any diminution of his high reputation for talents, scholarship, and a sound and well-regulated mind.

In Rensselaerville, N. Y. ASA COLVARD, Esq. High Sheriff of the county of Albany, N. Y., aged 64.

In Albany, N. Y. Mr. JAMES E. THOMPSON, aged 71—a soldier of the Revolution.

In Carlisle, Penn. on the 29th of September, the Hon. WILLIAM RAMSAY, one of the Representatives to Congress from the district composed of the counties of Adams, Franklin, Cumberland and Perry, Pa.

In Philadelphia, Pa. REUBEN HAINES, Esq. of Germantown, aged 46. Inheriting at an early age an estate which made him perfectly independent, he nevertheless spent a

life of great and constant industry. Without engaging in enterprises of hazard, or in the practice of a profession, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and his labors have done much to enrich the scientific department of that art; the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania looks in him one of its most efficient officers. In the scientific and literary institutions of Philadelphia, the unwearied industry of Mr. Haines was rewarded by the affectionate esteem of his associates. As a man of remarkable zeal for science, extreme amiability, and the greatest purity of life, he was known and honored. From his residence in Germantown, he came to Philadelphia, as was his invariable custom on Tuesdays, to attend the meetings of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was apparently in good health throughout the day, but expired at midnight.

In Philadelphia, BENJAMIN E. REXES, M. D. late Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in Jefferson College.

At a very advanced age, Rev. NICHOLAS COLLIN, D. D. Rector of the Swedish Churches in Pennsylvania.

The death of WILLIAM JONES, late collector of Philadelphia, was mentioned in our last. The following obituary notice has since been published. "The deceased was a native of Philadelphia, and took an early and active part in our revolutionary struggle. When about sixteen years of age, he joined a volunteer company, and was present at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, suffering all the hardships of a winter campaign. He afterwards served on board of various armed vessels, during the revolutionary war. He was once severely wounded, and twice made prisoner, during that contest. He was Lieutenant with Commodore Truxton, in the Saint James, when she encountered and beat off, a British ship of war, greatly her superior in force—for his conduct in which action, captain Truxton spoke in high terms of the subject of this notice. After the close of the war, captain Jones entered the merchant service; in which profession he continued until the year 1790, when he settled at Charleston, S. C. from whence he removed to Philadelphia, in the year 1793. He represented Philadelphia in Congress, during the years 1802 and 1803; but finding the duties of that station to interfere with his business, he declined a re-election. He was Secretary of the Navy, during Mr. Madison's administration. He was afterwards appointed President of the United States Bank. The last public station he held, was that of Collector of Philadelphia. He was nearly twenty-six years a member of the American Philosophical Society, and he furnished that learned body with many valuable communications. Captain Jones had no children, but he has left numerous relatives and friends, who mourn his irreparable loss, who cherish a lively recollection of his virtues, a profound gratitude for his services, and in

whose affections his memory will forever remain embalmed."

In Newark, Del. on the 10th of September, Mrs. MARY THOMSON, aged 93. She was the only sister of Charles Thomson, whose services to this country as secretary of Congress during the revolutionary war, were so arduous and important. This lady was an infant and left in Ireland, at the time of the emigration of her father and brothers. The former died upon the passage, but the latter established themselves with great respectability in the country of their choice, and were joined by their mother when she had grown up. She lived with the secretary after the death of his lady, until his own decease—and it is but common justice to her virtuous and exemplary character to say of her, that she fulfilled her duties in life, was an affectionate relative, a kind neighbor, a steady friend and sincere christian. The longevity of this family has been remarkable; of six members, not one has died before attaining the age of eighty.

Near Baltimore, Capt JOHN FINEVEEN, aged 65. He was the first to establish a line of packets from Norfolk to Baltimore.

In Baltimore, Lieut. J. A. DOWNING, of the United States Army.

In Springfield, Albernethy Co. Va., Col. BENJAMIN LEWIS, in the 84th year of his age. He commanded a regiment of militia during the several invasions of Virginia, and was among those who, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis's army at York, received the thanks of General Washington for their disinterested and gallant conduct during that arduous campaign.

In Alexandria, D. C. FIERRE LA CROIX, aged 88—probably the last surviving soldier who served under Montcalm, at Quebec. He afterwards served during the revolution.

In Tallahassee, Florida, JAMES G. RINGOLD, Esq. United States Attorney for the Middle District of Florida.

In the Naval Hospital, Pensacola, Lieutenant PAUL H. HAYES, of the Navy, an officer of fine qualities and great promise.

In Austin's settlement, Texas, Mr. WILLIAM R. DICKINSON, late of Steubenville, Ohio. Mr. D. was, till within a year or two, one of the first and most extensive wool growers of the western country, and it is to him more than to any other man, that that section of the Union is indebted for the introduction and improvement of fine wool sheep.

In Wapagkennetta, BLACKHOOF, one of the Chiefs of the Shawanoe tribe of Indians, aged about 114. He was well known throughout the western country, as a formidable enemy in war, although the latter part of his warlike life was devoted to the American cause. He was at St. Clair's, Hammar's and Crawford's defeat, and perhaps, at the time of his death, was the last man living who was in Braddock's defeat.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS IN PRESS.

Carter & Hendee, Boston, have in press, an Introduction to the Study of Human Anatomy, with illustrations; by James Paxton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c., and author of the notes and illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology, with additions, by an American Surgeon.—A Liturgy for the use of the Church at King's Chapel, in Boston; collected principally from the book of Common Prayer, fourth edition; to which are now added Forms of Family Prayer, and Private Devotion; together with a collection of Hymns for Domestic and Private Use; by Rev. F. W. F. Greenwood.—An Essay on Demonology, Ghosts and Apparitions, and Popular Superstitions in general, with numerous appropriate Anecdotes. Also, an account of the Witchcraft Delusion at Salem, in 1692; by James Thacher, M. D., A. A. S.—Stories from Common Life, with plates.—The Coronet, a Collection of Pieces; by Mrs. Child, author of 'The Mother's Book,' 'Frugal Housewife,' &c.—The Child's Book of American Geography—with 18 maps and 60 engravings; by the author of Parley's Tales.—The Pearl, or Affections Gift, a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1833; embellished with 10 engravings.—The Monthly Journal of Medical Literature, and American Medical Students' Gazette; a new periodical, edited by E. Bartlett, M. D., to be issued on the first of January.

F. S. Hill, Boston, has in press—Recollections of the Stage, by John Bernard, formerly of the Federal-street Theatre, Boston, in 2 vols., 12 mo.—Spain in 1830, by H. D. Inglis, 2 vols., 12 mo.—Characters of Theophrastus, 1 vol., 16 mo., 30 engravings.—The Vocal Annual, for 1833, 1 vol., 18 mo.—The Private Correspondence of David Garrick, 2 vols., 12 mo.

By Lilly & Walt, Boston.—A new edition of Cooper on Dislocations, from the sixth London edition, with great improvements, and 13 additional plates.

By Munroe & Francis—Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach in the Ban de la Roche. From the 3d London edition.—A Manual of Surgery, founded upon the Principles and Practice taught by Sir Astley Cooper and Joseph Henry Green, Esq. From the 3d London edition; considerably enlarged, containing many additional notes from the writings of other distinguished surgeons. Edited by Thomas Castle, F. L. S. of Queen's College.—The Fifth Edition of Josepe's Spanish Grammar and Exercises, revised, amended, improved and enlarged, by Francis Sales, instructor of French and Spanish at Harvard University.—Wonderful Travels, being Narratives of Munchausen, Gulliver and Sinbad, abridged from the original works, with numerous alterations and original designs. By Miss Leslie. Every thing exceptable in the original works has, in these epitomes, been carefully expunged, and much is also omitted that is uninteresting to young people; and this little work comprises all that any child need wish to know of those entertaining imaginary travellers, Munchausen, Gulliver and Sinbad.—Cards of Boston; comprising a variety of Facts and Descriptions, relative to that City in past and present times; so arranged as to form an instructive and amusing game for young people. By Miss Leslie. Comprising 60 cards, in a handsome case.

By J. T. & E. Buckingham, Boston.—An Address delivered on the Dedication of the Cemetery of Mount Auburn, 24th Sept. 1831. By Joseph Story.

By Charles Whipple, Newburyport.—The Amaranth, a Literary and Religious Offering, designed as a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1832. This work will be printed on fine, paper and new type, and bound in a style not surpassed by any similar work published in this country. It will consist of original poetical and prose articles, written expressly for it by some of our best writers.—Gulde to Piety, consisting of Directions to Persons just commencing a Religious Life; and A Memento from Christian Pastors to those who under their care have commenced a Religious Life. This will be a stereotype edition, in miniature quarto.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

By F. S. Hill, Boston.—The Lives of the Players, by John Galt, Esq. author of the "Annals of the Parish," in 2 vols.—The Mirror of the Graces, 1 vol., 12mo.—By a Lady.—Flowers of Anecdote, Wit, Humor, Gayety and Genius, with etchings, 1 vol., 19 mo.—Beauties of Sheridan; consisting of Selections from his Poems, Dramas and Speeches, 1 vol., 18 mo.—The Criminal Calendar, being an account of the most notorious Pirates, Highwaymen and other Malefactors who have figured in this hemisphere. By Henry St. Clair. 1 vol., 12 mo., 12 engravings.

By Lilly & Walt, Boston.—The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, vol. 8, part 2.—Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, comprising the Biography of Remarkable Men, with accurate likenesses of James Watt.—A new edition, being the third American, from the last London edition, of the Lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. F. R. S. surgeon to the King, &c. &c., on the Principles and Practice of Surgery; with additional Notes and Cases, by Frederick Tyrrell, Esq., surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, and to the London Ophthalmic Infirmary. In 3 vols., with colored plates.—A System of Human Anatomy, translated from the last French edition of H. Cloquet, M. D.; with Notes and a corrected Nomenclature.—An Elementary System of Physiology, by John Beacock, M. D., Member of the Medical and Chirurgical, the Astronomical and the Zoological Societies of London, Member and late President of the Edinburgh Medical Society, &c. In 3 vols. 8vo.—In 1 vol., quarto, splendidly executed and embellished with colored engravings, a Description of the Distinct, Confluent, and Inoculated Small Pox, Varioloid Disease, Cow Pox, and Chicken Pox, illustrated by 13 plates. By John D. Fisher, M. D.—Knowledge for the People, or the plain Why and Because. By John Timbs, Editor of *Laconia*. Part 1, upon Domestic Science.

By Gray & Bowen.—A Natural History of the Globe, of Man, Beasts, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles and Insects. From the writings of Buffon, Cuvier, Lapeyrou, and other eminent Naturalists. To which are added, Elements of Botany. Edited by John Wright, Member of the Zoological Society in London. With about 500 engravings on wood. A new edition, with numerous additions, particularly respecting American Animals, from Richardson, Griffith, the Editors of the 'Zoological Gardens,' and 'Tower Menagerie,' Lewis and Clark, Long, Wilson, Godman, and others. In 5 vols., containing in all about 250 pages.—An Address delivered before the Boston Sunday School Society, on the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Sunday School Institution, at the Federal-street Church, Sept. 14, 1831. By Ezra S. Gannett.

By Carter & Hendee, Boston.—Precedents of Indictments; to which is prefixed a Concise

Treatise upon the Office and Duty of Grand Jurors. By Daniel Davis, Solicitor General of Massachusetts.

By Hilliard, Gray & Co., Boston—A Discourse on the Philosophy of Analogy, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode-Island, Sept. 7, 1831. By Francis Wayland, D. D. President of Brown University.—Elements of Algebra, by Bourdon, translated from the French, for the use of Schools and Colleges, by John Farrar, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in Harvard University.—Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, vol. 9. By Octavius Pickering, Counsellor at Law.

By Munroe & Francis, Boston—The American Girl's Book, or Occupation for Leisure Hours. By Miss Leslie. Containing a great variety of amusements for the play hours of Girls, and directions for making all kinds of Fancy Articles for the Toilet and Work Table.—A Letter to a Fashionable Lady. By a Physician. On the importance of Female Health, and the means of preserving it.

By Andrew J. Allen, Boston—The Massachusetts Almanac, or the Merchant's and Farmer's Calendar for 1839, which contains a large number of useful remarks and events, Morning and Evening Tide Table, Sun's Declinations, the Courts, Census, Interest Table, List of the Public Buildings in Boston and New-York. The Astronomical Calculations are by R. T. Paine, Esq.

By Stimpson & Clapp, Boston—The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs, for 1831. Vol. 2.

By Hilliard & Brown, Cambridge—A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Harvard University, for the academical year of 1831-2. To which is affixed, the Terms of Admission, Course of Instruction, Account of the Divinity School, Account of the Law School, Course of Study in the Law School, Statutes of the Medical School, Account of the Library, Expenses in College, &c. &c.—Inaugural Discourse delivered before the University in Cambridge, Mass.

Sept. 3, 1831. By Charles Follen, Professor of the German Language and Literature.

By J. & J. W. Prentiss, Keene, N. H.—The Literary and Scientific Class Book, embracing the leading facts and principles in Science, illustrated by engravings. Selected from the best sources, and adapted to the wants and condition of youth in the United States. With Questions. By Rev. Levi W. Leonard.—A Selection of Reading Lessons for Common Schools, designed to be used after Easy Lessons in Reading, American Popular Lessons, Boston Reading Lessons, and other works of a similar rank. 4th edition. By the author of the Literary and Scientific Class Book.

By J. & J. Harper, New-York—The King's Secret, by the author of the Lost Heir, in 2 vols.—Philip Augustus, or the Brothers in Arms, by the author of Richelieu, Darnley, &c., in 2 vols., being Nos. 9 and 10 of the Library of Select Novels.—Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his life, from the year 1733 to 1749, as written in his own diary. Edited by Miss Jane Porter.

By G. C. & H. Carvill, New-York—Remains of the Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, compiled by Francis Griffin, with a Biographical Memoir of the deceased, by the Rev. John McVicker, D. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c., in Columbia College; 9 vols.—Sixty Years in the Life of Jeremy Linna. A novel, in 2 vols., 12mo.

By Peabody & Co., New-York—A Treatise on Primitive or Secondary Disguised or Mispliced Fever, as a single disease; with the varieties, cause, and treatment, as it appears in most of the particular forms of Fever recognized by Nosologists. By M. E. Sawyer, M. D.

By Carey & Lea, Philadelphia—Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets. Designed principally for the use of young persons at School and College. By Henry N. Colbridge, Esq., M. A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Part 1.—The Atlantic Senenir, for 1832.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Long and elaborate essays in the form of reviews, bearing the title of some new or popular work for a basis, are not embraced in the views and purposes of the editors of this Magazine. Its limits necessarily exclude them. Such articles correspond better with the size and objects of the quarterly reviews; and if we have departed from a general rule in filling up the pages of the present number, it has been done for reasons which appeared satisfactory, but which will not often occur, and which it is altogether unnecessary to explain.

We take this opportunity to remark, for the benefit of anonymous correspondents, that rejected contributions will be returned in such manner as they may direct; and those not returned, as ordered, within a proper time, may be considered as accepted. But we hold ourselves under no obligation to gratify the desires of such writers by giving an immediate insertion to their contributions, if not consistent with our own arrangements, nor to give reasons for rejecting such as we deem unsuitable for publication.

It may be proper to remark, also, for the information of the curious reader, that it is altogether incompatible with our notions of expediency to give the names of our contributors in connection with the articles furnished. If gentlemen who favor us with the products of their leisure, choose to inform their friends, or the public, of the extent and particulars of their claims to authorship, we, of course, can have no objection. We make this observation from having noticed in newspapers, and heard in conversation, certain articles very positively attributed to certain writers. Such designations have been in almost every instance erroneous—made without authority from the editors, and with little credit to the sagacity of the gossips who give them currency.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MUSIC.

I GREATLY love, and I may say too, respect, the art of Music. It enters very largely, more largely than we are apt to think, into our enjoyments. From the highest to the lowest in the land, from the church to the cobbler's stall, from the theatre and the concert room to the side-walk and the cellar, every where, and at all times, we hear the sound of music; and few sing but the happy. It is rare to meet with those who do not relish and understand this art, in some of its forms. We are all ready to acknowledge our obligations to it for many a pleasant hour. Yet there are not many who will allow it to be any thing more than the source of a momentary, perishing enjoyment—at most, and at best, a mere luxury, doing little in any condition of society to advance or secure its more valuable and permanent interests. To this opinion, however, I cannot assent. It seems to me to deserve a better praise. For my own part, I cannot but think that the cause of civilization, of intellectual progress and refinement, even of morals and religion itself, lie under serious obligations to the science and the art of music.

We may say of music, that, like poetry, its foundation is laid in the nature the Creator has given us. The earliest literature of a people is poetry; partly because poetry is the language of feeling and affection—and these sentiments possess the mind long before it learns to reason and compare—and partly because poetry, by the music of its cadences, serves as an important aid to the memory. But music is the instrument, by which poetry has, from the beginning, wrought its chief effect; it is the language which, even at the present day, it uses when it would make the deepest impression upon the heart. Wherever poetry has been found, there has music been found also, her inseparable companion. We cannot, therefore, as some have done, suppose the time ever to have been, when music was not; we cannot, with them, refer it, for its origin, to the imitation of the warbling of birds, or of the wind, sighing among the reeds by the river's side. Man, constituted as he now is, was never without music in his soul. He never, surely, wanted the organs for uttering melody. Can we with more pro-

priety deny him a soul capable of those emotions which can find vent only, or best, in song? If he has ever had an eye to see the beauties of creation, a mind to comprehend them, a heart to feel, and a tongue to utter them,—and this is poetry,—so has he ever had an ear tuned to catch all the harmony of sound which nature pours from a thousand sources, a heart to feel it, and organs capable of returning that harmony with the increased effect of nature's finest instrument, the human voice,—and this is music.

And accordingly we find that there never has been a people without music. Among the rudest barbarians of the present day we hear of the war-song and the death-song. Our earliest notices of the earliest tribes of the earth, show that this divine art has always existed among men. We may refer, in proof of this assertion, as far back as to the remotest period of the Jewish record, even to Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ." Throughout the whole course of the Jewish history, we meet with those who were skillful to play upon divers instruments. The Psalms of David were sung to solemn chants, of correspondent excellence, we have a right to suppose, to the beauty and grandeur of the poetry whose sentiment they were to express. In Egypt, music found an early home; as the forms of musical instruments—were there no other proof—painted upon her everlasting monuments in her undying pigments abundantly testify. The poems of Homer, we well know, were sung; and, doubtless, to melodies suited to the sentiment and the structure of the verse. Anacreon and Sappho sang their odes to the lyre. Pindar, it is said, sang himself to airs his own soul prompted, those magnificent odes which have immortalized him; and that in the poetic contests in which he engaged, he so often bore away the palm, is, perhaps, in part at least, to be ascribed to the related fact, that he excelled his competitors in the power, compass, and command of his voice.

We may hence with confidence maintain, that the first steps of the human race in the path of civilization and intellectual culture, are to be referred, as to other causes, so in part, to the power of music over the human soul. Who will believe that the ancient poetry which, before the invention of alphabetic writing, it was necessary to communicate orally, would have wrought the wonders ascribed to it, had it been recited in the rigid style of declamation? It was music which imparted to it its popular power; its power to alarm, to agitate, to melt, to win. It was the *Phrygian mode* which roused the martial spirit of the fiery Macedonian, and soft *Lydian* "measures, that soothed his soul to pleasures." Upon the philosopher in his retirement, poetry might, indeed, have had equal power, had it been simply rehearsed; or, after writing had become an art, when read from the leaves of the papyrus. But upon the rude and uncultivated populace, the choicest strains of the moral and descriptive poet would have died away in emptiness, had not melody won for them a way to the deepest recesses of the soul.

We arrive at the same conclusion when we look at the revival of music after the overthrow of the Western empire, and the weaving together of new nations out of the materials furnished by the breaking up of the Roman power, and the irruption of the Teutonic tribes. It is from Provence we hear the first breathings of the poetic muse; but

they are borne to us upon the sounds of the harp. The Troubadour, either himself sang to his instrument the wild legends with which he entertained the knights and ladies of the Castle Hall ; or he was attended by the Songleur who accompanied him with his harp and voice. Indeed, the path to poetic fame was entered at the gate of music. He who aspired to be a poet, first followed the Troubadour in quality of musician. Nor do we often hear, at that period, of poetry being offered to the world otherwise than through the medium of song. Even so late as the fifteenth century we find the celebrated Pulci singing—not reading or reciting—but singing, his Morgante Maggiore at the table of Lorenzo de Medici.

Let it not be thought that because I claim for music this close alliance with poetry, and contend that the poet has been, and is still, indebted to this art for much of his power over mankind, I would therefore crown it with an equal honor. It needs not exaggerated praise to give it a very enviable rank among polite arts and the undisputed sources of human improvement. No one, who thinks justly, can fail to assign to poetry the first place among those arts whose chief end is to please. No one, unless borne away by a mad enthusiasm, would dare to raise even Handel, Haydn or Mozart, to a level with Homer, Dante and Milton, or say that the sublime compositions of those remarkable men can be compared with the divine strains of these monarchs of the poetic art. But although we cheerfully yield to poetry this supreme excellence, it may not be so easy to determine to which of the other fine arts, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, shall be allowed precedence in the next degree. The most impartial might, perhaps, find it difficult to decide between the amount of intellectual pleasure derived from gazing upon the faultless proportions of the Pantheon, upon the beauties of the Venus or Apollo, upon the master-pieces of Raffaele or Domenichino, or from listening to the choicest strains of Beethoven, Mozart, or Cimarosa. If from the union of music with poetry, its deep foundation in our very nature, and the part it has taken in the early refinement of our race, we feel warranted to regard it as something more and better than a mere luxury, a mere parlor ornament. we are strengthened in the conclusion when we view it in connexion with intellect and genius. Music, considered as a science, presents a study among the most subtle and profound with which the human mind is ever called to cope. In all its learned details, it tasks the most acute and philosophic mind to discover, arrange and define its principles. There are few, even of those who excel in the various departments of practice, who are competent to master the science of their art, or reach a thorough comprehension of its deep laid principles. And even considered as an art, music is an accomplishment, which, in its highest excellence, can never be dissociated in our mind, from truly exalted talent and a soul touched by the finest sensibilities. It implies and demands the exactest perceptions, the most rapid intellect, the nicest powers of discrimination, a rare union of judgement, taste and feeling, and that power of throwing the whole soul, as it were, into an instrument, or pouring it out in the voice, which is better denominated genius than anything else. Who will deny genius to Catalani, Malibran, or Paganini? And when we see united, in an individual, the knowledge of music as a science, a profound acquaintance with the

whole doctrine of harmony, the inventive mind which records upon immortal pages its original conceptions of melody and harmony, and that manual dexterity which wields the most difficult instrument with a perfect mastery, we are presented with an example of intellectual power, hardly surpassed in any other department of knowledge or art. Read an overture of Haydn or Mozart, or listen to it, simply as a study of human intellect, and you will confess that the mind which could invent those airs and harmonies, could, in each note, as it was written, calculate the precise effect of an orchestra of an hundred instruments, give to each its proper office, combine, interweave, separate and reunite them, so as to produce that matchless result by which you are entranced, is of the rarest order of human genius. Who can listen to the almost more than earthly strains of the Messiah, or the Creation, and not feel that the intellect which composed them would, under other circumstances, have controlled senates by the power of eloquence, stamped its immortality upon the canvass or the marble, or recorded its glowing thoughts in imperishable verse? Genius, as it has shone in music, is of a nature as ethereal and rare, as when it astonishes us in any other branch of learning or art; and it cannot be that nature will reproduce her Handels, her Haydns, her Mozarts, in greater profusion than her Homers, her Titians, or her Canovas.

When we see how much genius has been poured into modern music, that minds full of power, and hearts full of sensibility, have invented the melodies and the harmonies which delight us, how can it be otherwise than that this art should contain, within itself, the springs of an immense moral influence? I believe its influences are, for the most part, healthful and invigorating. History and observation combine to represent those as benefactors of a community, who introduce and cultivate a taste for this agreeable art. Its undoubted tendency is to soften, refine, and elevate. If, indeed, it be viewed only as it exists in the great theatrical establishments of the corrupt capitals of Europe, it may seem, and it may be, rather the pander of a debilitating luxury, than the minister of true refinement. Or, if it be considered only in the disastrous effects its practice has so often had upon the characters and habits of those who make music their profession, it may be thought an art that brings mischief rather than profit to a community. But, turning from at least so partial a view, look at this art as it contributes to the pure, quiet, fire-side enjoyments of almost every family throughout Europe and America, affording a rational and innocent relaxation after the severe labors of the day, withholding the young by its charms from many a pleasure and many a vice, to which ennui would otherwise impel them; look at it in its connexion with the rites and services of our holy religion, and you will be constrained to admit that, if it sometimes issues in evil, it exerts, in a much greater proportion, a pure, wholesome, saving influence. The tendency, the natural tendency of music, as of poetry, is to soften and refine. Who would not rather expect to meet with gentleness, urbanity, kindness of heart, and a certain general air of refinement and elegance, among the lovers and disciples of music, than the opposite traits of coarseness, rudeness, incivility, and cruelty? The world has ever been of this opinion, and facts show it to be well founded. The characteristic cruelty of the inhabitants of Cynæthæ, was attributed, by the Greek writers, to their neglect and contempt of

music. And a learned historian of that people, went so far as to believe that the cultivation of music would have power to counteract the effects of a harsh and wintry climate upon the character. Had the Romans been lovers of music, had it been a national taste, is it possible their early traits of barbarism should have clung to them as they did, even to the last? Would a people with music in their souls have delighted in the savage spectacles of the circus, in the fights of gladiators, and the destruction of captives and malefactors, by wild beasts? In modern times, we have the well-attested story—remarkable for the testimony it bears to the moral power of music—of the hired assassins, sent in pursuit of the unfortunate Stradella, melted to tears, and changed to very women in their purposes of blood, by the moving strains of their victim. And do we not notice effects in ourselves, upon our own dispositions and affections, wrought by the sorcery of this art of arts, which render perfectly credible every account that has reached us of its almost miraculous influences? Who so callous, that he is proof against the melting pathos of many of the ancient ballads? Who can hear the touching melody of “Auld Robin Gray,” from the lips of one whose soul glows with sensibility, and who can throw that sensibility into the voice, and not confess himself a very child, to be moulded at will, by the power of this siren muse? The effects of music through the national airs of different countries are not less astonishing. The exile of Switzerland, never hears, without tears, the song of his native valleys; and so potent has been its spell upon her soldiery when engaged in foreign service, filling their minds with sweet images of home, that it has been found necessary to forbid the singing of it, under the severest penalties. The streets of Paris have again and again borne witness to the moral power of her songs of freedom. What Frenchman, whose patriotism during the “three days,” did not leap to the barricades, roused by the spirit-stirring notes of the sacred hymn of the Marsellois? Even here, in this land of political safety, and seclusion, and peace, whose pulse beats not quicker as he hears, now the low and wailing tones which speak of sons, and daughters, and wives, slain by tyranny, and anon the triumphant shout, which calls upon the sons of freedom to march to victory or death? Let the metaphysician ascribe as much of this power as he may to the principle of association, and the charms of verse; enough will be left to prove the residence of an immense moral power, a beautiful and a sacred power, in the art we love.

Music has ever been in close alliance with religion. In the Pagan and the Hebrew religions, the power of music was well understood by the priest, and acknowledged by the worshiper; and in Christianity, from the first hymn sung by the Savior of the world, in company with the chosen twelve, to the present moment, music has boasted a divine power to cheer, to comfort, to support, and excite the minds of the pious. It was to the church that music fled for shelter, during those ages of uproar and barbarism, which succeeded the first establishment of Christianity upon the throne of the world, and the subsequent overthrow of that throne; and it was there, in the quiet of monastic seclusion, that her lost honors were gradually restored, and the foundations laid for those grand developments of musical genius, which have conferred an enduring celebrity upon the last century. Were not the

investigation too extensive for these pages, it would be equally interesting and instructive, to trace this art from its first dawns in the discoveries of Flavianus, bishop of Antioch, in the fourth century, through Ambrose of Milan, in the fifth, Pope Gregory the seventh, Guido Aretino, in the eleventh,—the supposed inventor of counterpoint,—the monk Hubald, John de Muris, and others, to the meridian splendor of the close of the eighteenth, when the works of the great modern composers broke upon the world, and the art seemed to have reached the very limits of improvement.

But if music owes something to the church, the church owes more, infinitely more, to music. It makes a large part of the religion of Christians of almost every communion; and it is the religious power of music, its power to kindle the feelings, to raise devotion, to calm the passions, to subdue the will, for which the Christian will ever chiefly honor and love it. That vast religious power is lodged in this art, no one can doubt who is familiar with its history. The Catholic church has long known how to avail herself of the services of this potent ally. That church has not been more famous for the gorgeous pomp of her numerous rites, the magnificence of her temples, her painted ceilings, her sculptured marbles, than for the unrivalled excellence of her music,—unrivalled for its power to melt and subdue the heart. Other communions have by no means kept pace with that of Rome in this department of worship. Yet, even in our own churches, imperfect as this part of the service is, there goes forth from it an influence which, as religion could ill spare, so she longs to see clothed with all that power which of right belongs to it. For I would say that, if there are “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,” so there are homilies of surpassing eloquence, read to the feeling heart, in those solemn strains of vocal harmony which rise from the assembled congregation, or flow from the well instructed choir. I have often thought—and I believe my own is the experience of many—that I have received a more salutary impression from the music of the choir, than from the wisdom of the pulpit. The young are particularly open to these influences. How much then is not lost to religion by the very imperfect, nay, almost rude and barbarous style in which the music of the church is so often performed?

But how much soever may be said in commendation of music, as an innocent amusement, a principle of refinement, a useful art, and even a handmaid of religion, I am aware that by many* moralists, it has been condemned, with the other fine arts, as unworthy the man whose mind is influenced by the high considerations of philosophy, much more penetrated with a sense of his religious duties and relations. But, for myself, I cannot subscribe to a judgement so indiscriminating and sweeping. I would not, indeed, contend that to all or either of them, the same rank should be assigned, in which we place, by common consent, the pursuits of literature and science, philosophy and religion; nor allow that the mind is innocent which finds, in either of them, its chief and only good. But then, on the other hand, they are neither of them in opposition to Heaven, or Heaven’s will. They all spring, as necessary results, from tastes, desires, and capacities, which the Creator

* Hartley, c. 5.

has implanted. And they cannot be condemned by the reasonable man—except in their abuse—till He is condemned, who paints the rose, gilds the brilliant butterfly, spreads over the heavens the purple hues of sunset, and tunes the voice of the nightingale. Where Heaven has originated, man surely may imitate without guilt.

As a people, it may be regretted that we have displayed no musical genius, and not much musical taste. We not only have no national music,—we have scarcely a single composer. Thus far we have done nothing in this art, to correspond with what has been achieved in the related arts of poetry and painting, or even in architecture and sculpture. We have poets whom we are proud to call ours, and whose genius the literary world of Europe as well as of America, has not been slow to acknowledge. We have produced, and do still produce, painters, whose works are esteemed and sought wherever there is a taste for art. But the niche of music is vacant. We have no composers whose names are familiar household terms, like those of West and Copley and Trumbull, Newton and Leslie and Alston, Halleck and Bryant. Yet I know not that there is reason for mortification or discouragement. In other lands, the birth and growth of this art has been almost equally late and slow. If Germany, that land where music now springs indigenous from the soil, had nothing that could be called music before the time of Keyser, if France had none before Lulli, or England before Purcell, we surely need not blush for the state of the art among ourselves, however low it may be. As for Italy, that home of brilliant genius, it seems always to have been in advance of the rest of the world, in all that relates to the elegant arts. If Petrarch and Dante were the fathers of modern poetry; if Da Vinci and Raffaele have given lessons to the world in painting, Bramante and Palladio in architecture, M. Angelo and Canova in sculpture, Scarlatti, Cavaliere, and Pergolese have, in the same way, been our masters and guides in music. The opera, and sacred oratorio, both belong to Italian genius. And although the first opera,—the Euridice of Rinuccini—was not performed till the year 1600, yet so rapid was the progress of the art among this gifted people, that, in Venice alone, in the space of a little more than twenty years, a hundred original operas were performed; and, throughout Italy, in the period of less than a century,—the seventeenth,—more than seven hundred.

Still I would not exchange our own national character for that of the Germans, or that of the Italians. But I wish we had more of the passion, which distinguishes them for that delightful and I must add, useful art, in whose praise I have said these few things.

TO JULIA.

Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
 Ut somno careas. JOURNAL.

MAIDEN, go!—if thou hast lost
 All that made thee once so dear,
 Let not now our parting cost
 Thee a sigh, or me a tear:
 Go, with Fashion's heartless train,
 Go, where Wealth and Pleasure wait,—
 Seek them all, nor seek in vain,—
 Go, and leave me to my fate;
 And if, 'mid thy gay career,
 Thought of love and me intrude,
 Check the rising thought, nor e'er
 Let it mar thy lighter mood.

Maiden, go!—a saddened brow
 Haply serves but to conceal;
 Tears, methinks, are idle now,—
 Waste them not, unless you feel:
 If your bosom is too cold
 Still to prize a loyal heart,—
 If you value sullen gold
 More than love, 't is best we part:
 Go,—and when your heart has learned
 How Love flies the courtly door,—
 Learn that true affections, spurned,
 Droop to death and bloom no more.

Maiden, go!—and should you rue
 All your coldness here hath done,—
 Know that Nature, ever true,
 Will not now desert her son:
 If you she gave the cold desire
 To flaunt in fortune's glittering train,
 For me she framed a heart and lyre,
 Which will not let me live in vain:
 The simple chords of that rude lyre,
 The plain warm homage of that heart,
 Alike were yours:—and shall the fire
 That warmed in joy, in grief depart?

Maiden, go!—I will not call
 A blush again to shame that brow,
 But may you in the festal hall
 Be tranquil as you leave me now!
 Still my lot in life must be
 In some dim secluded spot,
 Undisturbed by thoughts of thee,—
 Dreams of love and all forgot:
 But not the Tajo's sands of gold,
 Nor all the treasures of the deep
 Can pay you for the peace you've sold,—
 Pleasant dreams and quiet sleep!

LITERARY AND INTELLECTUAL STATISTICS.*

See page 415.

THE general intention of this work has been already stated. The author divides it into fifteen lectures, and the space of time it embraces, into four periods, of fifty years each. Of this arrangement as to time, he gives the following explanation :—

“ I shall divide our history into four periods, of half a century each, for the sake of more easily managing my subject. These periods are, indeed, arbitrary, it may be said, and will not correspond with any remarkable events in politics or literature. This is very true ; but still the division may aid my labors. The skilful painter of a panorama divides his canvass into portions, before he takes up the pencil ; but these mechanical arrangements are not seen, when the whole canvass glows with life. A writer may profit by such an example.”

LECTURE I. This lecture abounds in matter of great interest to the philologist and scholar. It treats of language in general, as affected by various causes, some of the most powerful of which are climate, and the state of advancement in knowledge. A warm climate gives a softness and delicacy of tone and manner to the speech of the inhabitants. It is also a source of words expressive of softness, mildness, and enjoyment. Is knowledge far advanced ? language is copious ; and the reverse, of the English language, its origin and improvement—enriched from various sources—its copiousness and strength, its beauty, sweetness, and majesty—all which properties are illustrated by well selected examples ; the invention of the Cherokee alphabet. Of this fact in Indian history, which has attracted of late its full share of attention and commendation, and been made the subject of no little speculation, our author gives the following interesting account :—

“ In the winter of 1828, a delegation of the Cherokees visited the city of Washington, in order to make a treaty with the United States, and among them was See-quah-yah, the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. His English name was George Guess ; he was a half-blood ; but had never, from his own account, spoken a single word of English up to the time of his invention, nor since. Prompted by my own curiosity, and urged by several literary friends, I applied to See-quah-yah, through the medium of two interpreters, one a half-blood, Captain Rogers, and the other a full-blood chief, whose assumed English name was John Man, to relate to me, as minutely as possible, the mental operations, and all the facts of his discovery. He cheerfully complied with my request, and gave very deliberate and satisfactory answers to every question ; and was all the time careful to know from the interpreters if I distinctly understood his answers. No stoic could have been more grave in his demeanor than was See-quah-yah ; he pondered, according to Indian custom, for a considerable time after each question was put, before he made his reply, and often took a whiff of his calumet, while reflecting for an answer. The details of the examination are too long for the closing paragraph of this lecture ; but the substance of it was this : That he, See-quah-yah, was now about sixty years old, but could not precisely say ; that in early life he was gay and talkative ; and although he never attempted to speak in council but once, yet he was often, from the strength of his memory, his easy colloquial powers, and ready command of his vernacular, story-teller of the convivial party. His reputation for talents of every kind gave him some distinction when he was quite young, so long ago as St. Clair's defeat. In this campaign, or some one that soon followed it, a letter was found on the person of a prisoner, which was wrongly

* Lectures on American Literature, with remarks on some passages of American History, by Samuel L. Knapp.

Sketches of Public Characters, drawn from the living and the dead, with notices of other matters, by Ignatius Loyola Robertson, LL. D. a resident of the United States.

read by him to the Indians. In some of their deliberations on the subject, the question arose among them, whether this mysterious power of the *talking leaf* was the gift of the Great Spirit to the white man, or a discovery of the white man himself? Most of his companions were of the former opinion, while he as strenuously maintained the latter. This frequently became a subject of contemplation with him afterwards, as well as many other things which he knew, or had heard that the white man could do; but he never sat down seriously to reflect on the subject, until a swelling on his knee confined him to his cabin, and which, at length, made him a cripple for life by shortening the diseased leg. Deprived of the excitements of war, and the pleasures of the chase, in the long nights of his confinement, his mind was again directed to the mystery of the power of *speaking by letters*—the very name of which, of course, was not to be found in his language. From the cries of wild beasts, from the talents of the mocking bird, from the voices of his children and his companions, he knew that feelings and passions were conveyed, by different sounds, from one intelligent being to another. The thought struck him to try to ascertain all the sounds in the Cherokee language. His own ear was not remarkably discriminating, and he called to his aid the more acute ears of his wife and children. He found great assistance from them. When he thought that he had distinguished all the different sounds in their language, he attempted to use pictorial signs, images of beasts or birds, to convey these sounds to others, or to mark them in his own mind. He soon dropped this method, as difficult or impossible, tried arbitrary signs, without any regard to appearances, except such as might assist him in recollecting them, and distinguishing them from each other. At first these signs were very numerous; and when he got so far as to think that his invention was nearly accomplished, he had about two hundred characters in his alphabet. By the aid of his daughter, who seemed to enter into the genius of his labors, he reduced them, at last, to eighty-six, the number he now uses. He then set to work to make these characters more comely to the eye, and succeeded."

Here closed the invention of the alphabet of this Cadmus of the forest. His next step was to learn to read with it himself, and to teach others to do the same. In this he was also successful, to the astonishment and awe of the people of his nation, who began to consider him peculiarly favored by the Great Spirit—or aided, perhaps, by the spirit of evil. Such is the way in which the ignorant and superstitious, whether savage or civilized, Christian or Pagan, account for things they cannot understand. When the wind suddenly changes or abates in violence, and obvious benefit to some portion of the human race is the issue, although another portion may be injured by it, or when a shower descends opportunely on the parched earth and withering herbage, instead of deriving the events from the laws that, without varying, govern the universe, they ascribe them to the interposition of a special Providence. The Deity has been kind or angry; and, influenced by his passions, like any other mutable being, has deviated from his eternal and inviolable purposes, to do good or evil to the tiny mite of existence called man! Thus does superstition, by perpetuating error, prepare sustenance for itself, and maintain not only its existence, but its dominion over man. And thus is the ignorance of the many still employed by the designing few, in forging fetters for the human mind.

Certain individuals, who do not appear to have studied the matter very profoundly, have seized on this invention of an alphabet, with a view to prove by it, that the intellect of the Indian is equal to that of the white man. But the attempt is unavailing. The testimony, as used, is fallacious, and proves no such thing. See-quah-yah is not a full Indian, but a "half-blood," his father being a Scotchman. The invention, therefore, is not Indian. Nor ought it, perhaps, to be deemed an

invention at all. That term imports something strictly original. But here is nothing such. The whole is derivative. The first conception of See-quah-yah was the fruit of the "*speaking leaf*," not of his own unaided reflection. Had he been a full-blood Indian, and had he formed his alphabet in the depth of the forest, without any intercourse with the white man, the facts would have been important in the solution of the question referred to. They would have constituted evidence highly flattering to the genius of the Indian. But as matters now stand, they furnish no evidence to that effect. They show what a half-blood can do, with assistance, not what a full-blood can do without it. Under similar circumstances, white men, of moderate abilities, would do as much.

LECTURE II. This lecture treats of Greek, Roman, and Arabic literature—of the state of learning, when our ancestors first came to America—of the character of those virtuous and heroic emigrants—of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain John Smith, two of the most extraordinary men of their age, or of any age—of the pilgrims, and other matters connected with those times.

LECTURE III. Here we find sketches of some of the pilgrims, showing them to be men of talent and learning—*notices* of the books they wrote, as samples of intellect and attainment, and of their peculiar mode of thinking. Harvard College founded. This alone testifies to the high and enterprising character of the colonists, and to their unconquerable devotion to letters. Situated as they were, surrounded by danger, oppressed by labor, and familiar with suffering of every description, they were, probably, the only people on earth, who, under circumstances so adverse and discouraging, would have thought of erecting a literary institution, to rival those of the mother country. The progress of the colonists, in other respects, is here referred to—the celebrated Roger Williams—the high and heroic character of the females of the time traced to the excellence of their education—general remarks on the early settlers of the country. This lecture abounds in matter of peculiar interest.

LECTURE IV. In this lecture our author delineates the characters of the two Mathers, Increase, the father, and Cotton, his son. All things considered, these were wonderful men; the latter, perhaps, most so. Their lives were a romance. Although they stood related as father and son, they were, notwithstanding, cotemporaries. They died within five years of each other, the one at eighty-five, the other at sixty-five. The amount and variety of their knowledge were surprising.

"The concerns of religion and literature, the duties of political and domestic life, the subjects of the passing day, and the most abstruse questions of science, all fell within their grasp, and were honored with their attention." * * * "They felt every thing, and received every measure of attention, from adoration to hatred, from individuals of the same community, at the same time." * * * "They were born on the same soil, and educated at the same university." * * "Their minds were, in a great degree, alike. Both were indefatigable students, and devoted to the same pursuits in letters and religion. The father wrote more than an hundred works, which issued from the press in this country or in England. Nothing escaped them, from cometographia to witchcraft. *They shot off an arrow at profane dancing*, and threw off a pamphlet in favor of inoculation for the small pox." * * * "Happy in other respects, the father was 'thrice blessed' in his son Cotton, who arose from the swaddling-clothes of the cradle a prodigy. In his father's mind, the Arabian tale of the birth of Solomon was no longer a fable, of whom it

was said that, the first word he spoke was the awful name of the Most High, and the first sentence was a confession of faith. Cotton Mather, when an infant, checked the wandering and reproved the vicious. At fifteen years of age he had finished his collegiate course, and was before the world as a scholar. His piety was superior to his talents and learning; for he read fifteen chapters a day in the bible, and reading, with him, was nearly committing to memory; and multiplied his fastings and vigils, with the zeal and perseverance of an hermit, destined to grace the calendar of saints. He preached sermons of great length every Sunday, wrote treatises with almost incredible celerity, and scattered them profusely, in the hope of doing good. One of his biographers says, that the number of his works was three hundred and eighty-three. Franklin ascribes to one of Mather's essays "all his usefulness in life." Others have bestowed on him still higher praise. If any thing could exceed his industry, it was his wish to be useful; and if any thing could exceed that, it was his credulity."

In this lecture many other topics of interest are discussed—William Penn, and the literature of Pennsylvania—the origin of Yale College—the literature of South-Carolina—William and Mary College, in Virginia—General Summary of the first century.

LECTURE V. This lecture gives a view of the population, difficulties, changes, and state of the colonies at the commencement of the second century—the character of Benjamin Franklin—David Mason—Mathematicians and Astronomers of the time—Metaphysicians—President Edwards and his son—Origin of Columbia College, in New-York—Brown University, in Rhode-Island, and Dartmouth, in New-Hampshire—the Mathematicians who distinguished themselves by their observations on the transit of Venus—Rittenhouse and others—American observations on that event, the most accurate that were made.

LECTURE VI. This lecture is replete with matters of deep interest, partly literary, and in part political. It depicts the state of public feeling, and recites some of the events previous and preparatory to the revolution—the prominent characters of the day—Otis, Gridley, Samuel Adams—Dr. Cooper, his taste, eloquence, and fine writing—the massacre in Boston, and the proceedings held on the occasion—Orators and their orations on the anniversary of that event—the intrepidity and firmness of Dr. Warren, in the character of orator—John Adams, his conduct, writings, and declaration that a speech by Mr. Otis "breathed into the nation the breath of life"—attention to Oriental literature. Passing in silence over Lectures VII and VIII, we say of

LECTURE IX. that it is a beautiful discourse. In refinement and interest it is rarely surpassed. It treats of poetry in general, its origin and nature—shows that it springs instinctively from the constitution of man—of English poetry from its dawn, in the twelfth century, to the time of Shakspeare—the period of the first colonization of our country—American poetry and poets—the celebrated John Smith. Of this chivalrous and truly singular man, who has no parallel in romance or reality, our author gives the following spirited account:—

"Our first quotation shall be from the muse of John Smith, who was the *Æneid* of the New World. One would think, from the character of the man, that his poetry would be of the first order. He was fitted, by nature and education, for a poet; generous, noble, and full of genius, he saw every thing in a chivalrous light,—not the flitting, irregular, meteoric light of a perturbed mind, which is so often found to mistake the agitations of feebleness for the workings of the divinity within; but one who saw things in the blaze of intellectual day. He had been a philosopher, a hero, and a lover in every clime; and a favorite of the fair in every path of the sun. The veiled beauties of Asia, whose hearts melt with

romantic tenderness within the haram walls—the refined and accomplished women of his own country, and the simple, honest, and noble daughters of the forest, were enamoured with the blaze of his fame, and charmed with the martial elegance of his person. His whole life was an epic.”

On Lectures X. XI. XII. and XIII. we cannot dwell, although they are well written, and contain matter respecting American orators, and other points of much value, and no common interest. In Lecture XIV. Washington is thus referred to and described :—

“ On the second day of July, 1775, Washington arrived at Cambridge, and took command of the American army. . He was not, at this time, much known to the officers of the army ; but, in addition to his having been selected by the Continental Congress, a body which had the confidence of all the people, his personal appearance, his military air, his sage demeanor, his attention to every minutæ of the camp, and his punctilious regard to religious observances, at once commanded respect and admiration. This soon ripened into that enthusiastic veneration, which had before been rather the creature of the imagination than the belief of the understanding. This adoration, for it came as near it as any thing a mortal could inspire, was never, for a moment, lessened by accident or reverse of fortune. Washington had the undiminished affections of New-England from that hour to the last moment of his existence.”

LECTURE XV. treats of the naval character of our country. The navy, its exploits and glory, from its commencement to the present period. This lecture is, of course, historical, and, from portraying, in fine touches and vivid colors, the workings and products of American mind, is replete with interest.

Such is the fullest brief, the limits of this article permit us to prepare of the contents of the “ Lectures on American Literature.” Imperfect as it is, we trust it will be sufficient to induce the reader to look into the work itself, which will richly reward him for the attention he may bestow on it. When we consider the importance of its end, and the abundant means it employs for accomplishing it, we are justified in ranking it among the most valuable productions of our country. To the specimens of our author’s style and manner already given, hundreds of other fine ones might be added. Without any particular care in selecting, we subjoin the following. Or if it be selected, it is not so much on account of its eloquence and beauty, as of the affecting incident it so fitly records.

“ We are a generous people in our sympathies, and have mourned over the fate of the unfortunate Andre, who fell a victim to the laws of nations, in the prime of his life, for the very reason that his case has been presented to us in every form of prose and verse, by those of his own country, and we read all they write ; while one of our own kindred and brethren, as young, as accomplished, and as unfortunate as Andre, has hardly been mentioned by an obituarist or historian. Nathan Hale, a martyr in the cause of liberty, is a name almost unknown to his countrymen ; but it is time that we should be familiar with his reputation. He was born in Connecticut, and was graduated in Yale College, in 1773, with exalted reputation as a scholar, and a lofty, high-minded man. He was cotemporary with Dwight, Barlow, and Humphreys, who often mourned his untimely fate, and cherished his memory by toasts and eulogies. Some of the lines of Dwight, on the melancholy occasion of Hale’s death, are still extant ; they breathe the affection of a friend, and are almost too true, solemn, and pathetic, to be poetical. It was a dark and gloomy period in the history of our country ; and he, with many other young men, caught the spark from their fathers—in fact, anticipated them in preparing for the great struggle that was to come. At the moment the war broke out, he obtained a commission in the Connecticut line, and took the command of a company in Colonel Knowlton’s regiment, and was with the army in their memorable retreat from Long Island, in 1776. After Washington had succeeded in an enterprise so much favored by Providence, he was for a

while ignorant of the movements, numbers, or disposition of the British army; and anxious to get all possible information of their movements or intentions, he applied to Colonel Knowlton for a discreet, intelligent, enterprising and bold officer, to penetrate the enemy's camp, and bring him the desired information. Knowlton made known the request of the commander in chief to Hale, who was the charm of every polished circle, and the delight of the army, the soul of honor, and the "bravest among the brave." At the first moment it was named to him, he shrunk from the thought of becoming a spy; but reflecting that it was Washington who required his services, and his country that was to be benefited, perhaps preserved, by his accepting the arduous and perilous appointment, he gave up all scruples, and instantly prepared for the adventure. He passed in disguise to Long Island, examined the British camp, and having satisfied himself on this point of his mission, he was apprehended on attempting to return; and being carried before Sir William Howe, and finding that every thing was known to the enemy, he boldly declared himself, and his object in visiting the British camp. Howe, without a trial, or even the forms of a court martial, ordered him for execution the next morning. He was confined for a single night, and had only an opportunity to write a few lines to his mother and sister. As he had led a religious life, he asked for a clergyman to attend him in his dying moments, but his request was denied, and he was not permitted to have even a Bible for a moment's consolation. A guard of pitying soldiers, with the provost-martial, attended him to the fatal tree. The provost-martial, the common abhorrence of the camp, excited a more than ordinary share of disgust, by the brutal manner in which the wretch executed his victim. The firmness and composure of Hale did not for a moment desert him, and he died regretting that he had but one life to lose in the sacred cause of his country—the cause of freedom and the rights of man. The veteran soldiers wept like children at his untimely fate, wondering that a rebel could die so much like a hero. The letters he had written were destroyed; for they were so full of fortitude, resignation, and conscientiousness of duty, even in this great sacrifice, that it was thought dangerous to let the Americans know that they had ever had such a man. When the news of his execution reached the American camp, every one, from the commander in chief to the humblest soldier, looked as if some general calamity had overtaken the army. If his death was just, the manner of it was execrable; and a deep and settled resentment was mingled with their grief, which was not forgotten in the future events of the war.

"It is valiant to fight bravely when our fire-sides and altars are invaded. He, who falls in such a conflict, *sleeps with all his country's honors blest*. Monuments and epitaphs are given him, and his children find a rich inheritance in his fame. But what is this to staking one's life and reputation together—and staking them for love of country; to throw off the garb of distinction, which is, and should be, a soldier's pride, and covering one's self in disguise, for the purpose of visiting, in secrecy, an enemy's camp, to discover his nakedness or strength, not for one's own fame or emolument, but for the general good? It is above the common martyr's fame; above his glory. It is, if it can be justified at all—and all nations, polished, wise, and noble, do justify it—the highest of all mortal resolves. To die is nothing; to sleep in the bed of glory is a common lot, often an enviable one, and should never be contemplated with horror by a brave man who draws his sword in a good cause; but to think of the chances of an ignominious death, a dishonored grave, closed without funeral knell, or muffled drum, or "volley of solemn soldiery;" Oh! it is too much to think on; and can never be endured without dismay, unless the living fire of patriotism is burning with all its fierceness and unquenchable intensity."

Having occupied so much of our space with our remarks on the "Lectures on American Literature," our notice of the "Sketches of Public Characters" must be brief. As already stated, the work is but a part of the enginery which our author has constructed and brought into action, in defence of the intellectual reputation of our country. And it is well contrived, composed of substantial materials, finished in excellent style, and must operate powerfully. We are not sure that it will not be deemed, by the public at large, the most beautiful and attractive portion of the machinery. To drop the metaphor.

The imputations of foreigners, as heretofore stated, have been against the entire intellect of the United States, especially in its fitness for the more refined and elevated branches of knowledge. The intellectual character of a nation is but the aggregate of that of its individual inhabitants. It is a reservoir, therefore, fed from many fountains, and manifests itself in a variety of ways. Those modes of mental exhibition which minister most certainly and abundantly to brilliant and lasting renown, are writing, scientific and literary,—practical wisdom in the management of public affairs,—eloquence in its several departments,—and the fine arts, especially painting, architecture, and sculpture. To establish the claim of our country, therefore, to intellectual fame, and put to shame her wanton traducers, our author had only to show, that many of her native inhabitants are distinguished in those forms of mental achievement. And this he has further done, in the volume before us, out of new materials, and in a manner different from that of the publication we have just taken leave of, with a clearness, which prevents misapprehension or doubt, a force which every one must feel, and in a style of elegance which cannot fail to delight.

He has given in his book the form of letters, of which there are in all, twenty-two. In the first eight he has sketched with a dextrous hand, and in colors sufficiently vivid, about a dozen of our prominent public speakers, some of them belonging only to the bar, but most of them also to the national legislature. The pictures are all graphical and striking, and, as far as our acquaintance with the originals qualifies us to judge, correct in likeness.

Mr. Webster's stands first, and, like the great statesman and orator himself, is Ajax among the Greeks, or Saul in the midst of the people of Israel. In dimensions and power, it is, as it ought to be, gigantic. In portraying the manner and force of that debater's oratory, our author observes:—

"Nor, like him (Fisher Ames) could Mr. Webster, by the magic wand of the enchanter, make a paradise, and people it with ethereal beings; no; all the subject of this notice did or could do, was to work in a straight forward course, with mortal engines and show himself mighty in earth, air, and water; but in these his sway was Herculean; he had all the elements at his command, and used them as one of earth-born mould, but of gigantic proportions. He never strives to dazzle, confuse, or astonish; but goes on to convince and to conquer by legitimate means. When he goes out to battle, it is without squire, aid, or armor-bearer. In his conflict he trusts to no arm but his own—he rests only on the staff of his own spear." * * *

"Some of his admirers talk of his wit in debate. There is often a piquancy and girding retort in his arguments, that by some may be called wit; but it is not the wit of Sheridan, or any professed wit; nor that which sparkles out and illuminates the subject under discussion, and seems to be the offspring of the moment; but it is a matter of long and previous deliberation, perhaps of frequent rehearsal. Instead of those pyrotechnics of the war of words, Webster's speeches abound in the burning intensity of that heat which sheds a flash of light around, such as we see proceeding from a glowing mass of iron, when drawn by a powerful arm across the anvil. In the United States, there have been, and there are now, men of some one or more qualifications superior to any single trait in Mr. Webster's mind. Some have more learning, others more wit, some have a sweeter voice, others a more refined taste; and not a few more imagination; but in the combination of all these powers, he has no equal."

The Letters which follow present spirited sketches of Calhoun, Everett, Livingston, Wirt, Randolph, Johnson, Dwight, Berrien, McDuffie, and Davis. Those who delight to linger in a gallery of intellectual

portraits, will experience nothing but gratification in looking into this. The subjects are of a high order, and the artist has done his duty. Nor can we say less of his portrait of General Walter Jones, of the city of Washington. It is one of the best in his book. It brings the distinguished subject of it before you, personally, as well as intellectually. You see the man, and almost fancy that you hear the counsellor expounding the law. Were it not that we have already quoted, perhaps, too liberally, we should be much pleased in presenting it to the reader, because we should thus give pleasure to him. But we must forbear.

Letter IX. consists chiefly of brief views of the seven distinguished men, who have occupied the chair of the chief magistracy of the Union. The characters of these high officers have been long before the public, in every imaginable degree of light and shadow. We shall make no extract, therefore, from that portion of the letter which treats of them. Nor is comment on it necessary, except to say that it harmonizes with the other portions of the book. But we doubt not the reader will be gratified by the following strong-lined sketch of Aaron Burr.

"He had been a soldier of the revolution, and was with Arnold in his expedition to Canada by way of the Kennebec. He had left the halls of learning at the age of nineteen, to join this hazardous enterprise; had been selected by Arnold to traverse the wilderness alone to communicate with Montgomery, who had pushed his way by the lakes. For this adventure, he was made the aid of Montgomery, and was at his side when the lamented warrior fell. He rose still higher in the army during the course of the war, and had left his name high on the list of those brave and gallant youths who had given a spirit of chivalry to the American army. When the revolutionary conflict was over, he entered professional life, and at once took a decided part; was soon known as a most promising man. His legal attainments were great; and as an advocate he had no superior. Bland, smooth, and eloquent, he guided the populace; sagacious, penetrating, insinuating and learned, he influenced those in high places in the courts or deliberative assemblies. He was equal to any task, for he had a constitution that knew no fatigue, and a spirit of perseverance that nothing could break down. His tongue was never silent from any dread of dignity or power, and his heart never palpitated in the presence of man. Open, bold, and daring, he sought political distinction, and was determined to have it."

For our author's picture of the city of Washington, containing his remarks on the Capitol and the President's House, with many other matters both interesting and useful, and accurately descriptive of our national metropolis, we are compelled to refer the reader to the "Sketches."

The poets of New-York receive next a very respectful notice; and they are worthy of it. That great state and its splendid capital have produced many ardent votaries of the Muses, several of whom have drunk deeply of the waters of Helicon, and received from the Sisters chaplets which time shall neither despoil nor wither. They have already done not a little to build up and sustain the literary reputation of our country, and some of them promise to do yet much more. For precocity of talent and attainment, under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of New-York, is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has not yet attained his twentieth year. He has known none of the advantages of a liberal education, has never had,

until recently, free access to books, and has felt, through life, the unsparing hand of poverty and misfortune ; and yet he has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order ; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid out-pourings of genius. For intensity, and all that gives to poetry its highest character, they are not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron ; and those juvenile offerings of the noble bard have never received the commendation they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that, when matured by time, and finished by labor, some of his future efforts in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold*. Of this phenomenon in letters the "Sketches," contain an interesting account.

Another poetic wonder, not noticed in the "Sketches," was also a native of the state of New-York. It is Lucretia Davidson, who died a few years ago, at the age of about sixteen. Like Nack, she received no early education, and had also pined in the shade of poverty, and under the grinding hand of adversity. Disease was moreover so constantly the inmate of her frame, that it seemed to make a part of it. But nothing could blight the spring of her genius. The blossoms would blow, and the fruit, rich and beautiful, cluster on the stem, though the heavens lowered on the tender plant, and the cold winds and sleety showers combined to chill its branches and scatter its leaves. Under circumstances thus painful, disheartening and distracting, did this inspired being breathe in song ; at times so exquisitely, we had almost said divinely, that her lays, scarcely partaking of earth, might have been fitly chanted by a voice from the skies. Like Nack, she wrote much and published comparatively but little. Her taste was as fastidious as her genius was fine. Her productions, therefore, which fascinated others, dissatisfied herself, and she often destroyed them. Many pieces of considerable length, which she was known to have written, never met any eye but her own, and that of Him who touched her mind with so bright and glowing a spark from his own altar, that it seemed a thing of heaven. Had our country produced but these two specimens of poetic talent, they ought to have been sufficient to protect her from the unwarranted calumnies she has sustained. How secure, then, does she stand, surrounded by numbers of her gifted children ! Nor have the writings of her poets been yet duly appreciated. Early impression and confirmed habit have been hostile and injurious to them. From pride and unfriendly feelings, without consulting either reason or taste, the British literary public formed a *habit* of condemning American poetry in mass ; and, from imitation, and a dependent spirit, we formed a habit of not only submitting to their decision, but of humbly concurring in it. They haughtily demanded, "Can any thing good come out of Nazareth ?" and we virtually replied in the negative. Hence our poetry was doubly condemned ; by our revilers and ourselves. Nor are we yet entirely disenthralled from this perverting influence. We do not as yet set the proper estimate on our own poets. They have written much that is excellent ; much that will not only bear the judgement of years, but improve under it.

"Time shall admire, his mellowing touch employ,
And mend the immortal fabric, not destroy."

And this truth Britain herself will yet acknowledge—perhaps as soon

as many of ourselves. For, to their shame be it recorded, there are hundreds of Americans by birth, but foreigners in spirit, who affect to sneer at our own productions, merely *because they are our own*; and who are as destitute of sound judgement and taste, as they are of patriotism. And yet these things of fashion and a day have their influence, and must be chastised *into* good manners and *out* of bad feelings, before this rage for exotics and distaste of home productions will give way to true self-respect and love of country. But the national spirit, which is beginning at length to prevail among us, is a sure guaranty that the issue so desirable will yet be attained. We shall not always humble ourselves, on the score of intellect, in presence of those who affect to despise us. No. We shall ultimately learn to know ourselves as well as others; and that will be to know that we are equal to others—in some things superior to them. Many American poems, and other forms of literary production, have fallen lifeless from the press, which, had they been published in London, and scattered among us, under the sanction of some popular English name, would have been received with applause, read with eagerness and delight, and added, as choice performances, to our increasing stock of popular literature. But this spirit, we repeat, and rejoice to repeat, is passing away, and the time approaching, when the fruits of the intellect will be judged of by their merit, not their birth-place. Then will the works of American genius, past and present, occupy, what they have never yet done, the place that belongs to them. It will not be necessary then to trace the genealogy of a poem to an English goose-quill, to render it saleable, nor to sprinkle it with sea-water to preserve it from the book-worm. This will be true independence, such as Americans have never yet enjoyed, but such as they ought as resolutely to aspire to as to that, for the attainment of which they pledged to each other their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." This is a species of "internal improvement," on which no hampering interdict will be laid. In its steady promotion all parties will heartily unite, and compose, we trust, in support of it, a political millennium. In relation to it, all "feuds" we hope "will fail," and concord resume her ancient reign; the eagle and the dove nestle together on the same branch, and the lamb and the lion repose in amity under its shadow.

American painters have received in the "Sketches" the commendation they deserve. They are represented as numerous, able, and accomplished; and the representation is but justice. Our country has been peculiarly fruitful in the pictorial talent; scarcely less so than the sunny climates of Italy and Greece. This truth even Englishmen have rarely denied. They have indeed "paltered" about it "in a double sense," alleging that, although painters were born in the United States, they had to go to Europe to be educated. True; and English painters go to Italy for the same purpose. We contend only for the genius; and that cannot be denied us. Our academies and regular schools of painting are yet to be instituted. But in maturity of time they will as certainly spring up, as the plant will appear, when the soil is prepared, the seed sown, and the season favorable.

Respecting Boston and New-England, our author has said much in a small compass; but, without violating truth, or speaking extravagantly, he might have extended his letter, and said much more. New-En-

gland is rich in real worth and honorable doings. She contains much of the bone and muscle of our country, and her full share of its glorious spirit. All things, moreover, guaranty that she will not degenerate. To be able to live at all, her sons must live economically, practise industry, and exercise the intellect that Heaven has bestowed on them. Besides transmitting to them the hardihood of their forefathers, this course will render also their own intelligence, virtue, and other high qualities hereditary, and keep them, through ages, what they now are, a great, enlightened, and independent people.

The most curious, and one of the most amusing letters in the volume, is that which gives the character of Bartlett, who, for profligacy, wit, versatility, and talents of a certain kind, might be almost denominated the Zimri of his day. But we can dwell on the work no longer. We take leave of both productions, by again earnestly recommending them to the attention of our fellow-citizens. They are repositories of much valuable matter, and abound in specimens of fine writing. If, in a few instances, the style borders on oriental pomp, it is never meretriciously gaudy. Taste in its decorations, and judgement in suiting it to the occasion, always predominate. A few remarks on the general subject of the works shall close our review.

Were it not for the well known effects of prejudice, jealousy, and mortified pride, united to resentment and long cherished dislike, the charge of a want of talents, and of corporeal degeneracy, preferred by English writers against the natives of the United States, would be matter of astonishment. On no ground of human error, except the grossest ignorance, or the wilful violation of truth, arising from the causes just enumerated, can the charge be accounted for. There cannot be produced, within the range of observation or history, a single instance, in which there would be less of justice in such an accusation. Few, if any, can be referred to, where there would be so little. On abstract principles there is much reason why the Americans should have an ample stock of both intellectual and corporeal excellence, and none why they should be deficient in either.

Our country was originally colonized by many of the choicest sons and daughters of the British empire—her *élite* in talent as well as in spirit. They were not banished for profligacy, or transported for crime. Impatient of the ignorance and bigotry around them, and indignant at the exercise of arbitrary power, which arrogated a control over mind as well as body, they went into voluntary exile, and sought, in a foreign land, that free exercise of person, intellect, and conscience, which was denied them at home. When they took leave of the shores of England, to encounter their long and perilous voyage, compared with which that of the Argonauts was but an excursion of pleasure, and to confront the more appalling dangers of an untried climate and a savage foe, they left behind them but few equal, and none superior to them, in all that commands admiration and esteem. The cavaliers of the south and the pilgrims of the north were alike celebrated and worthy of celebration, each in their own way. The Brewsters, and Bradfords, and Standishes, and their comrades, had been long distinguished among the pious and enlightened; and Smith and Raleigh were the glory of chivalry. It is a provision of nature but rarely departed from, that children inherit the qualities of their parents. This

is as true of mental as of corporeal qualities. What then could fasten on the descendants of such a race the curse of degeneracy? The mode in which they were reared, under a necessity to contend with difficulties, and be forever on the alert, was calculated for the full development of all their faculties, and to improve rather than deteriorate them; and in many well known instances it did improve them. Let the history of the time be consulted, and it will testify conclusively to all these truths. During the greatest part of the first century after the commencement of the colonies, the emigrants from the mother country belonged to the most enterprising, bold, and efficient class of her population. None others were calculated for the experiment of emigration, and residence in the New World, or had the hardihood to attempt it. But that such ancestors, in a healthy region, where the means of sustenance were ample, where strict temperance was the settled usage, and full exercise of body and mind was common to all, should give birth to a race of degenerates, could never happen, except through a change in the laws of nature. We assert that a phenomenon of this kind has never occurred; and we challenge our slanderers to show the contrary. Nothing but ignorance of nature, or inattention to her economy, could have led them to the adoption of a belief so preposterous. Their charge of degeneracy against us, therefore, is as little creditable to their philosophy as their civility.

But let us descend from principle to fact; from abstract reasoning to observation and history, and there we shall find our theory confirmed. The highest encomium that can be passed on the intellect of a people is to say of it, that it always directs its possessors to the fittest objects of pursuit, and suggests the means best calculated for their attainment. And this, to say the least, is as true of American intellect, as it is of the English. Were we to pronounce it much more so, the frightful spectacle of want and misery, and we may add of crime, which Great-Britain now presents, contrasted with our unexampled prosperity, and comparative virtue, would confirm our assertion. For the distresses of nations as well as of individuals arise from the want or misapplication of mind. National wisdom has never yet led to national calamity; nor can such an event occur, while cause and effect retain their relation. As soon shall the stream run upward, or the lighter medium descend through the heavier. But Britain, we say is miserable, and the United States abundantly happy. This is a comment alike significant and instructive on her intellect and mode of employing it, as well as on ours. While we are enjoying the choicest fruits of talent and wisdom, and she draining the bitter cup of error and folly, it would be becoming in her, at least, should she even refuse to applaud us, to cease from defaming us.

Shall we be told, that the monarchical government and semi-feudal institutions of Great-Britain act as fetters on her intellect, and prevent her from employing it according to the dictates of wisdom and judgment? and that her calamities arise from that source, and not from any intellectual deficiency? We reply, that, until 1775, Americans were subject to the same government, which proclaimed its right and manifested a disposition to "bind them in all cases whatsoever," by laws and resolutions which they had no agency in framing. But their clear perception of right and fitness told them that it was an evil not

to be borne by men professing to be free ; their manly spirit and love of justice prompted them to throw it off, and their genius and valor crowned their glorious effort with success. If Britons are equally gifted in all that belongs to enlightened freemen, why do they groan on, and submit to their chains ? Why do they not, like Americans, break them asunder, and establish a wiser system of government, act in all things agreeably to reason, and enjoy their reward ? Wherefore, we say, do they thus submit to calamities, which wisdom, enterprise, and valor might so easily remedy ? Under such circumstances why do they content themselves with empty complaints ? The answer is plain. They want the high qualities of the sages and heroes who achieved our revolution. And it is the decree of nature that it should be so. Perfect freedom of action strengthens and improves every faculty of man, mental as well as corporeal. But freedom of every kind is in greater perfection in the United States, than in Great-Britain, or any other country. Its effects are seen, therefore, in the improvement of the whole man. Hence, instead of being deteriorated, the intellect of America is strengthened and ameliorated. We hazard nothing in asserting, that the Americans surpass the British in all things on which they have bestowed an equal share of attention and labor. If their literature is inferior, it is because it has been much less cultivated as a pursuit. Respecting other matters in which they are inferior the same is true. For we repeat, and challenge refutation, that, all other things being equal, the freer the people, the higher and more efficient is their intellectual character. The late glorious struggle in Paris proves this. Frenchmen enjoyed more freedom in 1830, than they did in 1790. Hence their efforts were of a higher and nobler order.

It is uttering but a truism to observe, that, at different periods of their existence and progress, from a weak and humble to a powerful and exalted standing, nations must engage in different pursuits ; and according as their pursuits and the means of accomplishing them are well selected and applied, will their success be certain and their condition prosperous. And, as already intimated, the fortunate issue of their schemes for the promotion of public good and individual happiness, amounts to the highest and fairest commendation that the wisdom and talent which directed them can receive. Let Americans be judged of by this rule, and never has the intellect of any people appeared to such advantage. For never has any other advanced with half as much rapidity and steadiness, or in a career of such brilliancy, to greatness and glory.

We, like other nations, have had our heroic age, during which the business of man was to encounter peril and hardship, and to perform daring and wondrous deeds ; and our ancestors, who were *real men*, composed of bone, and brain, and muscle, and nerves that could feel every thing but fear, acquitted themselves in it with a boldness and chivalry never surpassed by *knights of fiction*. But the difference between our heroic age and that of most other nations was infinite. Theirs was fabulous, ours real. While their poetic knights and champions met and overthrew imaginary monsters and giants of fable, our positive ones fought and vanquished wild beasts and savages no less formidable, made up of true flesh and blood. And while the clang of their battles existed only in the songs of bards and the lays of min-

strels, ours had a dismal reality in the stunning crack of the rifle or twang of the bow, the whizzing of the hatchet as it hurtled through the air, the deafening war-whoop, and the groans of the dying. The combat of St. George and the dragon, with all the glare of pageantry around it, may be pronounced inferior, in daring and chivalry, to the conflicts that have actually occurred in the American forest. The exploits, moreover, of Boone are almost comparable to the fictions of Hercules. In fine, were all the darings, deeds, and sufferings of our ancestors and frontier men recorded in simple narrative, they would constitute a work surpassing in wonders any romance that has ever been formed. But these were the product of American mind, adapted to the period in which they occurred. The same minds which directed them were competent, under a change of circumstances, to provide for any other emergency.

When we were colonists, we acted, as related both to ourselves in the mother country, in a manner strictly becoming our condition; but we looked ahead and prepared for independence. While achieving that blessing, the fitness of our measures is proved by the issue, and excited at the time, the admiration of the world. In intelligence and talent, eloquence and firmness, to which may be added public virtue and personal rectitude, no body of men ever surpassed the American Congress of 1776. We know of none that ever equalled it. In her whole parliamentary career, extending through several centuries of her brightest era, Great-Britain presents nothing comparable to it. She has had, at different times, her great and good men; but such a constellation as ours, just referred to, she never had. For proof of their superiority, we refer to their acts.

Of the governments subsequently established, to secure what had been gained in the revolutionary struggle, we might speak in terms of equal commendation. They were monuments of wisdom to instruct the world, not excepting Great-Britain herself, in what it did not know before. The truth of this also is proved by the result. The world is both instructed and improved by them. Had not our governments been surpassingly wise and well administered, our prosperity under them could not have been so great. In the management of public affairs, then, the American mind has always shown itself equal to the emergency. In no instance, however intricate and arduous, has it been found wanting. It comprehended every thing, dared every thing, and vanquished every difficulty. Our calumniators themselves, when pressed on the subject, will not deny this, because history has recorded it, and many well known facts sustain it. They will not even deny that as often as our diplomatists have come into conflict with those of Great-Britain, on national affairs, they have, in almost every instance, proved themselves the ablest and most successful negotiators. Some of the British presses have even murmured at this, and charged their own ministers with incompetency; yet, in perhaps their next paper, they have charged the Americans with a similar defect. Such is the consistency of men, when engaged in defending what their own observation proclaims erroneous!

Nor, as relates to trade, commerce, and the general business of life, can less be said of us. In these particulars no people have ever surpassed the Americans in intelligence, enterprise and skill. To this

the whole aspect of our country, our numerous seaports, and almost every noted mart on earth bear witness. Indeed our adroitness in these respects is proverbial. Nor, in several branches of elegant and costly manufactures, are we any where surpassed; and if we have not yet succeeded to the same extent in others, it is because we have not labored in them; the reason of which again is, that they do not suit our present condition, and would not furnish a profitable employment. Change our condition, and render them suitable and profitable, and we shall soon become masters in them. Conclusive evidence of the clearness and sagacity of the American intellect is, that it does not waste time in unfitting pursuits. It has a keen perception of aptitude, and attempts nothing in violation of it. To act otherwise would be a mark of weakness or want of reflection. Had British tourists the good sense to know this, they would not look, in the wilds of the interior of America, for the customs, manners, elegancies, and luxuries, that are found now in the vicinity of Paris and London, but which were not even there a century ago. Nor, had they good breeding, would they rail at the country in consequence of their disappointment when searching for them. Things are as well suited to their condition in the United States as they are in England or any other part of Europe: and as condition shall change, all related circumstances will change with it. The good sense of the people is the guaranty of this. A more strictly practical people never existed.

The American intellect, then, possessing great compass, strength, and flexibility, united to a clear perception of fitness, is equal to any exigency in human affairs, and can adapt its pursuits to every change that may occur, and its measures to every new demand that may be made on it. This is attested by the great improvements it has made in every branch of knowledge, that is called for in the country, and by which an honorable independence can be gained. Our position to this effect might be confirmed by a reference to the elevated condition of the liberal professions among us, and the multitude of inventions in the mechanical arts. Knowledge on these subjects, being needed in the present state of society, can be rendered profitable to its possessors, by an immediate application of it to practical purposes. It is therefore eagerly sought after, and rapidly attained. And the same will be true of every other branch of knowledge, as soon as it shall be called for, under the certainty of a suitable reward. No matter whether it belongs to science, arts, or letters; let a market for it be opened, and American genius will soon supply it.

As already intimated, but little has been hitherto done by the public to encourage American literature. It has been even discountenanced, by an unreasonable preference of that from abroad. We call the preference unreasonable, because the foreign articles preferred have been often inferior to the domestic ones that were undervalued. The consequence has been what every one who reflected on the subject anticipated. Polite literature has been comparatively but little cultivated among us, except as a matter of individual taste and amusement. We have had but few writers by profession, because neither honor nor riches awaited the pursuit. Our mechanics became wealthy by laboring in their vocations, while our scholars might have starved in the midst of the most exquisite productions of their pens. The reason is obvious.

There was a great demand for the implements of agriculture and some of the arts, but a very limited one for poetry, or any other kind of fine writing. The former was adapted to the state of society, while the latter was out of time. Necessaries and comforts, not luxuries or mere delicacies, were first to be provided. But polite literature is a luxury and will not therefore be encouraged, because it cannot be indulged in, except as a concomitant of wealth and leisure. During this condition of things, but few literary productions appeared; and even those that did appear were not of the highest order, or in the most finished style, because they had not been sufficiently elaborated; and to become a good writer is the work of years, under close industry, and the strictest attention to style and manner. Such was the disheartening state of things. Yet it has already appeared, that, notwithstanding its power to blight and wither, it did not render American genius unproductive. Beneath gloom and winter, as heretofore stated, the blossoms opened, and the fruit became mature and excellent, far beyond what there was ground to expect. Such was the vigor of the soil from which they sprung.

But of late, the sentiments of society have changed, public taste and judgement are improved, and a new era is evidently opening on American literature. Foreign productions are not, as formerly, almost indiscriminately approved, nor those of our own writers rejected, merely because they are not the growth of a distant hemisphere. Readers examine and reflect before they feel themselves authorized to decide. Their decision, therefore, is founded on principle, and is usually correct. As the consequence of this change in public feeling, American works are sought for and purchased, to a much greater extent than in former years.

Let this state of things continue; or rather let it improve in the requisite degree; let fine specimens of American composition be rewarded with honor and profit, and they will soon be abundantly produced. Let prompt and liberal purchasers be found, and the market, as in other cases, will be well supplied. The Souvenirs, Tokens, and novels of the day, with many other productions of taste give proof of this. We do not say that Byrons, and Sir Walters, and Moores will immediately spring up among us. Authors of that class appear but seldom. But we do say that we shall soon have writers equal to any Europe contains, except, perhaps, such prodigies as we have named; and in time we shall equal *them*. The same genius that gave renown to our fathers, through all the eventful periods of our history, is still the cherished inheritance of their descendants. And it is susceptible of any direction, and capable of any exertion, that may be called for by the condition and wants of the community. It is fully competent to gratify the taste, and answer to the varying desires of the times. Let it be turned to letters, with the enthusiasm and energy that have always marked it, and it will kindle up, in another and more enduring form, the glories it shed around it on the battle-field and on canvass, as well as in the forum, the cabinet, and the halls of legislation. The literature of America will then vie with her other productions; and Englishmen, abstaining from further calumnies, will blush for those they have already so culpably invented and propagated.

VOICE OF A BROOK.

Oh! come to me here in this silent glen,
 Far away, away from the haunts of men,
 Where the wild flower blooms with beautiful hue,
 And unfolds its leaves to the silver dew,
 Where the robin at morn and evening sings,
 And sports on my bank with his glossy wings,
 Where the swallows fly low and gently skim,
 Dimpling my cheek, till the day is dim,
 And the moon walks up to her throne of light,
 Mid stars, bright gems, on the brow of night.

Oh! come at morn, when the blossoming trees
 Receive the first light and the virgin breeze,
 And their boughs, bending low, reveal the blue
 With sparkles of gold, as the sun gleams through,
 When rosy and pure is the sky above,
 And the light torn feather doth scarcely move
 From the branch, where the goldfinch trims his breast,
 And calls to his mate from her hanging nest,
 Where the yellow-bird sings from his willow tree
 And the oriole flashes so goldenly.

Oh! come!—oh! come! I will lead thee away,
 Where far with their baskets the anglers stray,
 And bend o'er my banks for the wily trout,
 As, scared from the brink, he is darting about,
 Or with speckled skin on the grass is seen
 To pant for his home in my waters green.

Oh! come to me now, ere the hum of men
 Hath broke on the ear of this peaceful glen.

Oh! come to me here in the burning noon,
 I will sing thee a sweet and soothing tune,
 When the air abroad is quivering quick,
 When the pulse beats fast and the heart is sick,
 And the weary frame, in the heat of day,
 Would inhale new life in the shade, away.
 Here's a grassy seat! oh! come with a book,
 Or bring thee a reed with a baited hook,
 Or the sweet summer wind, if thou choose to sleep,
 Like a spirit of love, to thy cheek shall creep,
 While the leaves of many a branching tree
 Will shield thee from heat, refreshingly.
 The elm, with its lofty and waving arms,
 The white leaning birch, with its leafy charms,
 The graceful maple, with feathery skin,
 Here weave a cool bower, and woo thee within,
 And their boughs that above spread their arms of green,
 Are mirrored below in my sparkling sheen.
 Oh! come to me now! there's song in the trees,
 To gladden thy heart, and thine ear to please.

Oh! come to me here, when the moonlight gleams
 O'er valley and hill, and o'er dancing streams,
 When the stars mount up with a fervent glow,
 And fresh is the moon-shiny air below,
 When the robin hath sung his evening song,
 And my waters in music dance along,
 And glance on thine eye their swimming light,
 Now dim and pale, now glowingly bright.
 Oh! come to me then! I will breathe in thine ear
 A strain that thy soul shall delight to hear,
 That shall teach thee to Heaven a hymn to raise,
 And open thy lips in eloquent praise.

J. H. W.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

NO. II.

THOUGHTS ON POLITENESS.

THE common notion about politeness is, that it is a thing of the body and not of the mind, and that he is a polite man who makes certain motions in a graceful manner and at proper times and places. We expect the dancing master to teach our children "manners" as well as the art of cutting awkward capers to music, and we pay him on the same compound principle, by which the sage McGrawler was compensated, for his instructions to Paul Clifford,—“two bobs for the Latin, and a sicc for the vartue.” But the truth is, that we degrade politeness by making it any thing less than a cardinal virtue. The happiness of life is made up of an infinite number of little things and not of startling events and great emotions; and he who daily and hourly diffuses pleasure around him by kind offices, frank salutations and cheerful looks, deserves as well of his species, as he, who, neglecting or despising all these, makes up for it by occasional acts of generosity, justice or benevolence. Besides, the opportunity of doing great things, but rarely occurs, while a man has some dozens of chances, every day of his life, to show whether he be polite or not. The value of a thing, too, is great in proportion to its rarity, and true politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may. I have seen many graceful men, many agreeable, many who were even fascinating, but very few who were polite, as the word is defined in my dictionary. Sometimes there is a deficiency in certain things, sometimes the quality extends to a certain point, after which you enter into that “kingdom of me,” spoken of in one of Dryden’s plays, and a large kingdom it is too. Sometimes there is a fault of omission and sometimes of commission; so that, on the whole, the quality is about as rare as greatness, and, indeed, they have many ingredients in common. A truly polite man must, in the first place, have the gift of good sense, for without that foundation, it is idle to think of rearing any, even the smallest superstructure. He must know when to violate that code of conventional forms, which common consent has established, and when not to; for it is equally a mark of weakness to be a slave to these forms or to despise them. He must have penetration and tact enough to adapt his conversation and manner to circumstances and individuals; for that which is politeness in the drawing-room, may be downright rudeness in the bar-room or the stage-coach, as well as the converse. Above all, he must have that enlarged and catholic spirit of humility, which is the child of self-knowledge, and the parent of benevolence, (indeed, politeness itself is merely benevolence, seen through the little end of a spy-glass) which, not content with bowing low to this rich man or that fine lady, respects the rights and does justice to the claims of every member of the great human family. As for the fastidious and exclusive persons, who look down upon a man created and upheld by the same power as themselves and heir to the same immortal destinies, because he does not dress in a particular style or visit in certain houses, they are out of the question. If they are too weak to perceive the grotesque absurdity of their

own conduct, they have not capacity enough to master the alphabet of good manners. If angelic natures be susceptible of ludicrous emotions, we know of nothing more likely to call them forth, than the sight of an insect inhabitant of this great ant-hill, assuming airs of superiority over his brother emmet, because he has a few more grains of barley in his granary, or some other equally cogent reason.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington-street, any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistress of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner-party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet, and in walking with a lady they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations, before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with may-be a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washerwoman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent looking woman, who are exposed without protection, to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last. These are a few and but a few, of the tests by which I try a man, and I am sorry to say there are very few who can stand them all. There is many a one who passes in the world for a very well-bred man, because he knows when to bow and smile, that is down in my tablets for a selfish, vulgar, unpolite monster, that loves the parings of his own nails better than his neighbor's whole body. Put any man in a situation where he is called upon to make a sacrifice of his own comfort and ease, without any equivalent in return, and you will learn the difference between true politeness, that sterling ore of the heart, and the counterfeit imitation of it which passes current in drawing-rooms.

Any man must be an idiot not to be polite in society, so called, for how else would he get his oysters and Champagne?

Politeness is a national as well as an individual characteristic, and it would be a curious subject of speculation to inquire what degree of cultivation and refinement is most favorable to it, for the extremes both of civilization and savageness do not seem to be propitious. I am inclined to think the Greeks were a more polite people than any of modern times, when we take into consideration the advantage we have in the greater respect which women now both deserve and receive, and the favorable influence exerted upon our manners in consequence. There is something extremely touching in the respect they paid to old age. If I were inclined to display a little learning, I might illustrate my position, by examples drawn from their history; but there are many that every school-boy is familiar with, and they need not be repeated here for the ten thousandth time. The Jews were a polite people, and the Old Testament (with reverence I say it) contains many striking instances of it. Indeed, it is a striking peculiarity of the Scriptures, that all the graces and embellishments of life may be learned from them, as well as its most solemn duties and highest obligations, and that they contain every thing requisite to form a perfect man. How delicate and feeling is the conduct of Jacob, at his first meeting with Rachel, at the well of Haran, and how unlike what would be expected in our refined times. The self-denial of David, recorded in the eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles, in refusing to drink of the water which his "three mightiest" captains had procured with the peril of their lives, is an instance of politeness sublimed into magnanimity. And, to mention but one example more, how beautiful and touching is the behavior of the three friends of Job, who "sat down with him upon the ground, seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great."

We call ourselves a polite people, and, comparatively speaking, perhaps we are so. It is allowed, I believe, that Americans, both at home and abroad, are remarkably attentive to women, though Capt. Hall thinks otherwise. Still we commit some offences against good breeding. We have a bad trick of staring at strangers, as any one must have noticed, who has been in a country church when any one entered. And then we ask a great many idle and not a few impertinent questions. The habit we have of cutting and defacing every fixture that is penetrable to steel, is so universal and so abominable, that it deserves to be scourged out of us by a pestilence or a famine. The manners, too, of our common people towards each other, are marked by great roughness and an entire inattention to all the little courtesies of life. Perhaps we owe this to our English descent; for John Bull thinks that if a man is polite to him, he has a design upon his purse.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined, and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once; if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will

have, to say "any part, it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies, to talk in the presence of gentlemen, of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when they are procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest, without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, especially in print.

It does not seem to me that the world has gained much in politeness during the last two or three hundred years. It is all surplusage to the Utilitarian philosophy. There is a lofty and chivalrous spirit of courtesy that hangs over the age of Queen Elizabeth, like a rose-colored atmosphere. What a contrast there is between the warriors, the courtiers and the statesmen, the Sydneys, the Raleghs and the Essexes, of the court of the Virgin Queen, and the modern fine gentlemen, the disciples of Brummel, and the admirers of Pelham! It reminds us of the difference between our rectangular habits and round black beavers, and the silks, velvets and plumes, in which the gallants of those days were wont to ruffle. What a beautiful and touching instance of genuine politeness, is that well known anecdote recorded of Sir Philip Sydney, in the last moments of his life, and how few of the *preux chevaliers* of the nineteenth century are there, capable, I will not say, of imitating it, but even of admiring it as it ought to be admired. A sublime indifference to all sublunary things, except himself, seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the fine gentleman, now-a-days. But perhaps the progress of society has had the same effect here as in other things; it has made the generality of men more polite, though there are not such splendid individual instances of the quality. But to come nearer home, our own generation does not seem to have the advantage, in this respect, of that which preceded it. I am an admirer of the old school of manners, as it is commonly called. I like the minute attentions, the uniform, though formal courtesy, and the mingled dignity and benevolence of manner which characterize it. The few specimens of it that are left among us, appear like Corinthian columns, to which time has lent a touching grace, independent of their intrinsic beauty. They connect us with an age, in which far more stress was laid upon dress and manner, and all external things, than now, to an age of wigs and knee-buckles, of flowered waistcoats and hooped petticoats, of low bows and stately courtesies; and I shall be sorry when they are all gone.

Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents, excuse him from an attention to those rules of good breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of human happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality, and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down

from the airy regions of contemplation, to such low matters. But such a one should be put into the same state-room of the great Ship of Fools, with those who twisted their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke thick to resemble Hotspur. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two, than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good-breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken that their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and mildness. He, who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery, can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household, in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions, so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be borne in mind, that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together, that neither Life, nor Death, nor Time, nor Eternity can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

SONNET.

[From the Spanish of Hernando de Herrera.]

IDEAL BEAUTY.

*Serena luz, presente en quien espira
divino amor, que enciende y junto enfrena, etc.*

O LIGHT serene! present in him who breathes
That love divine, which kindles yet restrains
The high-born soul—that in its mortal chains
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!

A voice that breathes angelic harmony
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!
What marvellous beauty! Of the high estate
Of immortality, within this light
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;
And in the glorious form, I contemplate,
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight.)
The immortal still I seek, and follow on to Heaven!

LETTERS FROM OHIO.

NO. III.

IN the remarks I have made on the unparalleled progress of Ohio, I have scarcely hinted at the causes. These are principally four; the moral energy of the population, the exclusion of slavery, the fertility of the soil, and the facilities for navigation. The last cannot be overrated. To no spot on this planet has nature been more lavish of her rivers. To describe them belongs to the geographer. But let me ask, of what avail would these magnificent gifts have been to the West, without the labors of Watt and Fulton? It is *steam*, which is building and peopling these cities, and urging the march of empire westward. I have no question that before twenty years have gone by, the majority of the population of the Union,—if it last so long,—will be found west of a north and south line drawn through the capital of Ohio. Cincinnati, the Empress of the West, will then be the geographical centre, and should the seat of government ever be moved westward, here will it, most likely, be placed. Nor could its site be better chosen, for never was an inland city more easy of access from every quarter. And this we owe principally to Steam. Pittsburg has become our immediate neighbor, and the Gulf of Mexico is brought almost in sight. Steam has created for us *Ports of Entry* more than a thousand miles from the ocean. Banish steamboats from these vast rivers, and what would become of the cities that line their banks? Suppose steamboats never to have been used, and tell me if these cities could by any possibility have attained their present magnitude in one century from this time? I believe not.

The Steam Engine is no subject for Poetry or Romance, but I must be cold-hearted if I could witness its achievements here without enthusiasm. Ask a citizen of the West, who are the greatest benefactors of modern times, and Watt and Fulton occur to him spontaneously; the one, for perfecting the Steam Engine, the other for applying it to navigation. It sprang forth all finished from the hand of Watt, as Minerva came all armed from the brain of Jupiter. But it was reserved for America, the native home of mighty rivers, to discover its most important function. Why do not the people of this valley erect a monument to Fulton, and place it on one of the loftiest hills that overlook the Ohio or Mississippi? Antiquity would have raised altars and decreed divine honors to such a man. And, on second thought, Fulton has built his own monuments all over our waters. The three hundred steamboats this side of the Alleghanies, and the two hundred on the other, are so many glorious monuments of his stupendous benefaction. The first steamboat, called the New-Orleans, passed down the Ohio, just twenty years ago; and well might the wood-nymphs retire in affright from the noise of its machinery; for it was the knell to their dominion over these vast solitudes. Now, it is no uncommon thing to count as many as fifteen or eighteen boats at once at the Cincinnati landing. Some are departing and others coming every hour, and a livelier scene can hardly be conceived. The greatest speed obtained in Fulton's life-time, leaving wind and current out of the question, was ten miles an hour. Since that, it has been increased to nearly fourteen miles an hour. This would make three hundred and thirty-six miles a

day. What a rate to be moving, and that, too, with a motion so easy, so motionless, if I may so call it, as to invite rather than repel slumber!

Nor is it in propelling boats only, that steam is working its miracles here. I see and hear it wherever I turn. It moves our grist-mills, saw-mills, paper-mills. It labors in our factories, foundries, and breweries. A single engine supplies Cincinnati with water from the river, which it forces up into a reservoir more than a hundred feet above high water mark; while hundreds are fabricated every season to work on the sugar plantations in the lower country.

With such facts before me, am I not justified in pronouncing the invention of the Steam Engine to be the most important which history has recorded? If we of this age do not believe so, future times will. Or if they make any exception it will be in favor of printing, for nothing else has any pretensions to competition on the score of utility. Printing has been eloquently described as "binding the whole human race of uncounted millions, into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginnings of written records, and retains imperishably the events which have occurred." With equal truth may it be said that the Steam Engine furnishes for this gigantic rational being an accomplished, tractable, never-tiring, Herculean servant, with muscles of iron and a soul of fire, to perform all the labor and drudgery, which his ever increasing wants may require. Remember that I do not now speak of this engine as an exquisite specimen of mechanical contrivance, which it preeminently is; but I speak of it as the instrument through which Steam is made to act as monarch among all the prime moving forces. Before this invention, the principal moving forces were *Gravitation, Wind, and Animal Strength*. Compare Steam with either of these, as a prime mover, and for all practical purposes it will be found immeasurably superior.

Compare it first with Gravitation. This can act but in one direction; that acts in all directions. This would suffice, if the course of things on earth were one everlasting downhill; that makes the distinction between uphill and downhill almost insignificant. This can carry a boat tardily from Pittsburgh to New-Orleans, but can never bring it back; that scarcely heeds the existence of the current, equally despising its help or its obstruction. On the smooth lake or sea, Gravitation is useless; but there Steam acts to its utmost advantage. Formerly mills could only be placed by falls of water, and then whole regions, like our immense prairies, must have been necessarily without them; but now we find them placed any where and every where, according to the convenience of the owner. Thus is Steam in every view superior to Gravitation.

Compare it next with Wind. The wind bloweth where it listeth; obeying a higher power than man, it is never constant either in direction or intensity. Now it blows this way, now that. To-day we have a tempest approaching to a hurricane, sweeping and devastating all before it. Tomorrow the whole atmosphere rests in torpid stillness, the sails flag, and the vessel becomes a motionless mass, supine and sluggish on the dead surface of the waters. Not so with Steam. That is subject to the control of man, and acts in the direction and with the intensity he chooses. Amid storm and calm, against wind and tide and with them, the vessel urged by Steam pursues its way, unheeding

the elements, and seeming to exult, with a conscious pride, in its independent power. And the voyager on the eastern waters shares this exultation, as he darts swiftly by the fastest sailing ships, when the most favoring gales are blowing. Thus is Steam superior to Wind.

And, lastly, compare it with Animal Strength. This has been the most efficient among the prime movers, but will be so no longer. The strength of all animals, rational or brute, has a limit which can soon be reached and never passed. But to the power of Steam no limit has been discovered; nor can there be a limit, except that which is fixed by the strength and tenacity of the materials, within and upon which the power is to act. There are single engines which work with the force of *six hundred horses*. With a cylinder only eighteen inches in length and two in diameter, Perkins obtained a pressure equal to forty atmospheres. Again, the most robust and hardy animals are able to work only a small portion of the time. The lash cannot quicken them when their muscles are relaxed. Fatigue overcomes them, and they faint; disease weakens them, and they are useless; death overtakes them, and they are gone. But Steam is liable to none of these infirmities or contingencies. The engine never faints nor tires. It can work every moment of every day for numberless years, wanting nothing but occasional repairs. Its metallic frame is above all malady, and, never having lived, it cannot die. Lastly, animals must be fed from the fruits of the earth. This makes their use always expensive, and frequently impracticable. Besides, had the power of Steam remained unknown, a period must have been ultimately reached in the progress of society, when the earth, with its fruitfulness daily diminishing by over use, could not have furnished subsistence for all the animals necessary to perform all the labor required. But the Steam Engine never hungers nor thirsts. Its only wants are water and fuel. Water is found every where, and its entire quantity can never be diminished by a single drop. Were the whole ocean converted into steam, it must of necessity return again to water. At the same time it is independent of the earth's fertility, and must ever remain sufficient for all the wants of all the men who may at any distant period people the globe. With fuel, it might perhaps be different, if wood were the only resource. But when will the magazines of coal be exhausted? Not till the whole interior of our planet is used up. And thus is Steam superior to Animal Strength.

Having gone so far with this enticing subject, allow me to mention the immense gain on the score of humanity. I do not remember that this has ever been taken into view; but it strikes me as a momentous consideration. Every living thing, whether rational or brute, is susceptible of pain. Constrained action of every kind is always painful. Now I will not ask whether every humane person would not rejoice to see his fellow creatures released altogether from the drudgery of tugging at the oar, the lever, the crank, and the anvil, till their muscles become rigid and their limbs distorted;—provided that inert matter, which is incapable of pain, could be made to perform the same labor. But are the feelings of that man to be envied, who would not rejoice to see even the brutes released from the consuming toil and suffering incident to their state of servitude and hardship? That they have feeling, their writhing under the scourge too often proves. But the engine, which is so fast taking their place in the service of man, has no feeling. It can

neither smart under the lash, nor be galled by the yoke or harness. No cruelty, neglect, or exposure can occasion to it one of those tortures, "which mercy, with a bleeding heart, weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast." I repeat it, this seems to me to be a momentous consideration. Who can estimate the suffering which the Steam Engine is destined to save, through all coming time, to man and the inferior animals? Countless labors are to be performed, and, if lifeless machines did not perform them, living creatures must. On the score of humanity, then, the gain is immeasurable. Since, for all the work performed by Steam, not a nerve will ever smart, nor a twinge of pain be felt.

In giving this account of what the Steam Engine has done and is doing for the Western country, I have said nothing of Steam Carriages and Rail Roads, because as yet we have none of them. But every thing indicates that we shall not long be without them. Over these vast tracts of level country, rail roads can be constructed cheaper than any where else, probably, in the world. Those immensely deep cuts and high embankments, which have made the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road so ruinously expensive, would in no case be necessary. And the objection of costliness being removed, I can think of no other sufficiently weighty to withstand the demonstrations which have recently been given in favor of this mode of conveyance. To the velocity of boats, there is an impassable limit, existing in the nature of the fluid medium. But to that of rail road cars, there is no necessary and absolute limit. The only measure of speed will be the safety of passengers. If they could breathe and be safe under a velocity of sixty miles an hour, the engine would move them at that rate. The cars on the Liverpool and Manchester Rail Road, carry merchandize at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour; and, from a statement recently made, it appears that the actual cost of transporting fifty tons one mile, on those cars, is only one cent! Now with such facts before us, not to be sanguine on the subject of rail roads and steam carriages would be positively unphilosophic. I admit that, if this were not the age of scientific prodigies, we should be apt to require ocular proof, before we could believe the facts themselves; but, once admitted, the immense superiority of rail roads over every other species of conveyance follows incontestably; and, if they are thus superior, they must soon supplant canals and turnpikes altogether. I have no doubt that, before our children are off the stage, they will be constructed on all the great lines of travel throughout the Union. The horse will be dismissed from the service of the traveler and the mail-carrier, because he is too slow; and men will speak contemptuously of one hundred miles a day, as a mere snail's pace. The journey from Boston to Cincinnati, which now occupies ten days at the shortest, will then be performed in less than three; and a tour of the Union in the same proportion. I am serious in these anticipations. If rail roads should be constructed between all our important places, as I have no doubt they will be; and if steam carriages shall be substituted for those drawn by horses, of which I have as little doubt; the consequence will be, that those, whose good fortune it shall be to live at that time, will be able to receive and circulate intelligence, and transport themselves and their commodities, from one place to another, with four times the greatest rapidity now possible, under the most favorable circumstances; and that, too, with-

out any of the jolting and jarring, which render fast traveling, at the present day, so exceedingly fatiguing.

I ought, perhaps, in concluding this letter, to apologize for the whole of it as a digression. I confess that it is a digression; for, when I sat down, I had no idea of reading you a long lecture on the Steam Engine. But it is too late to mend the mischief, now it is done. You must take it for what it is worth, and consign it to what fate you please.

W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOSPITAL.

By the mass of mankind sickness and death are seldom seen, but when they come into the circle of their friends, or the bosom of their families. They come in darkness and mystery, they do their errand, and leave behind them associations of something terrible, but undefined. It is not strange that they, who witness disease only in those cases in which their deepest feelings are interested, should connect nothing but ideas of dread with every form in which Nature does her dreary work of destruction. And we find that all but a few, more hardy, or more accustomed to scenes of this kind, are most willing to shut their eyes, and wait in silence until the scythed chariot shall sweep them in their turn. I do not mean that they never allude to death and its attending circumstances, for there are times when we look with indifference on the future, and we often speak of the grave without thinking seriously upon it; but that, in those still moments when every word sinks into the heart, and calls up clearly its fearful image, the subject is turned from instinctively.

With these feelings it is no wonder that the asylum for the sick should be regarded as the most saddening object of contemplation. Its inmates have gathered, in anxious hope, from the homes where they have been languishing, to make one crowded family of suffering, to toss on the pillow which a stranger has spread, to be watched by eyes that have forgotten how to weep—perhaps to die, surrounded, indeed, by systematic kindness, but not by the unbought solicitude of affection.

But those whose duty it is to arrest or alleviate the progress of disease must and do soon learn to look on these things differently. Science does not, indeed, seal up the springs of human sympathy, whatever may be said by those who think outward weakness the only proof of feeling; but, in leading her disciple through paths of deep gloom and shadow, she asks him to lend his light to make them clear, instead of wasting his idle complaints at the foot of every cypress.

There are, however, several reasons which must render him less easily susceptible of emotion from the distress of his fellow creatures. Habit can do much to wear down the first acuteness of sensibility—that thrill at the anguish of another, which belongs more to the body than the mind. Can it do more? Is the philanthropist less compassionate and tender-hearted, after he has made himself familiar with misery, than when he first shuddered beneath the dew of the prisoner's dungeon?

It may be superfluous to ask such a question, yet nothing is more common than the notion, that he, who would make the relief of suffering his profession, must acquire indifference to it as his first qualification.

The knowledge that all were looking to him for calmness and self-possession has given firmness to many a one, whose heart was sick with its own natural workings. A quiet interest is all the patient asks from his attendant. Less than this he cannot give ; more would be worse than useless. No one who has stood by the bed-side, in the darkened chamber and heavy atmosphere of sickness, with nothing but grief and despondency about and within him, can forget with what relief he turned to one unagitated witness, whom he might but a few days before have accused of apathy or unkindness.

Another reason may be found in his more exact estimate of the comparative amount of real suffering in any single individual. One who had just seen a convict crushed, limb after limb, upon the wheel, or strained until every fibre was tearing in succession from its hold, would think far less of the sufferings of a person sinking by gentle gradations into the repose of death ; and on the same principle it cannot be expected that he, who has witnessed the awful struggles of protracted torture, which must occasionally meet his eye, should think as much of many cases, in themselves deserving the deepest compassion, as those who look at the few instances of disease, which come before them, without knowing how much more others are called to endure.

But that which, more than all the rest, enables the professional observer to look with composure on all that seems most terrible to others, is the custom of considering disease as a part of the organized system of natural operations, proceeding by laws as exact, and producing effects as determinate, as principles established for any different purpose. He has traced the progress of life from its rudiments in the embryo, to its strong maturity ; he has watched the mysterious power, which works its own preservation by an unceasing series of changes, and when the same power, in obedience to the established rules of the same system, turns inward to disorganize what it has built up, he cannot but observe it with equal interest. There have been those so strongly possessed by this feeling, that, even when the hand of death has been upon them, they have watched with nice attention every step towards dissolution, until the film had dimmed their eyes, and the last lethargy deadened their perception. It is not singular then, that one who regards all the complaints to which we are subject, under an arrangement as regular as is applied to any class of objects or phenomena, should look with far different sensations on each particular instance of disease, from him, who, seeing them in single and distant examples, regards each as some frightful and unheard of anomaly.

It is, in a great measure, owing to this cause that we shall find the public receptacle for the sick by no means so fearful as we might at first imagine. We have, indeed, brought together a large amount of suffering, from many and different sources ; but, in giving a name and a station to those sources, we bring them into relation with each other ; and we show, not necessarily that the same affections have been relieved, but that they have, at least, been observed. In point of fact, we shall find as much resignation, if not cheerfulness, within the silent walls of a hospital, as in many a mansion devoted to less unfortunate inmates.

In the little sketches I shall give, I shall not indulge myself at all in fiction, with regard to the characters I describe. It would be easy to make more interesting patients than we often meet with, but I will not do it without giving warning. We,—that is, the young gentlemen who walk their daily round through the wards,—are apt to indulge our partialities towards some of our more pleasing patients. There is one personage who never fails to draw the circle of morning visitants into a very narrow compass about her. I mean the Belle, for the time being, of the institution.

Adeline! beautiful Adeline! I hope that, before this time, her brown locks are falling upon a cheek as ruddy as Nature destined it to be. Her hands were not blanched into transparency, nor her waist girded into evanescence, but her look was so cheerful, as she sat by her bed-side, and her voice so sweet in its trembling tones, that the fiend of pestilence could not have harmed her.

When Adeline the Lovely laid down her diadem, it passed to the lofty temples of Ann the Buxom. No mortal man could have predicated, as he looked at her towering and ample figure, that she was afflicted with “nervous weakness.” Yet, after dieting and phlebotomy, and a peck and a half of pills, she went from us with her crawlings and her creepings as unaltered, as if she had been a mass of rioting animalcules. She was not exactly beautiful, but she looked a body so straight in the eye, and told her preposterous symptoms with such an honest independence, at the same time with a pretty clear sense that there was something ridiculous about them, that, for almost a month, her empire was undisputed.

I am writing in my own character as a student of medicine, and I do not, therefore, feel as if I rendered myself liable to the accusation I may at other times deserve, of introducing circumstances which are impertinent, when addressed to the readers of idle effusions. This is certainly one of our besetting sins, and we are betrayed into it, because many people listen with interest to details of matters in which they are so much concerned, and of which they know so little. The appearance of one patient, whom I remember, was so very singular and unnatural, that I shall venture to mention it, though it might seem more fit for pages of a different character. In consequence of a dangerous accident she had been for a long time in the habit of having blood taken from her at short intervals, so that, in the course of a year or two, she had lost an almost unprecedented quantity. I had seen her in health, a rosy and hearty looking girl, even in a remarkable degree. I saw her but a little while before she was released from her sufferings, and never was contrast more striking. Her whole aspect was utterly bloodless, more so than I have ever seen in the lifeless body. The universal marble whiteness of her complexion, the sculptured stillness of her features, almost gave one the idea that some wandering spirit was inhabiting and half animating a wan form, which its own living principle had deserted; but the look of her dark eye, unclouded by all she had endured, and the motion of her wasted arms, which in her delirium she waved slowly from her, and then folded on her palpitating bosom, told us that life still lingered amidst the tardy footsteps of death.

So many of the patients who come before us, are afflicted with troublesome rather than dangerous complaints, that we may sometimes be excused for lighter feelings than those of compassion. I hope the dignitaries of Broad-street, will forgive me, if they look over this periodical, for saying that a smile is frequently excited by the children of Hibernia. They have such peculiar notions about the position of certain organs, and the nature of certain functions, that the trained student cannot sometimes but look with astonishment at their startling innovations. The gentle viscus which is commonly thought the seat of the affections, in their anatomy ranges about among its less interesting neighbors from the throat to the liver, and the stomach possesses absolute ubiquity.

A great Irishman was brought up into the operating theatre, the other morning, for the class to have a look at. According to his own story, he had had violent hands, or rather fists, laid on him, and two of his enthusiastic antagonists planting a blow on either cheek at the same time, it was a lamentable fact that his lower jaw had gone into three pieces; but I knocked down two of them, he added, as well as his misfortune would let him. I have been informed that the worthy magistrate who investigated the affair, observed that he had better have held his jaw, a circumstance, however, more amusing, than probable.

Honest John —, with his saffron face and his rebellious digestives, has gone away now, and I may venture a stern-chaser at the little fellow, without fearing an indictment for a libel. Taken in connexion with his multitudinous envelopes, the little gentleman might have put the beam of the Hospital scales into perplexity, if there had been a hundred pounds at the other end of it. His voice was of that peculiar kind, which we sometimes find in those whom the tailor and the census recognize as men, but which nature has more generally appropriated to the softer sex. His face might be considered under two aspects; the state of quiescence and that of action. When undisturbed it was as innocent looking a polygon as ever flesh was sharpened into, but, when he spoke or smiled, it eddied into a perfect whirlpool of wrinkles, so that it seemed as if every feature were squirming with its own independent vitality. What could have put it into his head that he had stamina enough about him to do any thing with a potato after he had swallowed it, it would be hard to say, for the bog it grew in could not have sat heavier on his soul; but for that most intractable of delicacies, he once saw fit to relinquish the water-gruel he had been ordered. Of this he was solemnly accused before the morning tribunal. "No sir," said the dove-eyed offender. The fact was supported by witnesses. When a man fails in receiving credence for a simple denial, he is apt to have recourse to the "lie with a circumstance." But the lie with a circumstance may be refuted or involve contradiction, and it is a much safer method to prove by abstract reasoning that the thing is altogether improbable or impossible. The ingenious culprit thus overwhelmed by evidence, had recourse to this kind of demonstration. He pointed out with eloquence the folly and enormity of the offence, the utter abhorrence with which he should shrink from it, and reiterated his innocence of a sin so clear, that, had it been felony, he would have been hanged, and furnished all the morning papers a paragraph ending with "launched into eternity."

There was a poor girl, who, at the age of eighteen, has since been laid in her humble grave, whom her youth and sufferings made to all an object of pity. Her disease was known to be incurable, and, in the very dawn of her life, she had nothing to look forward to, but the weary interval of conflict before it had fretted away the threads that held her to a wretched existence. It seemed a mockery of hope and happiness, to see her gasping at the window in the bright mornings of spring. Throughout the wide prospect, the freshness of the early year was breathing over the fields, and the hills, and the waters, while she, with the arrow of death even then quivering in her heart, looked faintly out upon them, as if she thought the spirit, that was shedding softness on the air and verdure on forests, could once more give warmth to the springs of health that were freezing in their fountain. How different is the aspect of death at the different seasons. In summer, how fearful is the change that a few hours will leave upon the features, and how short must be the interval between the chamber of sickness and the dark stillness of the sepulchre. In autumn, the path to the tomb is strewn with fallen leaves, the grass of the church-yard is brown and withered, and their decay, at all times dreary, seems doubly desolate, as we pass away, and leave the dead to the sleep which will not wake when the earth above them is green, and the naked branches overshadow them with foliage. In winter, the snow is cleared away, and the frozen clods hewn from the low arch of the vault, and, with the parting smile upon its unaltered features, we leave the form we have loved in the very clasp of the ungentle elements. The smile of death ! how many speak of it, as if it were the farewell of an untroubled spirit to the body it was just leaving. To me, it always seemed the seal, which the destroyer had set in mockery on his victim ; as if the wild bird should spread his bright wings over the prey that was reeking in his talons.

Nothing that comes before us is so distressing as the suffering of children. The poor little things are so transformed in every thing by its influence, that we can hardly recognize, in them, the beings that were lately playing about us. I saw two children, the other day, by the side of each other, one of them in full health, with the exception of a trifling complaint, and the other, panting upon her death-bed. But there was neither terror nor sadness in the wild eyes of the rosy girl ; and, the next morning, when the pillow of the sick child was vacant, she looked at it with a curious kind of expression, in which seriousness formed one of the smallest constituents. An infant, a few months old, was brought into the operating room, a short time since, to be cured of a very common deformity by the knife of the surgeon. The little creature looked up at the crowd of strange faces, and then at the glittering instruments, and smiled as well as it could with its ghastly features ; it did seem like a sin to torture it, but it was necessary, and it was done. If that infant should live to maturity, I should love to ask what were its earliest recollections.

Few subjects are more painfully interesting than the physiognomy of sickness. Pain, in different degrees of intensity and duration, and many diseases which work, almost unfelt, at the yielding foundations of health, leave upon the countenance many shades of expression, which are evident to those accustomed to observe every indication of morbid

changes. Even in the ignorance of my unfinished novitiate, I have sometimes found that a very shallow experience had taught me more than was for my own happiness. To look at the young and beautiful, and to read the death-mark upon them as plainly, as if, like the Scottish seers, we had seen them in the shroud, and followed the visionary procession from their thresholds to the church-yard, is no enviable faculty.

Before we leave the subject, let us take one general look around the walls which these cursory glances may have already rendered tiresome. In one face we see the expression of anxiety and uneasiness, which it may have taken years of noiseless suffering to wear so deeply into the features; and then we may come to a row of dyspeptics, with their cold feet and blue lips, looking like a border of frost-bitten violets. We pass by the bed of the next sufferer in silence, for his damp forehead, and fixed eye, and curled up limbs, tell us that he is in the arms of the king of terrors. The next cheek is not pale, but its warmth is the flush of hectic, flickering up from the ashes that still hold a few decaying embers. And now we come to disease in its loathsomeness; but, as few are called to endure, few need be required to witness, its ravages.

I should, perhaps, apologize for such an article, but I cannot think there is pedantry in trying to interest others, for a few moments, in subjects which occupy our thoughts and feelings habitually, though I am sensible that both our thoughts and our feelings, and even ourselves, may be matters of total indifference to our readers.

SONNET.

[From the Spanish of Hernando de Herrera.]

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Rojo sol, que con hacha luminosa
coloras el purpureo y alto cielo.

BRIGHT Sun! that, flaming through the mid-day sky,
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?
Thou summer Wind—of soft and delicate touch,
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,
Tresses of gold, that can delight so much?
Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir
Of wandering Planets, and eternal Stars!
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire—
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds, nor bars?
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet freeze?

THE ORANG OUTANG.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

I TAKE the liberty of sending you a letter written by the celebrated Orang Outang to one of her friends in Java, which may be interesting to your readers, as it contains the result of the inquiries of a vigilant and disinterested observer. You will, I trust, entertain no scruples in regard to the publication of private correspondence, when you remember how common the practice has become, and how much it tends to enlighten the public on subjects which they are naturally curious to know. Should any one be disposed to question the genuineness of the letter, the original shall be deposited with you for the public benefit ; and the first inspection of the chirography will convince the most sceptical, that it is really and truly the production of an Orang Outang.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Boston, November 10th, 1831.

I know not, my dear Jocko, that I should have been tempted to break the silence, which wonder and sorrow impose upon me in this strange land, were it not for the foul slanders which are daily heaped upon me by those, who regard themselves as paragons of all that is polite and hospitable. It is but a few days since I read in the New-England Magazine, a publication, which, however attractive it may be in the eyes of men, has little in it that can gratify the taste of an Orang Outang, the pitiful speculations of some ignorant New-York Doctor upon my conformation and personal habits ; but I know not whether any thing better was to have been expected from a member of a profession, of the state of which, in this country, a single anecdote will convince you. On my voyage hither, feeling slightly indisposed, I had recourse to what was universally called the chest of medicine ; and what was my astonishment on learning, by melancholy experience, as I did within an hour afterwards, that I had taken poison, and that my life was in imminent danger ! You will readily judge of the state of intelligence among a race, where poisons are used as panaceas, and where the same prescriptions are employed to preserve and to extinguish life. Protect me from such nurses ! Better, far better, to fall headlong from the top-most branches of the teak-tree, better to be shot by the poisoned arrows of Macassar, than to place life and limb at the mercy of these infatuated pretenders !

Indeed, my friend, whatever difference there may be between the Simian and Caucasian races, it is decidedly in favor of the former ; and nothing, I am convinced, but the habitual arrogance of man, prevents him from acquiescing in the same conclusion ; it is, in fact, impossible, on the principles of his own philosophy, to adopt any other. The moralist, the punicious doctor, and the philosopher, are perpetually calling upon men to follow nature ; while their whole lives are spent in a continual effort to counteract and defy her. They regard themselves as compounded of body and soul, and are always talking of the latter, as by far their noblest part ; but this I consider as a vain pretension ;

for it is wholly inconceivable, supposing this to be the fact, that every thought and effort should be engrossed by the care of the body, while the soul is treated with so little ceremony, that they have nothing, but what they call their own inward consciousness, to vouch for its existence ; a sort of testimony, which, however satisfactory it may be to them, is not particularly convincing to a by-stander. We are told alike by reason and philosophy, that our wants should be few ; but this strangely consistent people have discovered, that the true secret of happiness consists in multiplying them ; and this they do, regularly and systematically, as if it were the chief end of their being. On this principle, you will perceive, that nothing is easier than to be happy ; a famine would place them on the very pinnacle of felicity. But I ask you, my friend, whether a doctrine like this would not, at once, be rejected by the Orang Outang, who might chance to be philosophizing upon a nut a day ? They pretend, however, to reconcile it with common sense, by insisting, that the more our wants increase, the more rapidly will the means of gratifying them increase also ; but here is another inconsistency ; for there are no greater foes to luxury, than these very moralists and philosophers, of whom I have just told you. Now take a single specimen of the two races, and see which bears himself with the most philosophical dignity. The Orang Outang partakes sparingly of the fruits most liberally dispensed to him by the influences of a delightful climate, and the perpetual vegetation of the tropics, without so much as thinking of a bird's nest ; while the more ambitious biped cannot make a single meal without some exhibition of his cannibal propensities, or quench his thirst by any liquid which is not debased by some intoxicating element. In the morning, he collects around him the luxuries, as he calls them, of the Indies, both East and West ; and, at noon, he demolishes some other animal as good as he, to satiate his raging appetite, and washes it down with the liquors of every foreign country.

There is another point, on which these people are very apt to pique themselves. They call it the gift of speech ; forgetting, in their vain-glory, that the same gift is enjoyed in high perfection by the parrot, and the cockatoo. Nay, I am credibly informed, that one of their own carpenters has actually made a creature, which plays chess, and converses with all the freedom which that game requires, as well as any human being of them all. What sort of a gift is that, which they can manufacture for themselves ? Yet even in talking of the gift of talking, they are forever contradicting the maxims of their own philosophy. This blessing, if it be indeed a blessing, would seem to be held in very light esteem, by the manner in which they abuse it. When two men fall to quarreling, they forthwith begin to swear, and utter volleys of abuse, which it is very painful to an Orang Outang to hear ; and it is only after their breath is fairly gone, that they proceed to fight in the common and only rational way. It is, however, in vilifying their friends and neighbors, that this same blessing becomes an instrument of the most potent efficacy. Now, in the name of all the nuts of Borneo, why are not the grimaces and the chatter of a monkey quite as useful for all these purposes, as the boasted faculty of speech ? Silence, say their philosophers, is a virtue ; then how superior in moral dignity is the Orang Outang, who practises this virtue on principle, and on all oc-

casions, to the man or woman who would rather die out-right than hold his or her tongue for half an hour ! I have recently heard of a woman, who cut off her tongue with a razor, by way of punishing it for its manifold sins, as well as to prevent, in the most summary way, any obliquities of the kind for the future ; but, in my judgement, it is far more eligible, to be formed originally without any implement of the sort, than to be compelled to extract it, in order to conduct one's self with tolerable propriety.

I will not, however, pursue this topic farther ; as I am sensible that the results of my observation here must be more interesting to you, than any general speculations, however important they may be. Suffer me simply to add, if any thing be wanting to convince you of the comparative superiority of our race, that the human intellect has so little expansion, as to estimate every thing, by comparing it with its own standard. I tremble with indignation while I write it—these soul-and-body, want-multiplying, eternally talking people, have the impudence to call me ugly ! Me—the acknowledged beauty of the forests of Java—in pursuit of whom hundreds were once ready to fly from tree to tree, and to whom the earliest fruit of the season was but a poor and unregarded homage ! To you, who know what eyes of love and admiration were once cast upon me, how many double rows of teeth were formerly expanded with delight at my approach, I can expose the secret sorrows of my too sensitive heart. When I remember what beauty is, and compare it with what these people call beauty, I ought perhaps to disregard these suggestions of arrogance and folly ; but to be despised as a miracle of deformity by those whose lives are spent in earnest but by no means unsuccessful efforts to deform themselves, is almost too much for an Orang Outang to bear.

If you could walk with me into Washington-street, a narrow passage through the chaos of brick and stone, which these people call a city, on a Sunday morning, you would soon ascertain what their notions of beauty are. Hundreds of women, some with huge piles of straw, others with vast erections of silk and flowers on their heads, are moving by you with the rapidity of lightning. Their robes, or gowns—how can I describe them, but by telling you that their owners resemble the Bird of Paradise ? On their arms, they wear what they call sleeves, articles of which your fancy would be inadequate to form the least conception. Their feet are covered with a box, which they call a shoe. Add to these, rows of white teeth, cheeks of clear red and white, and eyes which seem to pierce you through and through, and you have some idea of what the human race call beauty. “ Out upon the barbarians” !—I think I hear you exclaim—“ can creatures tricked out in this way pretend to climb a tree ?” In the first place, my dear, there are very few trees here to climb ; and the names of romp and hoyden would be the mildest terms of reproach applied to one, who should attempt such an exhibition, or whose habits should bear in any respect the least affinity to ours. When you think of the unadorned beauty of our own race, of their small but alluring eyes, their complexion like the mild obscurity of some overhanging cloud, their graceful movements, and light and agile limb, you laugh at their strange transformations ; but you will learn to regard them rather with pity, when I tell you, that they are to be attributed solely to the influence of an invisible, but all-

controlling power, whom they call Fashion, and worship with the most sincere and persevering devotion. Wonders have been related to me of the influence of this extraordinary deity. It is, in fact, wholly in compliance with her injunctions, that the dazzling array of partycolored garments, you every where witness, is exhibited in the streets ; but let her once read the charm backwards, and these bonnets and robes contract in an instant, like what the sailors of our vessel called a double-reefed topsail, while the sleeves collapse, at once, like a rent balloon. Happy Orang Outangs, who are misled by no such strange and fatal theism ! Happy, that they can survey the grand and beautiful in nature without a bonnet or a veil, penetrate the wildest thicket without perdition to shawls and pelisses, and ascend the tree without the ridiculous claw-hiding incumbrances of stockings and shoes ! And yet, I know not how it is, notwithstanding the many absurdities of my human female friends, one does in time get somewhat reconciled to their appearance. One of their bishops, I am told, who visited countries near to ours, pronounced the olive-colored race, the most agreeable of all to the eye ; but I cannot help thinking, if he had extended his observation farther, he would have come to the conclusion, that a deep brown, combined with a proper infusion of slate color, was the *beau ideal* of feminine complexion.

Adieu. The fatigue of writing is too great, to allow me to tell you more of this strange race at present. Remember me, my friend, as truly and affectionately, yours.

THE LIMPING PHILOSOPHER.

NO. III.

A man's best friends are his books ; they never desert, they never betray him. With a kindness, true as it is rare, they accommodate themselves to his caprices. Is he grave or gay, sad or merry, would he learn, would he philosophize, would he be comfortably idle, he may find among his books some one or more exactly fitted to his purpose.

THE COMPLETE LIBRARY, Vol. ii. p. 305.

WHEN Plato was called upon to give a brief description of man, at once comprehensive and characteristic, he declared him to be a *featherless biped*. This description was not a little ridiculed by one of Plato's rivals, who stripped a cock of his feathers, drove him screaming through the gardens in which the philosopher was accustomed to meet his disciples, and having attracted the attention of the whole company, suddenly stopped, and, pointing to the cock, inquired, with great gravity, "Sirs, is this a man ?" There was no resisting a confutation of this sort ; and, Plato's definition being completely discredited, others have since attempted to mend the matter,—but, as I am going to show, with little success.

Of the two definitions most generally received, one declares man to be a *talking*, the other, a *laughing* animal. If the former of these two definitions were confined exclusively to the fairer half of the species, it might not, perhaps, be very easy to find fault with it ;—though even in

that case, it seems hardly peculiar enough ; for monkeys and magpies both chatter,—and chat and chattering are, I am afraid, as nearly allied in meaning as in sound. But when we come to include in it the nobler half of creation, its impropriety is manifest ; for how many men are there who rise to great eminence in the world, the secret of whose success simply is, that they look wise, and say nothing ?

Still less, can man be properly described as a laughing animal. The light-hearted sons of Africa, who laugh under the lash of the slave-driver, (as our southern friends assure us is positively the fact,) might fall properly enough under this definition ; but what shall we do with the long-visaged New-Englander, who inherits from his sober ancestors a set of muscles, which relax not easily into a smile, and the idea, that laughter is idle and dangerous, if not positively sinful ? And what will become of those Chesterfieldian fine gentlemen, who hold audible laughing to be absolutely vulgar ?

Having thus, after the manner of philosophers, exposed the absurdity of my predecessors, I am encouraged to propose a definition of my own,—a definition, which, I doubt not, will hand down my name to the latest posterity, coupled with those of St. Thomas Aquinas and Dr. Watts, as a great master of logical precision. In proposing this definition, I do not wish to triumph, unreasonably, over Plato and those other eminent wits, who have heretofore given their attention to this subject. I shall, therefore, freely confess, that my definition, striking and excellent as it is, would hardly have been hit upon, and might, perhaps, have been not very appropriate, in former times. My definition describes men, not as they were two thousand years ago, in the childhood of the world, but as they are now, in its manhood,—now in the nineteenth century. I define man to be a READING ANIMAL.

But alas ! it is the fate of genius to be assailed on all sides by the shafts of envy ; and I do not doubt that many of my readers, (and, of course, all the world reads the *Limping Philosopher*,) wrought upon by a certain malevolence, natural to the human heart, will affect to despise this definition of mine, notwithstanding I have taken the pains to have it printed in capital letters. Ah Science ! thy reward is not of this world ; like thy sister Virtue, thou bringest not secular honor, nor terrestrial riches ; thy reward is in thyself ; in our consciousness of thy inspiration ; in the thought, in the certainty, that thou art exalting us towards that heaven, whence we draw our origin ! But what hoarse voice is that I hear, breaking in upon my rhapsody ? What senseless objector is it, that says with a sneer,—“ Friend, thy definition is lame of one leg ; ’t is true that, of all animals, man only reads ; but then all men are not readers.” Sir, I thank you for the objection,—it gives me an opportunity to set this incomparable definition of mine in a new light,—to show what an amiable definition it is,—and to show, too, its wonderful pliability,—to prove that it will never become antiquated, but will still continue to grow more appropriate as the world grows older. ’T is true, all men are not *now* readers ; but, Sir, will you think of denying, that all men ought to be so ? And am I to be found fault with, because, to borrow a line of the poet, I describe “ men as they ought to be, not as they are ?” Is this the way you repay my good nature ? True, all men are not *now* readers ;—but then, secondly, all men soon will be so. For has it not been demonstrated, by the most satisfactory

and profound calculations, in my friend Charles Timothy Augustus Teachabout's Discourse at the annual meeting of the Universal Lyceum, that, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there will not exist, on the face of the earth, a single human being who cannot read! The march of mind sweeps on, at no snail's pace, and as it advances, every minute is my definition growing more appropriate.

We take it, then, for granted, that man is properly defined a reading animal. But the variety of the human species,—though fast wearing out, under those late improvements in the art of education, by which all the neglects of Dame Nature are made good, and dunces are drilled into men of genius,—still in some measure prevails, and readers are to be found of various sorts.

Compare, for instance, the German professor, who studies eighteen hours a day, wears shirts of black silk, that he may lose no time in changing his linen, and, instead of wasting five or six hours at his meals, swallows, at intervals, a cup of coffee, or a dish of black broth, while he peruses the Talmud with one eye, runs over the Bhagavut-Gita with the other, and dictates, all the while, to his wife, who,—excellent example! patiently acts the part of scribe,—a treatise on Egyptian Hieroglyphics;—compare this diligent German student with the young lady who lolls, dinner over, on the sofa, and with eyes half shut, skims skipingly along the loves of Lucy and Paul Clifford, debating with herself, at intervals, what dress she shall appear in, at the approaching ball; and wondering, now and then, if that handsome young foreigner will ask her to dance;—compare these two pictures, and admit, that all variety in the species is not yet absolutely extinct.

But these varieties, marked as they are, are apt to be overlooked. The multitude judges upon hearsay, and is as often wrong as right. If it be said of a man that he studies, the world good-naturedly declares him learned; if it be reported of a woman that she reads, the world maliciously proclaims her a *bluc*. Whereas, it is my own private opinion, that men may study without growing wise, and ladies may read without growing disagreeable;—however, this is a private thing between the reader and me, and not at all to the present purpose.

Readers may be divided into four classes.

The first class, great, perhaps, in merit, but small in numbers, consists of those who read, from a desire to learn. How small this class is, may be readily proved by the single fact, that hardly ever is there a book published, for the use of those who belong to it. For of the books that come daily from the press, not one in a hundred teaches any thing at all; and not one in a thousand teaches any thing new. But this first kind of readers is of small note; they make little noise in the world, and it is hardly worth our while to spend much time upon them.

The second class of readers consists of those who read, in order to write.

This class, once small, is rapidly increasing, and threatens soon to include the whole human race. The *pia mater* of this sort of readers, may justly enough be compared to the bar-room of a tavern, where travelers stop a moment, till they can be shown into a better room; or to an eastern caravansary, where abundance of rich merchandise is lodged from night to night, which is regularly carried away the next

morning, leaving nothing behind but bare walls. The heads of these readers, who read only to write, are, in fact, but a mere thorough-fare, a sort of conduit pipe, through which a mingled flood of sense and nonsense flows out upon the world. These worthy personages are a sort of literary brokers, who add nothing to the stock of knowledge, but serve to keep in circulation what we already possess. So far they are useful; but they have an unlucky habit of diluting and corrupting the information which they circulate. They understand, as well as any body, the art of making one equal to two. They possess something of the science of the cook, famous in French history, who served up a dinner of ten courses, out of no better materials, than the hind quarter of a rabbit and a handful of herbs. The matter that might perhaps have made, in less skillful hands, a neat little essay of a page and a half,—being duly concocted by one of these artists, swelled with common-places, sweetened with flattery of our worthy patron, the public, and puffed up with words that signify nothing,—comes forth at last, in all the dignity of an article of five and forty pages, which has no fault in the world,—except that it is dull and empty. These readers who write, are like retailers of essences, who buy, indeed, the essential oil, but sell a weak mixture of essence and water; or rather, like manufacturers of wines, who suffer neither Port, Claret, nor Madeira, to pass out of their hands, till they have doubled its original bulk, and destroyed all its flavor by a most vile addition of brandy, water, acids, and dye-stuffs.

The third class of readers are those, who read to say they have read.

When conversation happens to turn on literary matters, and a reader of this sort chances to be by, and the new novel or the last review is mentioned, it does one good to hear the—"O yes, I've read it," which is so eagerly thrust in at the very first opening. There is such a sweet self-complacency,—and the important little sentence is pronounced in so soft and gentle, but withal so confident a tone, that the airs and affectations of a first-rate actress could not be more delightful. I love, of all things, to watch these little scenes, when nature shows herself in spite of all disguise. The follies of mankind, when properly improved, are a never-failing source of amusement; but then they must not be regarded with bitterness, but rather in that spirit of good-natured indulgence, with which we watch the frolics of a favorite child.

The fourth class of readers, a most numerous and respectable body, consists of those who read to kill time.

These are the true patrons of editors, booksellers, authors and printers. These are they, that devour three editions in succession of thrice distilled nonsense. This is the *enlightened public*, whose decision is like the irreversible laws of the Medes and Persians,—whose voice is the voice of God,—the voice of wisdom, justice and truth. The Turk eats opium,—the Hindu chews tobacco and beetel-nut,—the civilized Christian reads,—and opium, tobacco, books, all alike tend to produce that dizzy, dreaming, drowsy state of mind, which forms, without doubt, the most delicious mode of existence.

Such, and so many, are the various kinds of readers, and such are my reasons for defining man, a *reading animal*. But, after all,—and notwithstanding every thing that has been said, and proved, and demonstrated, by my worthy friend, Charles Timothy Augustus Teach-about, and his illustrious associates of the Universal Lyceum, it some-

times does strike me, as a little doubtful, whether the increase of reading argues, beyond all doubt, an exactly proportionate increase of wisdom. There is a certain point, beyond which, things cannot go. Not all the powder burnt at Waterloo can drive a bullet through the air, beyond a certain degree of swiftness ;—and my mind misgives me, that human skulls can contain but a certain modicum of learning, school-masters, and lecturers, goose quills and printing presses, to the contrary notwithstanding.

CARE.

TO * * * *

Otium dives rogat in patenti. HORACE.

THE dripping mariner, at dead of night,
Tossed on the boundless ocean,
When not a star in the broad sky is bright,
For rest—for rest—till break of morning light,
Lifts his devotion.

For rest the pensioned politician prays,
And threadbare man of letters ;
Merchants and maidens seek it all their days,
Spirits of air and earth, fairies and fays,
And duns and debtors.

Care, under purple robes of office, we
Must frequently discover ;
No human lot from human wo is free ;
A turtle-padded alderman may be
A slighted lover.

Happy the man, who wears the clothes which clad
His ancestors before him ;
Tariffs and taxes seldom make him sad,
And how thrice blessed his lot who never had
Tailor to bore him !

Why look for joy beneath a foreign sky,
With endless toil and trouble ?
From his sad heart can the pale exile fly ?
The happiness his own home may deny,
Is a mere bubble.

Care follows swift the starry-bannered ship,
Over the foaming billow ;
Sits side by side with the dyspeptic whip,
And dims the widow's eye and pales her lip,
And wreathes her willow.

Joy for the present moment ! Joy to-day !
Why look we to the morrow ?
Mingle me bitters to drive care away,
Nothing on earth can be forever gay,
And free from sorrow.

The sullen monarch of the shades we try
In vain to turn our backs on ;
Probably, all the human race will die,
The good, the great, the wise, and you, and I,
And President Jackson.

Fortune has smiled on you, and lavished all
 Her bounties quite at random ;
 Your factory stock is never known to fall,
 And tell me where to find, in field or stall,
 A finer tandem.

My purse is very slim, and very few
 The clients that I number ;
 But I am seldom stupid, never blue ;
 My riches are an honest heart and true,
 And quiet slumber !

DEAD LETTERS,

OPENED AND BURNED BY THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL,

REVIVED AND PUBLISHED BY TIMOTHY QUICKSAND.

LIVRAISON I.

Gaudeamus igitur.

The following is the preface, with a few letters selected from the MS. of a work, which will appear under the above title.

PREFACE. It is well known to most of our readers—or perhaps not so—that the Postmaster-General of the United States, by act of Congress, (1825, chapter 275, sec. 26,) opens all dead or unclaimed letters, after a list of them has been published at the respective Post Offices, for a fixed time ; that he has them inspected, and all the valuable contents returned to the writer of the ill-starred letters or deposited, if the latter cannot be found out. To these dead letters belong a number of such, as are intended for Europe, or other distant parts of the world, but not directed *via* a certain port of the United States, or not post-paid to that place, if the letter is sent from the interior. The empty ones, that is to say, such as contain words only, are destroyed. I have often thought, that if the United States would trust me with the inspection of these dead letters, and the editorship of those, which I might deem worthy to be transferred from the transitory epistolographic record to the lasting typographic, I should make a handsome living for myself, open a new source of considerable revenue to the United States, and contribute greatly to the knowledge of mankind. I should call my work, if such permission were granted, *Encyclopædia Epistolographica* ; or, perhaps, Periodical and Documentary Record of Mankind's and Womankind's Doings and Undoings, or Scrap Book of the Western Hemisphere ; or, The World as She is, in Letters by Herself ; or, A Peep behind the Curtain at Humankind ; or, Man and Nature displayed in Autographs ; or, The Mail Unlocked ; or, Index to the Human Soul ; or Pangs and Pleasures of our Race, digested in Pleasing Letters, or Lessons of Philosophy ; or any thing, never mind the title. And yet, Sir Walter Scott says, a title must convey nothing to the reader. Why, then I should publish my darling book without any title at all, as the first printed works were given to the public, with a few explanatory words at the *Finis*, so that books of those times are much like magpies, known by the tail. Thus we should have returned, in one more respect, to the example of the old printers,—and, to say the truth, no art, perhaps, has so little advanced since its invention as the art of printing. But to what purpose is all this, here ?

Besides the valuable information, which the world would derive from such a publication respecting the secret springs and hidden wheels of the intricate machine of human society, how fine an opportunity would it not offer to develop, to the greatest perfection, the interesting science, which teaches “to know the character of men by their handwriting,” that important branch of physiognomics ! Indeed, my *Isography* would be the proof and document for that invaluable publication *L'Art de juger les Hommes par leur Ecriture*. (Heaven be blessed that the art

of printing is invented, because if I had to give my works in my own handwriting to the public, they would at once set me down as the most inveterate criminal, and the most crooked-minded sinner.) It requires but very little consideration to find what incalculable advantages, for the whole human society, would result from such a science, which at last would enable us to see the secret, of our neighbors' hearts. A jury would require nothing more than the writing-book of the prisoner at the bar, to justify a verdict of guilty, as that simple book proves that he has been a bad character from early childhood. A lady would write in answer to a gentleman's offer:—"Sir, ever since I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with you, I conceived the most favorable opinion respecting your character, but I never would unite myself for life with a gentleman, who does not attend to the dots of the letter *i*, which you place very often on a letter, where it does not belong. I am too much afraid that you would misplace, in a similar way, dots to which I should have an undeniable claim; and, therefore, you will permit me," &c. Or the historian, whose earnest investigations have led him to believe that Napoleon was a great man, has, at length, an opportunity to see an autograph of this general, written in a perfectly unguarded state of his vast mind. Lord! he cannot make out one single word, and is, at once, convinced of the crude, disordered, unprincipled mind of the great dictator. Away with caucus, away with speeches at the polls! Let us have the handwriting of the candidate in lithography, circulate it, and we shall know immediately whether we have to vote for or against him. Put a *fac-simile* of the author's handwriting before his book, and the reader at once—no, better not; authors make an exception.

In spite of all these evident advantages, I never was able to get permission for so salutary, so promising, so useful an undertaking. Having failed in several attempts to obtain free access to the bags, containing the dead letters, these rich mines of important knowledge, I resolved—with reluctance do I confess it so publicly; but then, Rousseau confessed worse things*—to get at them clandestinely. I had become acquainted with several officers of the General Post-Office, at Washington, during my stay in that city in the summer of eighteen hundred and —, but *nomina sunt odiosa*; and, one day I contrived to be locked up in the room, where my jewel bags stood in several files; because it ought to be known, that the number of unclaimed letters in the United States is enormous, owing to the vast territory of the Union, the numerous places of the same name, the constant intercourse with all parts of the world, and the large number of poor and uneducated emigrants to the United States, whose relations often do not know how to direct letters correctly, or who themselves are ignorant of the post regulations, so that their letters do not proceed beyond the frontiers of the republic. It was pretty early in the afternoon when I was locked up, and thus I had time to copy several letters. What feelings agitated my heart, when I beheld these variegated collections of slips for a book of humanity, as it were. I had begun my thief-like expedition as a joke, but I could not help growing more and more serious. What love and hatred, advice and entreaties, prayers, deceit and cunning; what malice, pride, avarice and hypocrisy; what charity and friendship; what grief, and pangs, and humiliation, annoyance and trouble; what parental anxiety, and alluring persuasion; what fraud and folly, fears and hopes, ambition and corruption; slander and meanness; soundness and insipidity, speculations and castles in the air; what disappointments, vanity, lies and flattery; arrogance and foppery; what kindness, true religion, and rank zeal and persecution; what villainy and virtue, knowledge and nonsense, was concentrated here, within a few bags from all the quarters of the globe—all to be cancelled within a short time!

But there was little time to be spent in idle contemplation; I took my pencil and paper, and began to play my part, a self-appointed postmaster-general. Before night broke in, I had copied (being expert in stenography) a considerable series of letters, of which I offer the following to the public, merely as a sample, because, if they should be liked, I can give many more. Besides, if the stuck of letters, already in my possession should be exhausted, and the public still be ready to receive more, who knows whether what has been done once, may not be done a second time; whether I may not slip into the centralization room of man's feeling and thought once more? As for the rest, I think it proper to conclude this

* Since the above was written, my conscience has been somewhat appeased, considering that intense thirst for knowledge has prompted more than one savant to steal rare specimens of fossils; and to be a *resurrectioner* of dead letters is not so very much worse, than being a *resurrection-man* of dead bodies.

preface with a couplet, which I found on my journey through Tyrol, carved over the door of a peasant's house, built on the high-way, and which might be given in translation thus :—

Whoever builds where people walk,
Must be prepared for people's talk.

Or, what amounts to the same, only from a higher authority, with the words of the noble Dante :—

Lascia dir le genti.

LETTER X.

Longborough, June 21, 18—.

To Miss —.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

The more I become acquainted with Miss Caroline, the more reason I find to consider myself extremely happy, in the prospect of possessing her hand. She is a lady of a highly cultivated mind, and writes many articles for the Monthly Review, some of which have actually been printed. Her verses are delightful, and the bookseller of Longborough intends to publish a collection of all her poetical productions, if her acquaintances will subscribe. I am copying them now, and Mr. Olwyn, a student, spending his vacations here, is writing notes for the work, because you have no idea how difficult some of Miss Caroline's verses are; they would be quite unintelligible, and too sublime, without notes. She has had the kindness to explain a great many of them to me, and, I must confess, I found them all uncommonly charming. But, why do I talk of her accomplishments, when much more is to be said, of something more important—the purity of my adored Caroline's soul? I had, before I knew her, no idea of such excessive purity. Only think, my dear sister, some days ago we were reading Young's Night Thoughts; a sudden rain came on, and, when the water was trickling slowly from the roof and splashing on the ground with an indecorous noise, Miss Caroline seemed quite disturbed. Now is this not pure? She studies, at present, botany, and when the dear girl found out, that, with some species of plants, the sexes are separate, she persuaded her father to cut down all male willow trees in his garden, as she thought it very improper that male and female willows should stand together alone, in the dark. Her father said, with a tear in his eye, "My celestial daughter! Shall I eradicate the sweet-williams too?" She told me that Shakspeare was a very vulgar writer, and that she never read a single piece of his. Last week, I was so unfortunate as to tell her something, which, entirely against my intention, shocked her most alarmingly. I said—the *bishop** (oh! said she) *bustles* (ah! said she) a great deal, on account of the *breachest* (oh! dear, said she) of promises in *Leghorn* (oh I die! said she,) and when I most unfortunately mentioned that a neighbor was *stocking* his farm with poultry, she run screaming out of the room, and left her poor con-

*Most of my non-fair (I do not say unfair) readers are, probably, ignorant of one meaning of this word, given neither by Johnson and Webster. *Editor of Dead Letters.*

† Miss Caroline's nicety of feeling, some readers may say, ought not to have been more delicate, than that of the ear, which certainly makes a great distinction between *breaches*, and that word which expresses inexpressibles; but the following anecdote will demonstrate, that not even a lady's delicacy is required to associate with the word *breaches*, the other unpronounceable word; When the British were storming Badajoz, the Duke of Wellington rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and observing an artillery-man particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name too," remarked the Duke, "cheer up my men, our Taylor will soon make a pair of *breaches*—in the walls." At this sally, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress. *Editor of Dead Letters.*

fused and perplexed lover alone in his distress. Now, my dear sister, is 'nt this pure? I was very sorry, indeed, to offend and disturb so limpid a mind; and, I am sure, your former objection to the engagement, because dearest Caroline is but seven years older than myself, will be entirely conquered, after having become acquainted with her lovely and incomparable character.

Yesterday we saw the picture of Napoleon's coronation by the great Italian painter Saul.* Miss Caroline said she thought Napoleon a very genteel looking gentleman, and when we left the picture, she sighed and said—*At Cesar at nihit*; this is Latin, my dear sister.

Give my love to papa and mama, and believe me, my dear sister,
Your affectionate brother,

LETTER XIV.

[A letter to Lord Bookseller by his villain Author.]

Bonneville, July 3, 18—.

To —, Esq., New-York.

DEAR SIR,

The following is the plan of a new publication, which I think sublime; that is to say, I consider it servicable to the author's fame, (that is, my purse) and to your "earnest desire to contribute to the diffusion of useful and solid information," (that is, your purse.) We do as all do, and all do as we do. The pope, elected by the Holy Ghost, gathers the Peter's pence, and sells indulgences and canonizations; and the great generals of the French revolution, having fought so long for the glory of the nation, yielded to the "dotations" of their victorious captain; and newspaper editors, after they have waged war and done every thing from mere patriotism, and even, sometimes, sacrificed the reputation of a gentleman, yield at length, to an appointment, forced upon them by the President.

What kind of a work ought it to be "to take"? An Encyclopædia! Our age is eminently encyclopædiac, or rather twenty-four-mo-cyclopædiac. Let every thing be small in size, light in language, and superficial in contents, dilute history into romance, and it will be great for the age. It has been asserted, very recently, and justly too, (excuse the exuberance of my ideas) "the history of mankind is to be re-written." If I had to perform this task, and, perhaps, you will order, one of these days, a Family Universal History, I should, as one of the first improvements, divide history into very different periods from those, into which we find Clio's Records parceled out down to our time, all divisions being founded on bloody wars, or the appearance of great monarchs on the stage, or the *ezit* of a nation. But, in my opinion, it is the march of human mind, which ought to afford the basis of historical divisions, and my periods should be founded on the conspicuous manifestations of the development of intellect; for instance, to begin with the revival of learning, I, probably, should call my first period the *Epoch of Folios*, which would, I think, descend to the time of Grotius, or thereabout, and comprise the period in which controversialists made it one of the most poignant reproaches to their adversary, that he had written a small book; in which publishers complained of certain

* Does the gentleman mean the French painter, David? *Editor of Dead Letters.*

authors, or refused their productions, because they did not write large books, and buyers, coming to their shop contemned them on that account. (See Israeli's *Curiopities of Literature*.) Then follows the *Time of Quartos*, including the Leibnitz and Newton. Next we find the *Period of Octavos*, with the dawn of newspapers, succeeded by the *Age of Twelve-mos.* (newspapers yet larger), after which follows the *Period of Twenty-four-mos and Pocket Editions.* (All sciences are cut down to this size; the newspapers still larger.) And lastly arrives the period in which we live, the blessed *Age of huge Newspapers and Tracts*, (though it ought to be mentioned with due asterisc, that people never were less tractable.) Of this time it will be said, that it was visited by three things,—by war and revolutions, by cholera, and by an inundation of “useful libraries.” You will have observed the remarkable circumstance, offering to a German philosopher ample scope for deep views and vast theories as to the great spirit of universal history, that the expansion of human mind, and the size of books, proceed in an inverse ratio,—the quicker the march of intellect, the smaller and more crumb-like the books.

But, Sir, I return to my grand and noble plan; which appears to me to be founded on the very essence of the most important discoveries, both of ancient and modern times, and “eminently calculated for the wants of the age.”

What does the reader wish to find if he turns to an *Encyclopædia*? Detailed, accurate facts? By no means! General impressions, wholesale assertions, condensed in the easiest form, and swallowable shape; gilt pills are wanted, and a few curious facts, which, at a proper time, may be thrown out like flowers accidentally falling from a whole tree in blossom. Much is to be learned; no time to be lost. The book must teach quickly or it is useless. *Au courant*, is the great watch-word of our running, rattling, stumbling, blustering, head-over-heel time. And this, my dear Sir, is the clew to my original, and, permit me to say, somewhat sublime work.

We all admit that Solomon said but the truth, when he exclaims, *There is nothing new under the sun!* If this is the case, all we can report is the same over and over, and indeed, thus I found it with many biographies. Look, for instance, at Gorton's *Biographical Dictionary*, and you will find a host of biographies of certain “distinguished clergymen,” one reading precisely like the other, except the names of the subject treated in the article, and now and then the name of the college, where they studied. Why would it not be a great improvement to extract from all these *Lives*, one general prototypical biography, fitting all as well as the wig of either probably would have fitted each of them. The same might be done with members of many other professions, who drag along in all *Encyclopædias*, though most of them, I dare say, never are looked for, and of whom it appears to be quite sufficient to have a “general impression.” Moreover, such a pattern-biography might easily become the regulator and standard of immortality, so that people, ambitious of an immortal name, might know as to what they have to do, to be sure of stereotyping and immortalization. Thus then I propose to place at the beginning of my work, a dozen or two of such typical biographies, and, without any farther trouble, to refer to them from the various heads, by numbers and letters, as we find in Walker's *Pro-*

nouncing Dictionary the table of the different pronunciations is referred to.

I am, however, well aware that this arrangement would not be sufficient for all biographies, to condense the matter to a general impression, and the desirable dimness. I take refuge in symbolical and ideographic hieroglyphics, with so much more confidence, as Abel Remusat, the great Chinese scholar, assures us that the effect of the Chinese picture-writing is a hundred times more impressive than our naked, conventional, crooked, broken, shabby, ugly, black signs. I freely confess, that I owe my idea to the French *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*,* but I have enlarged the idea, have systematized it for the great benefit of mankind, and deserve their thanks like Fulton, who applied and enlarged, where others had invented and discovered. I embody Champollion's important discoveries, and, through him, the labors of the ancient Egyptians in my system; and thus attach my labors to those, performed thousands of years ago, whilst I humbly hope my fame will go down to posterity for at least an equal length of time, and awake, in the year 5827, admiration for my production, as I gratefully acknowledge the magnitude of the Egyptian invention.

To elucidate my plan by an example. In the *Dictionnaire des Girouettes*, Prince Talleyrand de Perigord is designated by I do not know how many weathercocks. This is certainly not enough for an Encyclopædia; but I ask you, would it not be quite sufficient to give, instead of a long article, the following only:

"Talleyrand Perigord, a politician of innumerable weathercocks and seven fox-tails."

Who wants to know more? There is history boiled to a jelly.

Now, Sir, as we have pachas of one, two or three tails, why not likewise in our *Encyclopædia Condensata*, parsons of one, two or three kettle-drums?—a member of Congress of one, two or three water-spouts or whale-heads?—an actor of one, two or three horse-power?—an old maid of one, two or three cat-tails, (as the *Encyclopædia Americana* tells us that elderly virgins have a peculiar inclination for cats. See the article Cat;) an *Encyclopædia* writer of one, two or three scissors and wafers?—a radical reformer of one, two or three sinecures?—a newspaper editor of one, two or three chameleons?—a letter-writer as myself, of one, two or three bores?—and so on. In cases of emergency, when the individual transpasses the common bounds of uncommon excellence, we might increase the number, as I have already with Talleyrand, the only constant (to power) among so many *inconstant*.

I have no doubt you will find my plan very acceptable; and please let me know very soon, how many volumes you should want, what size, &c., and the remuneration, you think proper to offer for so interesting and novel a work.

I am, dear Sir, with great esteem,

Your very obedient servant,

* *Girouette* is the French for a vane, weathercock; and a few years ago an alphabetical catalogue of the first French politicians was published, in which as many *girouettes* were added to every name, as often as this politician had changed his opinion, or, at least, *sides*. It seems, as if we should want a similar work pretty soon, and who knows but we ourselves may see the day, when it will be said, Upon my life he is a most steady politician; look at the Dictionary, there are but six weathercocks over against his name.—*Editor of the Dead Letters.*

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Chong-Loo, Canton.

This Lee-Hong writes to Chong-Loo, through a man, who paints for him. I write this in Boston, where the world begins again after a long way over the water in the big ships ; which lasts so long, that the moon changes four or five times ; and I wish Chong-Loo is very well. These are strange people ; they have all ugly large eyes, and are very rude to each other ; they never bow for fifteen minutes at the door before they enter, two together ; but they are very industrious. When they have worked all day, they meet in the evening many together, and make pleasure—a very hard labor, so that they perspire much and go very bare the women. They all wear ugly hats, as the foreigners, you have seen in Canton, and are not ashamed to take it off and to show their ugly heads, the hair cut off quite short. Very few men here are big, and the women are lean and very stingy, because they make their gowns so short, that they reach but little under the knee, and I have seen the garters in the street when the wind blows high, and the garter is a ribband round the knee. Their houses are not painted, and they eat much meat, but never cats or dogs ; are they not great fools ? And they are very indecent, because they speak to women in the open street, and carry them off by the arm. They never marry but one wife, and say they are always happy with her and also contented, but I asked what they do when they do not like this one, but they say, they always like her. Now that is strange. They do not whip much, and never skin a thief, and say, you Chinese are barbarians, and very cruel people. But they skin people of their good name in the newspapers, and say things of them which are not true, and this they call liberty and civilization, which we do not manufacture, and sometimes call it *fair play*, which is the English word for roguery. They always say that a man is a villain, a murderer, a blockhead, and a great thief, before they make him their emperor, because they make themselves their emperors and have them not from the sun, as we have. They do not sacrifice people or beasts, but some of them say, some men are sacrificed after death forever as long as our Gods live, to pain and grief, because they were made so by their God to be sacrificed, which grieves my heart much. And they have a great book which they say their God has written. And in this book stands that they shall love each other, which is true, because I have seen it myself, and yet they quarrel all the time, which I find very queer. In their temples they say, that all men are wicked in heart and vitiated in judgement, and in the newspapers they say most of the people are always just and enlightened, one of which must be a very big lie, and I believe the last. I stay here in a very large house with many rooms, all built of stone like a great temple, but it is none. There live many people together, and they eat all together, and when they adore each other they lift a glass and look at each other and smile, and then they drink, each his own wine, which is strong water. I will write you more another time. My master, who brought me to Boston is very kind, he never has flogged me once. May you long live and healthy. This was written by Lee Hong.

LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

I.

THE multitude of mountains !—like a sea
 In a tempestuous moment fixed, they stand,
 Unchanged, unchangeable ; upon the land
 Eternity's sole type. Wide-wasting Time
 Hath dropped his scythe, before he dared to climb
 Their sacred height, and with the majesty
 Of their stern presence awed, he did not dare
 Their placid foreheads' bald repose to mar
 With Age's wrinkle ; but around their base
 Hath furled his wing and found a resting place.

II.

And thou, proud summit !* Threshold of the day !
 Fitly thou writest on the sky, the name
 Of him, whose name is thine, whose deathless fame,
 As sun-shine broad, eternal is like thee.
 Upon thine unchanged head, still, joyfully,
 Prints his first kiss the Sun, upon his way
 Lingering, as did he on that day of old,
 When—the far-spreading deluge backward rolled—
 To meet his smile thy quiet forehead rose ;
 And still, as then, (so soft is the repose
 That to thy solitary height is given,)
 Upon thy shoulder leans the cheek of Heaven.
 Here, as in ages past, is still the home
 Of silence and of lofty feeling. Here,
 Earth far below, and Heaven's eternal dome
 Alone restraining us above, the ear
 Drinking no sound, unless, perchance, it deem
 The Sun makes music, (for the ancient's dream
 Seems here a beautiful reality.)
 The world, diminished, spread before the eye
 Even in a single glance, the swelling soul
 Spurning the body's impotent control—
 Man is all Deity ; his feeble clay
 Refines into an essence, and the mind
 Swells till it fills the universe ; confined
 No longer by the earth-bonds that coerce
 Its compass—'t is itself the universe.

III.

Yes, thou art still the same—even as of old
 The clouds in curling wreaths of mist are rolled
 (Like incense-smoke, from Earth's sublimest shrine)
 From thy green vales to Heaven. The silver line
 Of the pure mountain stream is hanging still
 A fillet round thy brow—the dancing rill
 In headlong haste to seek the expectant meads,
 Leaps down thy side and sparkles as it speeds.
 Thyself unchanged, thou lookest from thy height—
 How changed the world, still spread before thy sight !
 Whence are these men, these spires now rising near ?
 What sounds now cleave thine old marmorean ear ?
 Oh, couldst thou register from age to age
 The changing times, how wonderful the page !

* Mount Washington.

What mighty revolutions may have swept
This mystic land, while still the old world slept
Unconscious by its side ! Below thy base
The stream of Time has run its noiseless race ;
The wonders it hath rolled before thy sight,
Since first this pleasant world revolved in light,
Are mystery all ; for, mixed with Time's clear wave,
Oblivion to the tide his waters gave.
Alas ! Dumb Chronicler of Ages ! Vain
For man hath been thy solitary reign.
The marks of Time effaced eternally,
The sweeping flood hath spared us only thee !

REFLECTIONS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THERE are moments in life, in which serious thoughts sue for admittance into the mind, with an energy which will take no denial ; in which the giddy slaves of impulse entertain for a while that strange guest, contemplation, and in which, the reflections of the naturally meditative assume an unusually grave and pensive character. Such are the anniversaries of our birth and of any striking event in our lives, of great epochs in the history of mankind or of individual nations, and such too are those days in which the year changes its masters and the empire of a new season begins. The luxuriant promise of Spring, the ample fulfilment of Summer, the golden prodigality of Autumn and the deathlike repose of Winter, suggest, each its peculiar trains of reflection, and each addresses itself to mankind, with a degree of power varied and modified by the age, circumstances and temperaments of individuals.

We are now entering upon that sombre period of the year, during which exhausted Nature seems to fold a mantle of repose about her limbs and to lie down to a long sleep, from which she may arise invigorated, to begin anew her benevolent and vast energies of production and increase. We have been standing for the last two months, as it were, by the bedside of the "dying year," and have been able to mark each successive step in the progress of decay. Day after day, we have seen the sun wheeling through a smaller arc of the heavens, and, day after day, darkness has been extending its conquests into the empire of light. We have seen the leaves of the trees exchange the glossy brightness of summer, for deepening shades of brown, and finally detach themselves from the twigs on which they nodded and danced, and lie in unsightly masses in the fields and by the roadside. The wind has lost that fragrant and spiritual character which it had in the seasons of blossoms and of fruits, and either howls through the air in angry gusts, or sighs along in that cold and melancholy under tone, which is not without its charms to him who trims his studious lamp, and through the watches of the night beholds the cheerful blaze of his hearth reflected from the faces of those he loves. He, who can view with an untouched spirit the great and solemn changes which have been going on in the world around him, must be as insensible as the inanimate forms in which these transformations are displayed. There

is a vividness in the teachings of Nature, which long familiarity cannot diminish, nor continued repetition wear out. That the lines of decay are written upon all things human, is a truth so obvious, that the mind assents to it at once, without the trouble of reflecting; and it requires no common genius, at this age of the world, to set it forth in such a manner as that we shall not regard it with the most listless indifference. We have read of it in so many books and heard it in so many sermons, it has rounded the periods of so many essayists and strung the lyres of so many poets, that it is only the most gifted mind, and lips that are wet with the dew of inspiration, that can treat the subject in such a way as to make our bosoms throb to any new emotion. But it is not so with Nature. The instructions gathered from her broad page have the fresh and enduring beauty of flowers. There is an eloquence in her exhortations, constant as they are, which always arrests our attention, and a music in her voice, which familiarity renders but more sweet. The ocean is the same sublime object to him who has from childhood listened to the solemn and ceaseless dash of its billows. When we stand upon the mountain's top we cannot help feeling that we are nearer heaven, though our youthful feet may have wandered over every green nook and leafy dell upon its sides. And so it is with the changes that are ever going on upon the face of the earth. Each year renews the same vast and beautiful drama, and each year awakens the same reflections and teaches over the same lessons. The peculiar changes, which Autumn effects in our scenery, are as obvious and common as any thing can well be; yet who can look at the forests, clad in the gorgeous and many-colored drapery with which that season invests them, or stand beneath their branches when their sere leaves are falling around him like snow-flakes, without having his heart touched, his pride checked, and his climbing thoughts brought down to that chastened and subdued strain of feeling, which the sight of decay, in any shape, so naturally awakens? No matter how many times we may have contemplated the same scenes before; they have lost no more of their old influence than of their old beauty. We may have watched the hues of three score and ten Autumns, and yet we cannot turn in weariness from them as from a stale jest or an oft-repeated story.

There is a striking and philosophical passage in the poems of one, who deserves to be called the high-priest of Nature, which is not inappropriate to the subject of our reflections, and is withal so beautiful, that if it were, we need hardly make an apology for inserting it.

"In youth we love the darksome lawn
Brushed by the owl's wing,
Then twilight is preferred to dawn,
And Autumn to the Spring.
Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect,
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness."

WORDSWORTH'S ODE TO LYCORIS.

These lines seem to us as true as they are beautiful, though that might not be the impression left by their first perusal. Youth is, in its own essence, a prompter of vernal thoughts. It is itself a perpetual spring. It is full of light, and bloom, and promise. The season of Spring

affects a young man less, because he sees, in its hues and forms, the reflected images of his own thoughts. The tone of the outward world chords so exactly with the strain of his own buoyant emotions, that he hardly heeds it. He requires an external influence, which shall throw him out of himself and suggest sensations opposite to those which are the natural offspring of his mind. This he finds in the melancholy repose of Autumn. The old man, on the contrary, is "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," and his thoughts are tinged with an autumnal soberness and gloom, and the brightness and activity of Spring are dear to him, because it gives them an impulse, and sheds upon them a gleam of sunshine. Old age, too, lives in memory, as youth in anticipation. It delights to be carried back to the time when its energies were new and unexhausted, when life, was in its blossom, and the world wore the beauty of promise. An illustration of the contrary taste of the two different periods of life, may be found in that law of magnetism, whereby the similar poles of two magnets repel each other while the opposite ones attract.

But this is wandering somewhat from the direct track of our subject. There are various causes which operate to give a sober coloring to the thoughts which the present time suggests. The sights and sounds that are around us are calculated to inspire them; the brown earth, the leafless trees and the mournful wind that sighs through them, and that peculiar bright and cold look of the sky, especially during the few moments of evening twilight. The effect of these impressions of the senses is aided by other considerations. The close of the year is a time when we pause and look back at the events which have marked its progress, and especially those in which we ourselves are most directly interested. There are few men, over whose heads a period of twelve months passes without bringing some affliction; and now memory will call up the ghosts of buried enjoyments, and bid the wounds of sorrow bleed afresh; and if we ourselves have been so favored as to have had an unbroken flow of prosperity and happiness, it cannot be the case with many who are dear to us, and we make their sufferings our own; for he, who thinks at all, thinks for others as well as himself. Any peculiar or striking event, which has occurred to us or our friends, any unexpected piece of good fortune, or unhoped deliverance from great danger, will be, or ought to be, characterized by awe of the power which has been displayed, and gratitude for the direction in which it has been exerted. This, too, is the season of self-examination; and a man will seriously ask himself the question, whether he have not wandered farther from God and truth, than he was a year ago; whether he have not often yielded to temptation when a little more resistance would have vanquished the tempter, and whether he have not often sinned when there was no temptation at all, but only the impulse of his own lawless and uncontrolled desires. It will not be enough for him to ascertain that he is no worse than he was before; it should fill him with shame and compunction, if he be not perceptibly better; and if his moral nature be not improved, he may be sure that it has deteriorated, for there is no such thing as a state of moral rest. It is with a human soul as with a boat propelled against a stream; if the progressive effort be relaxed a moment, it will go backward; and no man of any enlargement of mind, or philanthropy of feeling, will

think merely of himself or of his own immediate friends. In accordance with the noble sentiment of Terence, he will feel himself a man, and be interested in whatever relates to humanity. He will reflect upon the great discoveries in science and the arts which have been made; upon the new light which has been shed upon moral and religious truth; upon the more extended diffusion of the means of happiness and comfort, and the progress which the world has made in sound thinking and good conduct. He, who takes this wide view, will perceive much to make him sober; for states and empires have likewise their alternations of prosperity and adversity. Nations may be sitting around us in sackcloth and ashes, cities may have fallen into the jaws of earthquakes, pestilence and famine may have unpeopled kingdoms, and the energies of countless millions may be running to waste for want of the fresh air and genial sunshine of Liberty. He will find in such reflections a source of consolation for his own sorrows; for how poor and trifling must they seem, in comparison with the afflictions which throw whole realms into mourning.*

One of the Greek pastoral poets, in lamenting the death of his friend, complains of the peculiarly hard lot of mankind. The flowers, he says, that wither and die beneath the chilling breath of Winter, we know will appear again in the ensuing Spring and gladden the earth anew with the same beauty of hue and form; but when we have consigned to the earth the bodies of our friends, it is to a long, endless sleep. There is no spring to the winter of the tomb. We shall no more again see the face that was dear to us, nor hear the voice that we loved. To the natural mind, without the light of revelation, such would be the thought which affliction would suggest, and such, by a natural law of association, would be those, which the present season would awaken. How melancholy must have been the winter reflections of an ancient Greek or Roman, who had elevation of soul and superiority of mind enough to feel the "longing after immortality," but whose intellect was not of that colossal order, as to be able to catch a faint and twilight glimmering of that "day-spring from on high," with which our eyes have been blessed. The external universe, though the theatre of continual changes, yet seemed stamped with the impress of endless duration. The bending sky appeared a broad page, on which eternity was written in letters of light. To him that looked upon the floor of ocean, the very first thought was one of boundless extent and unceasing motion. The natural mind could conceive of no power, which could make the mountains melt like wax, and hush the awful voice of the cataract. Even the most delicate flower or fragile shrub, contained within itself an indestructible principle of life, and, while it appeared to be dead, was in fact only sleeping. But as for man, he was as the shadow of smoke, and vanished away like morning dew. Disappointment and sorrow attended upon his steps during his short life, and soon, weary and faint, he sunk down upon the lap of Earth, and his strong and graceful limbs were resolved into the ele-

* *Ex Asia rediens, cum ab Egina Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca conspicerre. Post me erat Egina, ante Megara, dextra Piræus, sinistra Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissîma fuerunt, nunc prostrata ac diruta, ante oculos jacent. Cœpi egomet sic cogitare. Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interit aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior debet esse, cum uno loco tot oppidum cadavera projecta jacent.*

Cicero ad Fam. Lib. iv. Ep. 5.

ments, and became like the senseless clods. That which gave light to the eye, bloom to the cheek, and motion to the form, had gone; but where? The stars gave back no answer to the mourner's voice; the spirit's home was not in the depths of ocean, nor in the caves of the earth; and the wind brought no tidings of its flight. They mocked themselves with fables of Elysian fields and islands of the blest, but these were but the dreams of poets, and were the abodes only of heroes, and statesmen, and princes. But for the husband, the father, the child, the friend, whose names had never been blown about the world, and who lived only in the hearts of a few survivors, as humble as they themselves had been, for them there was no home. The body and the soul had alike departed.

We, who have walked in the cheering and invigorating light of revelation, can hardly have any idea of the heart-sickening desolation which must have been occasioned by such thoughts as these, whether called forth by affliction, or suggested by external objects. But it may be doubted whether a deeper study of the laws of nature, and of the operations of the mind, would not have proved to them that the one was necessarily liable to dissolution and decay, and the other as necessarily exempted from them, though the direct evidence of the senses would have established entirely opposite conclusions. Indeed, that doubt is at an end, by the fact, that more than one of the leading minds of antiquity believed firmly in the immortality of the soul, though they were unable to give a satisfactory "reason for the faith that was in them."* There is no diversity between what is commonly called Nature, and Revelation, but, on the contrary, the most beautiful and perfect analogy. Nature is the vestibule to the temple of Revelation, and each is the work of the same Divine Builder. As we can look up and behold the sky and the stars "face to face," and look down and see their image in a clear fountain at our feet, so in the workings of our own minds, in the laws of the material world and the general course of human life, we can perceive reflections and shadows, more or less distinct, of the great truths which our Savior was sent to teach.

But be this as it may, it does not diminish, one jot, the unspeakable value of that conviction of the immortality of the soul, which we derive from revelation. The opinion was confined to a few of the most distinguished philosophers, and even with them, the strength of their belief arose from the strength of their hope and the ardor of their aspirations; and the arguments, by which they supported the doctrine, would not have convinced themselves on any other subject. But with us it is no longer a conjecture or a hope, but a life-giving truth; it does not feebly glimmer upon a few lofty minds, but it is as universal as air and light, and as blessed in its operation. It illuminates the humblest mind; it breathes peace into the lowliest heart. For us there is a voice breaking the marble silence of the tomb, which tells us that "death is but an event in the life of the mind," and that the cold and senseless

* The New Testament contains the certain proof of the immortality of the soul. He who believes in the genuineness and authenticity of the books, must, as a necessary consequence, believe also the doctrine to be true. But there can be no doubt that it was firmly believed by more than one of the leading minds of antiquity. In the celebrated dialogue of Plato, entitled *Phædo*, nothing is more remarkable than the contrast between the strong and deep conviction of the truth of the soul's immortality in the author's mind, and the insufficiency, and almost absurdity of the arguments by which he attempts to prove it.

form, which we consign to its embrace, is not the being that we loved, but the perishing tabernacle in which he dwelt, and that he himself has entered upon a new state of existence, in which his enlarged and purified faculties are presented with more abundant materials for intellectual and moral growth. Death has indeed lost his sting, and the victory is wrested from the grave. A ray from heaven turns into beauty the gloomy ruins of earthly expectations, and there the celestial flower of hope blooms brightest, and wafts an undying perfume. How infinitely more to be desired is the condition of the poorest and humblest human being in Christendom, to that of the most gifted and learned of the philosophers of antiquity. The leading principle of all religions of human origin, is a deification of strength and power. To the unlettered heathen, the divinity of Jupiter was in his thunderbolts, and that of Apollo in his arrows. The sage, who was too enlightened to be the slave of such gross delusions, worshiped a vague abstraction, which he called the soul of the universe, an all-pervading, intellectual essence, which bore the same relation to the outward world, that the mind of man does to his body, and which was the ocean, from which the stream of each human soul derived its origin, and to which it again returned. But the glory of Christianity, and that which most strikingly distinguishes it from all human religions, and one of the most convincing proofs of its divine origin, is, that it is eminently a religion of the affections. It is, throughout, consistent with the character of its founder, who wept at the tomb of Lazarus, and "suffered little children to come unto him, and forbade them not." The mourner goes to it for consolation, and he that rejoices, finds in its promises and assurances an additional motive for cheerfulness and contentment. It points us to a light, which shines brighter and brighter, as the scene grows darker around us. It exalts the unobtrusive qualities of character, the virtues of charity, patience and humility, and teaches that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." And, above all, it gives an elevating self-respect to every member of the human family; it bids the obscurest man lift up his brow with a noble confidence, and take his proper stand among God's works, for "the very hairs of his head are all numbered." And that the lowliness of his station will be no more of a bar to his obtaining the rewards of well-doing, than the greatness of the great will serve him for a screen against the punishment of guilt. Take all the eloquence, the poetry and the philosophy of antiquity, and multiply their sum a thousand fold, and what a heap of rubbish do they seem, when compared with the short and simple declaration, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Thus the mind of the Christian will not shrink from the gloom and cheerlessness of winter, nor will he be utterly cast down with the thoughts which it calls forth. Nor will he recoil in horror from the Autumn of life, and the wintry repose of the tomb. He will feel that the purposes, for which he was created, can be no more completed without the one, than the functions of the natural year can be carried on without the other. He will feel that though linked for a time to a perishing body, he is, by his immortal nature, immeasurably superior to the grandest and most majestic forms of Nature. Whatever is seen and material, must die at last, though it live for countless centuries; what-

ever is unseen and spiritual, must live forever. Neither the bulk of the mountain, nor the compactness of the diamond, secures them against the operation of the universal laws of matter, while not only the mind is immortal, but each of its acts may be said to be also, since they influence its nature and character of that which lives forever. Every progress, which each mind makes in virtue, knowledge and religion, every instance of self-denial and of suffering for the sake of principle, every victory which, on the field of a human heart, the hosts of heaven gain over the armies of earth,—they are each and all recorded in the book of God's remembrance, and the angels in heaven take cognizance of them. Thus, though the wind whistles with a dirge-like sound through the naked arms of the forests, and the objects around us speak of a beauty that has departed, yet the thoughts, which they call forth, though tinged with something of a natural sadness, will be as far removed from the bitterness of despair, as from the exhilaration of joy.

THE FLY'S REVENGE.

"So," said a fly, as he paused and thought
How he had just been brushed about,
"They think, perhaps, I am next to nought—
Put into life but to be put out!

"Just as if, when our Maker planned
His mighty scheme, he had quite forgot
To grant the work of his skilful hand,
The peaceful fly an abiding spot!

"They grudge me even a breath of air,
A speck of earth and a ray of sun!
This is more than a fly can bear—
Now I'll pay them for what they've done!"

First, he lit on the idle thumb
Of a poet, and, "Now for your thoughts," said he,
"Wherever they soar, I'll make them come
Down from their towering flight, to me!"

He went and tickled the nasal tip
Of the scholar, and over his eyebrow stung,
Till he raised his hand, and his brain let slip
A chain of gems that had just been strung.

He washed his feet in the worthless tear
A belle at the theatre chanced to weep—
"Rouge in the bath!" he cried; "my dear,
Your cheek has a blush that is not skin deep!"

Off, to a crowded church, he flew,
And over their faces boldly stepped,
Pointing out to the pastor's view
How many sheep in the pasture slept.

Thanksgiving.

He buzzed about at a lady's ear,
 Just as a youth, with piteous sigh,
 Popped the question she would not hear,
 And only answered, "a saucy fly!"

On the astronomer's painted glass
 He leisurely stood and stretched his wing;
 For here, he knew he was sure to pass
 For quite a great and important thing.

"Now is the time," said he, "my man,
 To measure the fly from head to heel!
 Number the miles, and if you can,
 Name the planets that I conceal!"

"What do you call the twinkling star
 Over the spot where you see me tread—
 And the beautiful cluster of lights afar,
 Ranged in the heavens above my head?"

"Ah! it is *station* which swells us all,
 At once, to a size that were else unknown!
 And now, if ever I hear you call
 My race an order beneath your own—

"I'll tell the world of this comic scene;
 And how will they laugh to hear that I,
 Small as you think me, can stand between
 You and your view of the spacious sky!"

H. F. G.

 THANKSGIVING.

THE New-England Magazine would be a reproach to the name by which it is identified, were the present number to go forth to the world, bearing no record of New-England's national festival—no memorial of attachment to an institution of New-England's Pilgrim Fathers—an institution, which has been honored abroad for its moral influence, and cherished at home as the exhaustless source of pleasures unknown to the rest of the world. We should blush at our unworthiness to claim descent from the puritan exiles, could we forget to celebrate an anniversary so rich in remembrances of their virtues, and consecrated by innumerable recollections of enjoyments as pure and holy as their impressions are deep and ineffaceable.

THANKSGIVING!—there is a magic in the sound of the word, which calls up from the grave of years the shadows of departed pleasures, breathes upon them the breath of life, fills them with their original attributes, decorates them again with the freshness of reality, and bids them move before the enraptured imagination, a long and gay procession of images, reflecting the innocence of childhood, the generous affection of youth, the fervency and faithfulness of that unsophisticated and momentary interval, which precedes the entrance on the scenes of business and bustle, of anxiety and calculation, of cold-hearted in-

difference, of selfish distrust, and, perhaps, of treacherous friendship and insidious hypocrisy. First in the smiling pageant, approaches the child, rich (O how rich, beyond the wealth of princes!) in the possession of its primers and playthings, wondering why all the bustle of preparation for the feast, and inquiring, with characteristic simplicity, the meaning of the unusual prodigality and ceremony, which everywhere meet and enchant its unaccustomed eye. Next, the troop of school-boys, with limbs all life and elasticity, and hearts all harmony and gladness, drunk with their dream of liberty and release from study; mingled with the less happy but perhaps more fortunate boys, whose lot compels them to labor for their bread, with well-strung nerves and bodies invigorated by health and exercise—bounding, to find their home, over fields and meadows, over brook and path, with hearts as unconcerned and steps as light as the roe or the young hart on the mountains of spices. The apprentice,—the implements of his handicraft laid by, and the stinted portion of his daily simple subsistence forgotten,—his eyes glistening with exultation and his breast heaving with the fullness of anticipation,—rushes along to meet, at home, the anxious parent, proud of the boy's advance in a trade that will make him independent, and the younger child, who wonders if a year can have wrought so astonishing a transformation, and almost doubts his identity. Now approach the brother and the sister, whom a few months of separation have rendered more affectionate—the friends whom difference of employment or variety of pursuit had partially estranged—the lovers, whose impatient hearts, though blessed with frequent and delighted intercourse, welcome the return of Thanksgiving as the day when hope and love are to find their consummation—the day which is forever after to be more sacred in their calendar than all the year besides. But the images too thickly throng—"too fast they crowd," for the powers of description. In the midst of the gay and glorious assembly, are the father, the mother, the patriarch bowed with years, and she who has been the nurse of generations, partaking of the general joy and congratulation, nor murmuring that, while such a scene engages and employs their faculties, the wheels of time do not more rapidly bring on the promised period of translation to another and more enduring heaven.

An anonymous modern writer has beautifully said—"There are moments in existence, which comprise the power of years—as thousands of roses are contained in a few drops of their essence." The remark is no more beautiful than just. I once witnessed an incident which made me feel its truth, though long before the sentiment itself was written. In one of the largest villages in the easterly part of Connecticut, a woman was left a widow, with ten children, all but one of whom were under twenty years of age. The family had once enjoyed a competence, and looked forward to years of ease and plenty. Toward the close of the revolutionary war, the father, thinking to make a profitable speculation, disposed of a large and profitable stock in trade, and received in payment what, at the time was called *cash*, but which turned out shortly to be worthless paper—bills of the old "Continental Currency." These bills were laid up in his desk and soon began to depreciate in value. The deterioration went on from day to day, and in a few months the bubble burst, and the fund

which had been hoarded to educate a family would not buy them a breakfast. At this moment the father died. I will not trace the history of this family through its days of destitution and poverty. It is sufficient to state that the children were scattered in various directions, and engaged in various employments, till at length all were gone, and the mother left alone, dependent on friends for a bedroom, and on the labor of her hands for her own subsistence—a precarious dependence, for, to other misfortunes had succeeded the loss of health. In process of time, one of the sons having completed his apprenticeship, hired a house for his mother, and lived with her, while he followed the occupation of a shoemaker. Thanksgiving Day came; and with it returned an opportunity to indulge in its peculiar rites, which they had not enjoyed for ten years. The two youngest boys, who lived at a distance from each other and from the parent, **CAME HOME TO KEEP THANKSGIVING.** The festive preparations were completed—the table was spread—around it stood a mother and three sons who had not been assembled together before within the remembrance of the youngest of the group. The grateful and pious mother lifted her heart and her voice to the widow's God, and uttered a blessing on that kindness which had not broken the bruised reed, and that goodness which had remembered all her sorrows, and permitted her once more to see so many of her orphan children assembled about her. Her expressions of gratitude were not finished, when the tide of affection and thanksgiving which swelled the heart, overpowered the physical faculties; her bosom heaved with strong convulsions, her utterance was choked, the lips could not relieve by words the emotions which filled the soul—she faltered, and would have fallen, but that the elder son caught and sustained her in his arms. Tears at length came to her relief, and the earthquake of the soul was succeeded by those grateful and affectionate sensations, which can find no parallel but in a mother's heart.

It is near forty years since this incident took place. The scene is now as fresh and bright to my imagination as it was at the moment of its occurrence. Eternity cannot obliterate its impression from my memory, and, if it could, I would not accept of eternity on that condition—for that widow was **MY MOTHER.**

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

A GLIMMERING haze upon the landscape rests ;
 The sky has on a softer robe of blue ;
 And the slant sunbeams glisten mildly through
 The floating clouds, that light their pearly crests
 Mid the pure currents of the upper air.
 The fields are dressed in Autumn's faded green,
 And trees no more their clustering foliage wear ;
 Yet Nature smiles, all lovely and serene.
 How sweetly breathes this life-inspiring gale,
 Stirring yon silver lake's transparent wave.
 Could we but dream that Winter, coldly pale,
 Might never o'er this scene of beauty rave,
 Or touch the waters with his icy spear,—
 Oh ! would these golden hours be half so dear ?

P. B.

MONTHLY RECORD.

DECEMBER, 1831.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

NEW-YORK TARIFF CONVENTION. On the 26th of October, 1831, a convention of delegates, friendly to a system of protecting duties assembled in the city of New-York. There were elected from the state of Maine 4; New-Hampshire 20; Vermont 9; Massachusetts 63; Rhode-Island 30; Connecticut 63; New-York 182; New-Jersey 48; Pennsylvania 106; Delaware 7; Maryland 32; Ohio 2; Virginia 2; District of Columbia 1. Total 569. Most of these delegates were present at the sitting of the Convention.

The Convention was organized by the election of the Hon. WILLIAM WILKINS of Pennsylvania as President; Hon. JOSEPH KENT of Maryland, JAMES TALLMADGE of New-York, GEORGE BLAKE of Massachusetts, and LEWIS CONDUCT of New-Jersey, as Vice-Presidents; Hezekiah Niles of Maryland, Robert Tillotson of New-York, Joshua W. Pierce of New-Hampshire, and Charles Paine of Vermont, as Secretaries. Messrs. Kent and Conduct, elected vice-presidents, and Mr. Tillotson, elected secretary, did not take their seats in the convention.

This convention continued in session until one o'clock on Tuesday, Nov. 1, when it adjourned *sine die*. Its most prominent proceedings only can be briefly recorded.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare an Address to the People of the United States affirming the constitutionality of the tariff laws; Messrs. Moses Emery of Maine, Samuel Grant of New-Hampshire, Heman Allen of Vermont, Warren Dutton of Massachusetts, Samuel D. Hubbard of Connecticut, Nathan F. Dixon of Rhode Island, Daniel Kellogg of New-York, Joseph C. Horn-

blower of New-Jersey, Charles J. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, Andrew Gray of Delaware, John P. Kennedy of Maryland, John McLure of Virginia, George Endly of Ohio, and Peter Force of the District of Columbia.

On Monday, Oct. 31, Mr. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee, presented and read to the Convention, an Address, prepared in obedience to their instructions, which was received with acclamations, unanimously accepted, and ordered to be printed. The Address was understood to be the joint production of Messrs. Dutton, Ingersoll, and Kennedy.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress, enforcing the propriety of continuing the protection to home manufactures whatever may be done in regard to foreign products, viz. Messrs. Joshua Wingate of Maine, Robert Rice of New-Hampshire, Mark Richards of Vermont, Alexander H. Everett of Massachusetts, Benjamin Cozzens of Rhode Island, Samuel B. Sherwood of Connecticut, Jesse Buel of New-York, John S. Darsey of New-Jersey, Joseph Hemphill of Pennsylvania, E. J. Dupont of Delaware, Luke Tiernan of Maryland, William Lambdin of Virginia, and Holland Green of Ohio. Mr. Everett, chairman of this committee, subsequently reported, in part, that, as the basis of the contemplated memorial will be founded on the general reports which will be made to this convention, by the different committees, it is deemed inexpedient to prepare a memorial until after the rising of the Convention. The report, after discussion, was accepted, and the permanent central committee instructed to appoint a committee to present the memorial to Congress.

Committees were appointed to consider and report on the following subjects, viz.

1st. Upon the production and manufacture of iron.

2nd. Upon the growth and manufacture of wool.

3rd. Upon the growth and manufacture of cotton.

4th. On cash duties.

5th. On the culture and growth of silk, hemp, and other agricultural articles used in the manufactures of our country.

6th. A committee to devise ways and means to defray the expenses of the convention.

7th. On the production and manufacture of leather.

8th. On the production and manufacture of lead.

9th. On the production and manufacture of copper.

10th. On the state of chemistry as connected with manufactures and the arts.

11th. On the manufacture of hats and cabinet ware.

12th. On the production, manufacture, and consumption of sugar.

13th. On the manufacture of glass and earthenware.

14th. On the manufacture of paper.

The following resolutions were adopted, viz.

That a permanent committee of correspondence and statistics be appointed (to communicate with the several state committees hereinafter to be provided for) whose duty it shall be to collect and disseminate information, from time to time, and, as soon as convenient, in relation to the statistics of the United States, concerning agriculture, manufactures and the mechanic arts, as combined with, or united to, the interior or exterior commerce and navigation of our country—showing, as far as possible, the general effects of the protecting system on its population and prosperity; the number of persons employed in the several branches of industry, (designating the sexes and ages) with the average or aggregate of the wages earned and the value of the commodities produced by them—the amount of capital variously invested or employed, and the bearings of the several great branches of productive labor upon one another.

That the aforesaid permanent committee shall appoint (with the approbation of the convention) the several state committees as they think most expedient, and generally arrange the mat-

ters submitted to them, that the objects of this convention may be accomplished.

That a committee be appointed to report upon the currency of the country, as affecting or affected by the protecting system.

That a committee be appointed to collect and publish information on the culture of madder, woad and weld, and other vegetable dyes, used in our manufactures.

And that all reports made to the government, shall be delivered to the central committee, and also, that all reports of committees of the convention not prepared in season to be presented at this time, shall be sent to the central committee, to be collated, revised, and published by them at their discretion.

Some of the committees above-named made partial reports; others were unable to obtain, in season to report to the convention, the facts desirable to embrace in their respective reports. The following gentlemen were appointed a PERMANENT CENTRAL COMMITTEE, to whom the several sub-committees above-named are to forward the result of their inquiries, for purposes of publication. Messrs. Niles, McCulloh, Evans, T. Ellicott, Kennedy, Maryland; Carey, Merrick, Ingersoll, Pennsylvania; Tibbetts, Tallmadge, Schenck, New-York; Hubbard, Connecticut; Cozzens, Rhode Island; Dutton, Brown, Dwight, Massachusetts.

Mr. Lynch from New-York, in compliance with instructions from the delegation of the city of New-York, begged leave to state, that several citizens of the city of New-York were desirous, with the leave of the Convention, to defray the expenses attending its sitting here, to the end that the entire fund already collected may be appropriated to printing and other future expenses of the Convention, at the discretion of the central committee; and he moved that permission be granted. After some words from Col. Dwight, expressive of the sense of the Convention, in regard to the kind treatment they had received from the citizens of New-York, Gen. Lynch's motion for the permission required was agreed to.

Mr. Ellsworth of Conn. moved a vote of thanks to the Corporation of the city of New-York, for the accommodations which they had furnished to the Convention; accompanying the motion with the following remarks:—"Mr. President—The citizens of New-York, through their honorable delegation, have,

with a liberality as generous as it was unexpected, offered to pay the expenses of the Convention during its sittings. Though strangers, desirous of making compensation, we find ourselves among friends, whose kindness can only be remunerated, by the expression of our grateful acknowledgements. We have enjoyed the convenience of this spacious hall and the rooms adjoining, by the kindness of the honorable Corporation of the city of New-York—we cannot do less, and are not allowed to do more, than to tender them the assurance of the gratitude we feel for the favor they have conferred on us. Permit me, therefore, Mr. President, to offer this resolution, which I trust will meet the entire approbation of this Convention.' The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Roberts of Pa. presented a resolution, authorizing the central committee to call a meeting of the friends of the American System in the year 1832, if they deem it expedient, at such time and place as they may see fit. Agreed to.

Mr. Sibley, of Mass. after having made some preliminary remarks, in which he stated that attempts had been made to sow discord among the members of various sections, and of various party sentiments,—offered a preamble and resolution setting forth that the Convention met with one object, and acted with one object; and that they viewed with contempt the efforts to produce discord. This resolution was seconded and supported by Mr. Everett, and adopted.

Mr. Crowninshield having made a motion for adjournment, the president, before putting the motion, addressed the convention as follows:

Gentlemen—The moment of our separation being at hand, I feel myself called upon to say something to you; but, though accustomed to public speaking, I, on this occasion, feel myself at a loss for modes of expressing my feelings. I shall ever cherish the memory of my meeting with you, as one of the happiest circumstances of my life. If, on other occasions, in other stations, I shall be able to make use of the information I have borrowed from you, I shall be truly happy; but, I will add, that I shall never, I hope, use it to overthrow the interests or happiness of any section of the union. I received the honor bestowed on me in my appointment to preside over your deliberations with unfeigned diffidence; and, in the administration of the office, I am sensible that I should have failed, had

I not received from you aid and support, for which I tender you my hearty acknowledgements. Wishing to each one of you a safe return to your families, I bid you farewell. God bless you.

The Rev. Mr. Schroeder made a prayer, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

LITERARY CONVENTION. A body of gentlemen from various parts of the United States, assembled at the city hall in New-York, on Tuesday the first day of November—the principal object of which was to form a national society for the promotion of science and literature. We have seen no perfect list of the gentlemen composing the Convention. At the first meeting, the Convention was called to order by the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, when Mr. Gallatin moved that the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS be requested to take the chair; which was unanimously agreed to, and he thereupon was conducted to it by Mr. Gallatin and Dr. Matthews. On assuming its duties Mr. Adams expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, by calling him to preside over the deliberations of that body. It is a situation, said he, for which I am conscious that many individuals present are more competent than myself; and this for many reasons, and especially because they are better acquainted with the objects of the Convention, and the previous proceedings to advance them, than myself. The information I possess in relation to them is necessarily limited, and recently obtained. I understand its general objects, however, to be to advance the literature of our country, and promote the interests of education; and they are certainly as important as any that can engage the attention of Americans. On motion of Dr. Matthews, Mr. GALLATIN and Lieut. Gov. LIVINGSTON, were appointed Vice-Presidents of the Convention, and took their seats. On motion of Dr. Matthews, JOHN DELAFIELD, Esq. of the city of New-York, and Professor JOCELIN, were appointed Secretaries of the Convention.

The Convention held a session of five days. After discussion, the following Constitution was adopted.

ARTICLE I. The Society shall be denominated, "The National Society of Literature, Science and the Arts."

II. The Society shall not exceed two hundred members in the United States, twenty in other parts of America, and twenty in foreign countries.

III. The Society shall be divided into four classes, viz : 1. Mathematical and intellectual science. 2. Moral and physical science. 3. Literature. 4. The Fine Arts.

IV. The funds of the Society shall be raised from donations, subscriptions, and such assessments as they may from time to time determine.

V. The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, four Vice Presidents, one from each of the four classes, a Treasurer, a Recording Secretary, an Assistant Recording Secretary, and two Corresponding Secretaries, one for domestic and the other for foreign correspondence.

VI. The Society shall be governed by such regulations and by-laws as may be agreed upon by a majority of its members, at any annual meeting.

VII. Resident members may fill vacancies at the annual meetings of the Society.

VIII. This Constitution may be altered at any annual meeting of the Society by a majority of two-thirds of the members present ;—provided, however, that, after the first meeting, no alteration shall be made of the constitution, unless such alteration shall have been proposed at the annual meeting of the previous year.

IX. To originate the Society there shall be a committee of fifteen, to be appointed by this Convention, who, or a majority of whom, shall have power to elect eighty-five others, and these with the committee, or so many of them as may assemble at the call of the committee, shall constitute the first meeting of the Society.

The following persons were appointed to constitute the committee, viz :—Hon. J. Q. Adams, President Fisk, Professor Vethake, Rev. Thomas McAuley, Professor Alexander, Mr. Henry E. Dwight, Professor Jocelin, Hon. Edward P. Livingston, Chancellor Walworth, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Hon. A. Gallatin, Rev. Dr. Matthews, John Delafield, Esq. Rev. Dr. Milnor, and Mr. Halsey.

The prominent topics which engaged the attention and discussion of the Convention were recapitulated in the remarks made by the President immediately before the adjournment, which follow, as reported in the *Commercial Advertiser*.

The President rose, he said, to return his thanks to the members of the Convention, not only for their kind partiality in placing him in the chair, but for the further honor they had done him by the vote of thanks they had just

passed. He had come hither upon an invitation from the committee of arrangements of the last year. It so happened that he was unacquainted with the proceedings of the last Convention, and knew very little of what was to be brought forward at the present. But he should do injustice to his feelings were he not to say that he had seen and heard things during this meeting which had made the present one of the happiest weeks of his life. He had heard things, which he ought to have known, but of which he was totally ignorant. Other things he had heard, which he knew partially before, but which had nevertheless imparted additional information. On the first day of the Convention a communication was read, of a most interesting character, on the state of learning in Colombia—a country with which we are connected by the most important relations, of daily increasing interest. The subject of establishing a college at Athens had been introduced, carrying back wisdom to the fountains of inspiration, and a report proposing to make the Bible a classic in our literary institutions—thus uniting Ionia's streams with "Siloa's fount that flowed fast by the Oracles of God." On another occasion he had learned the condition and prospects of an institution at West Point, which, although upon a different foundation from this, was yet of an interesting character. A new practical system of education had been submitted, which was spoken of in terms of the highest admiration ; and this morning a report had been read on the establishment of Professorships of History in our Universities, which he deemed of high importance. The Convention had also agreed to found a Literary Institution of a permanent nature, to unite men of literature and science in this state with those of like character in every part of the Union. These things must be gratifying to all who feel an interest in the welfare of the human race, and are calculated to inspire their most sanguine hopes as to the future condition of man. Under these circumstances we may well return our thanks to Heaven for the past and solicit its blessings for the future.

An appropriate and expressive prayer was made by the Rev. Dr. Yates, and then the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

MAINE.

Madawaska. At the last session of the legislature, an act was passed, ordering the inhabitants of Madawaska—(a

small settlement on St. John's river, within the territory claimed by the British government)—to organize a town government, elect town officers, and a member to the state legislature. Accordingly, a meeting was held on the 20th August, at the house of Peter Lisotte, on the west side of the river, and therefore within the American line, as lately decreed by the Arbitrator, the King of the Netherlands. Several officers of the Province of New-Brunswick were present, who forbade the proceedings, but took no active measures to stop them. Upon the persuasion of the officers, however, the French settlers declined taking any part. The meeting then adjourned to an open field, near Lisotte's. Here the act of incorporation was read by Walter Powers, and the warrant for calling the meeting. Barnabas Hannawell was chosen Moderator, by written ballot, John Harford, Daniel Savage, and Amos Mattocks, were chosen Selectmen; Jesse Wheelock, Town Clerk; Randall Harford, and Barnabas Hannawell, Constables. Romain Micheau and Paul Crook, two Frenchmen, were first chosen Constables, but under the advice of the British officers, declined serving, and the French settlers did not vote. The officers who had been chosen were then sworn in.

Soon after this, the British authorities, with a military force, repaired to Madawasca, seized Barnabas Hannawell, Jesse Wheelock, and Daniel Savage, carried them to Fredericton, N. B., indicted and tried them, on the 15th of September, for sedition, in conspiring "to subvert his Majesty's authority, and to set up and establish a foreign power and dominion in place thereof." The Americans appeared without counsel, and set up no defence, except that they were American citizens, acting under the authority of the state of Maine, and liable to punishment in that state, if they had not obeyed her laws. The court decided that the laws of Maine were of no consequence in the province of New-Brunswick. The Americans were therefore convicted by the jury, and sentenced by Judge Chipman, to pay a fine of fifty pounds sterling, each, to be imprisoned in the common jail of the county three calendar months, and to stand committed until the whole sentence is fulfilled.

This proceeding has occasioned no little excitement in the state of Maine, and some of the public journals advocate immediate belligerent operations, at least to such an extent as to liberate the

prisoners; others recommend a payment of the fines by the state, and a reference of all other proceedings to the General Government. The official paper at Washington, however, seems to abandon the case entirely, and pronounces the election of town officers at Madawasca, a breach of the arrangement between the two governments. When the question in dispute was referred to the King of Netherlands, it was understood, on both sides, that each party should continue in the exercise of the same jurisdiction as was then held by it.

Lead Ore. In addition to the valuable lead mine recently discovered at Lubeck, lead ore was discovered several years ago near the head of Madison pond, so perfect that bullets were made of it in the woods. Likewise, near Moose Pond, in Hartland or St. Albans, lead ore was discovered several years ago by hunters, and converted into bullets by melting in a camp kettle.

Copperas. That copperas might be manufactured in various places in Somerset county is an undoubted fact, especially in the town of Concord, where, it is almost perfect in its original state. Copperas is found in Norridgewock, and considerable quantities were manufactured there during the last war.

Limestone is found in the same town, and probably exists in Solon, near that village, and on the Canada road, to any desirable extent.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Great Falls—Somersworth. Seven years since, this village contained but a single farm house, and was entirely a swamp. It now contains about two thousand inhabitants, one hundred frame dwelling houses, ten large blocks of brick buildings, three churches, stores, &c. There are four cotton mills, and one woollen. The cotton mills contain, it is said, more spindles than are run by any other establishment in the United States, viz. thirty-one thousand! with preparations sufficient to supply nine hundred looms, which produce six millions of yards of cotton cloth per annum. These mills consume annually above 3000 bales of cotton, weighing 1,250,000 lbs. The largest mill is 400 feet long and six stories high, and contains 22,000 spindles and 650 looms. The cotton mills alone give employment to 90 men, over 100 boys, and 600 females. They use from 7 to 8000 gallons of oil, 200 tons of anthracite coal, 500 barrels of flour for sizing, and 300 sides of leather.

The mills, which are of brick, hand-

somely ornamented with hammered granite sills and window caps, are arranged along a fine canal, 30 feet wide and from 6 to 7 feet deep, extending from the dam at the north of the village to the southern extremity of it.

The woollen mill is a six story brick building, 220 feet in length, containing all the machinery necessary for the manufacture of from 120 to 130,000 yards of fine broadcloth yearly. This is also said to be the largest woollen manufactory in America. Upwards of 900,000 pounds of wool, 5000 gallons of oil, 150 tons of anthracite coal, are consumed, besides indigo, madder, copperas, together with numerous kinds of drugs necessary in the manufacture of woollen cloth, annually giving employment within the establishment to 300 individuals. Connected with the woollen, is a carpet manufactory, where the best description of ingrain carpeting is made. The factory is capable of producing 150,000 yards annually. This company, "The Great Falls Manufactory," have a capital of one million of dollars, and own most of the property in and around the village.

MASSACHUSETTS.

American Antiquarian Society. On Monday, the 24th of October, the anniversary of the discovery of the American continent by Christopher Columbus, the American Antiquarian Society held its annual meeting in Boston. The Rev. Dr. Bancroft, of Worcester, first Vice-President, took the Chair, and announced with great sensibility, the loss which the Society has sustained since their last meeting, in the death of ISAIAH THOMAS, Esq. the venerable Founder, President and Patron of the Society.

The Secretary reported a correct list of the existing Members. Exclusive of Foreign associates, the number exceeds one hundred. Eight new members were elected.

The committee appointed at the semi-annual meeting in June, to receive the munificent endowment of the late President THOMAS, reported that it amounted to *Forty Thousand Dollars*—a large part of which had been invested by them in available funds.

Gov. Lincoln, in connexion, announced the recent death of Nathaniel M'Carty, Esq. of Worcester, late Treasurer of the Society, and that he had bequeathed Five Hundred Dollars to the funds of the Society.

The Librarian made a highly favorable report of the condition of the Insti-

tution, at Worcester, and presented a list of additional donations.

The Society then proceeded to choose the following officers for the ensuing year. Thomas L. Winthrop, President; John Davis of Worcester, and Joseph Story, Vice-Presidents; Rejoice Newton, of Worcester, Recording Secretary; Thaddeus M. Harris, of Dorchester, Foreign Corresponding Secretary; William Lincoln, of Worcester, Domestic Corresponding Secretary; Samuel Jenkinson, of Worcester, Treasurer; Benjamin Russell, Levi Lincoln, James Bowdoin, Edward D. Bangs, James C. Merrill, Isaac Goodwin, Charles Lowell, Samuel M. Burnside, F. W. Paine, and Dr. J. Green, Counsellors; Wm. Jenks, Wm. Lincoln, and Joseph Willard, Committee of Publication.

CONNECTICUT.

Statistics. The following is an abstract of the rateable estate and polls in Connecticut, as returned for the year 1830.

No.		Value
42,251	Houses,	21,043,727
2,623,366	acres of Land,	51,664,729
1,598	Mills,	869,157
1,718	Stores,	1,481,506
335	Distilleries,	55,919
1,466	Manufactories,	1,561,062
	Fisheries,	108,149
34,587	Horses, Asses, Mules, &c.	1,260,132
943,549	Neat Cattle,	325,537
268,239	Sheep,	293,646
	Silver Plate and Pl'd. Ware,	10,541
5,187	Riding Carriages and Wag.	938,204
22,479	Clocks and Watches,	174,710
	Insurance Stock,	96,602
	Turnpike Stock,	152,133
	Money on Interest,	2,078,675
	Resident Bank Stock,	2,727,894
	Non Resident do.	365,261
	do. Insurance Stock,	5,904
		87,404,621
33,745	Polis & 20 Dols.	674,500
	Assessments,	141,902
		816,402
		\$88,221,023

The ordinary annual expenses of the state government do not exceed \$60,000. The state tax levied on the above list, will produce, including the abatement of one tenth of the polls, and expenses of collection, \$37,340. From the interest of the Public Stock—Duties on Licenses—State Prison, &c. the other portion of the revenue is derived.

The population is 298,449. The average proportion of the expense of government, annually, is twenty-five cents for each person; but the average proportion of the state tax is only twelve and a half cents.

The fund for the support of the common schools amounts to \$1,902,57, a portion of which is not now productive. The amount of interest distributed to

the schools in 1830, was \$77,333—being equal to a dividend of more than twenty-five cents to every inhabitant of the state.

The editor of the Hartford Times remarks—Probably the annals of the world do not present a similar instance. We here have a government, which, after paying all expenses, returns to the citizen, more than double the amount he has been taxed. Instead of being burthened with taxes, a bounty is bestowed on our inhabitants.

NEW-YORK.

Coasting Trade. The New-York American Advocate publishes a table, showing the amount of packet coasting trade, between that city and the different ports in the Union, amounting to \$47,903,000, exclusive of a new ship line of packets to New-Orleans; and the trade of the North and East Rivers, and coasting trade carried on in irregular vessels, is estimated at as much more, making a total of \$95,806,000. There are, therefore, employed in the coasting trade of New-York alone, 352 vessels, 52,120 tons, employing 2490 hands, who receive, of wages \$611,840, passage money \$538,924, and cargoes to the enormous amount of \$100,000,000 and upwards.

NEW-JERSEY.

Peter D. Vroom has lately been re-elected Governor of this state. From his message to the legislature it appears that the balance in the state treasury, after paying the ordinary expenses, is \$15,000. The operations of the school fund have paid the annual appropriation of \$20,000 to the common schools, and leave a small surplus to be added to the principal. The amount of the fund is \$225,758. There are 2,350 stand of arms fit for use in the armory in the state house, besides 4,300 supplied by the United States, subject to the order of the state. The suit instituted by New-Jersey against New-York, is still pending in the Supreme Court of the United States. The financial condition of the state prison is favorable, its earnings having exceeded its expenses by \$2,515. The number of convicts is, however, increasing rapidly. The present number is 130, of whom 9 are females. For the accommodation of these there are but 40 cells, a number so inadequate as to be of very injurious effect on discipline and the morals of prisoners, and rather to invite than prevent the commission of crime. The increase of convicts in the last three

years has been fifty per cent. The two great works of internal improvement, the Delaware and Raritan canal, and the Camden and Amboy rail-road, are advancing steadily to their completion. The latter will be put in operation from Amboy to Bordentown early next season, and will, it is confidently thought, be immediately profitable. The canal is upon an adequate scale. The rail-road from Paterson to the Hudson has been commenced under favorable circumstances, and promises great advantages. The route of the contemplated rail-road from Elizabethtown to Somerville was surveyed last summer. Its extension is recommended to the Delaware.

VIRGINIA.

Randolph and Macon College. At a meeting of the Trustees of Randolph and Macon College, held on the 15th ultimo, the Rev. Dr. John Emery, editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, &c. was elected President, and professor of Moral Science; the Rev. Martin P. Parks, of North-Carolina, professor of Mathematics; Mr. Landon C. Gailand, of Virginia, professor of Natural Science; and Mr. Robert Emery, son of Dr. E., professor of Languages. The college is situated at Boydton, in the county of Mecklenburg, Va. The annual meeting of the trustees is to be held on the 4th of July, and the college is to be opened by the 1st of September, 1832.

GEORGIA.

Internal Improvement. A Convention to take into consideration the practicability and expediency of promoting Internal Improvement in this State, from its own resources, has recently been held at Eatonton. The sittings commenced on the 26th September. Thirty-two counties were represented by delegates; and the Hon. Thomas Stocks was appointed President. The following resolutions were adopted—

1st Resolution. This Convention earnestly recommends a system of Internal Improvement, to the patronage of the state.

2d Resolution. The Convention recommends that the Legislature authorize the governor to employ a competent engineer or engineers, to make a minute and careful survey of the principal lines of communication in the state, with reference to their fitness for Rail-Roads, Turnpikes or Canals, and to diffuse among our fellow-citizens generally the topographical information thus obtained.

3d Resolution. The convention recommends for survey the following lines:

That from Savannah to Augusta, thence to Eatonton, and thence in a westwardly direction to the Chattahoochie.

The line from Savannah to Macon, and thence to Columbus, and a line connecting Milledgeville with that route.

The line from Savannah to the head of navigation on Flint River, and thence to Columbus.

The line from Augusta to Athens, and thence in the most advisable direction towards the northwestern boundary of the state; together with any other line or lines, which may afford the prospect of important commercial advantages.

4th Resolution. If the state is disinclined to undertake, with her own resources, these improvements, the Convention recommends that, by subscriptions for stock, loans, or other pecuniary aid, she co-operate with such companies as may be chartered for the purpose of improving the whole or part of any of the routes above mentioned.

On the 20th, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

TENNESSEE.

Mineral Riches. Dr. Gerard Troost delivered an address, on the 19th ult., to the legislature of Tennessee, showing the advantage of an accurate geological survey of that state, which appears to abound in many valuable minerals and fossils. Dr. Troost says that the mountainous districts of Tennessee abound in various articles which must some day form the wealth of the state. The Cumberland mountains are rich in coal and excellent iron ore, and the caves furnish ample materials for the preparation of magnesia, Epsom salts and salt-petre. There is found an excellent quality of the zinc ore of which in Europe the best brass is made. There are also lead, varieties of marble equal if not superior to the finest Italian, roofing-slate, manganese, and rich magnetic iron ore. There is much appearance of salt, and gold is well known to abound. The speaker gave some examples of the value of geological knowledge and observation, in directing the search after minerals and the precious metals and stones. The transition and secondary rock formations, which contain so many valuable deposits,

metallic and mineral, are found in several groups in Tennessee. The use of the same sort of knowledge in determining the quality of soils is also dwelt upon.

KENTUCKY.

The corner stone of a rail-road, to run from the town of Lexington to the Ohio river at Louisville, was laid at Lexington on the 22d of October. An address was delivered on the occasion, by Dr. C. Caldwell of Transylvania University.

The amount of taxable property in Kentucky is \$103,543,638, paying a tax of 6 1-4 on \$100, and yielding \$67,843,72

There is also a tax on studs, 1492 in number, amounting to 4,451,55

And a tax of \$10 each on 334 taverns, amounting to 3,440,00

Total tax, \$257,38,27

OHIO.

Ohio University. The sixth annual commencement of Miami University took place on the 26th September, under the superintendence of the President, R. H. Bishop, D. D. The catalogue for the last year shows a total number of 192 students. The College edifice is extensive and commodious. The Faculty and Instructors consist of the President, who acts as professor of Logic, Moral Philosophy and History—a Professor of Mathematics, Geography, Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, and Teacher of Political Economy—a Professor of Latin, Greek and Hebrew—a Master and Assistant of the Grammar School—a Teacher of French, and Mathematical Tutor—a Hebrew Tutor—a Teacher of Spanish—a Pestalozzian Teacher—a Greek Tutor—a Writing Master—four Mathematical Teachers—and four Teachers of Arithmetic. The sessions of the University open on the first Mondays in November and May, and terminate on the last Wednesdays in March and September. Tuition in the Grammar School is \$5, and in the College classes \$10 per session.

The *Ohio Canal*, connecting the town of Chillicothe, on the Scioto, with Lake Erie at Cleveland, was completed, and the passage of the first boats into that town was celebrated at Chillicothe on the 22d of October, with many ceremonies and festivities.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Working Man's Manual ; a new Theory of Political Economy, on the principle of Production the Source of Wealth. Including an Inquiry into the Principles of Public Credit, Currency, the Wages of Labor, the Production of Wealth, the Distribution of Wealth, Consumption of Wealth, Popular Education, and the Elements of Social Government in general, as they appear open to the scrutiny of common sense and the philosophy of the age. By Stephen Simpson, of Philadelphia.

To those who have been readers of newspapers, for the last ten years, no man in the United States, is better known than Mr. Simpson, as a bold, ardent, energetic, party politician. He has now given us, under the above comprehensive title, a small octavo upon Political economy. The author could hardly be mistaken were his name omitted ; without making the least pretension to elegance and refinement of style,—which, in treating of dry subjects, are often blemishes, instead of graces,—his book is written in the same original, plain, and forcible manner, which has distinguished his less useful political essays.

The volume is intended as a plain elucidation of some of the principles of the working men, and as an introductory part to an exclusively American theory of political economy. It is divided into chapters, upon the subjects mentioned above, or their subdivisions. The foundation of the theory is that labor—that is, “active exercise of the body or mind, in the production of what is conducive to the happiness, comfort, and improvement of man ; whether useful, pleasurable, or luxurious,”—is the only producer of wealth, that it constitutes “the sole right to property, land, produce, and all sorts of wealth,”—that it “must share with capital, in the profits of trade, in a more equitable ratio,” and that industry furnishes, and indeed is, the only true principle, upon which wealth should be distributed.

The propositions and illustrations by which our author supports these views, are of the most liberal and comprehensive character ; founded in principles which few individuals in this or any other republican country will be disposed to contradict, or would be willing

to refute, if it were in their power. The chapters upon Currency, Bank Notes, Credit, Manufactures, Education and Population, are especially entitled to the attention of all classes ; for all, or very nearly all, belong to some division of the class for whose instruction the Manual is particularly intended. As any thing like an analytical review of the volume would be tedious to the reader, a short extract from one of these chapters will afford a specimen of the author's manner of reasoning.

What is a bank bill ? It is an order on paper, for so much money, drawn upon the producer of labor. Its acceptance, receipt, and circulation, are tantamount to the payment of an order upon the person receiving it. Suppose a farmer sells twenty barrels of his flour for a bank note of \$100. The note is an order to take from him this amount of labor, and leave him a \$100 bank bill. This bill is worth nothing intrinsically, it has no value—it is but a mere presumption, appealing to his faith, that it will bring him \$100 in silver, gold, or labor. Acting on this presumption, he travels to town, to purchase goods ; which having done, he offers in payment the \$100 note. The storekeeper tells him the bank has stopped, or broke ! In this manner, the luckless farmer has parted with his \$100 of labor for a shadow,—and his property has passed into the hands of the adroit speculator. In many ways, his \$100 note may prove equally worthless ! But taken at the best advantage, it has this detrimental property, that it cannot purchase an equal amount of any commodity, that his \$100 worth of labor would command, supposing the paper money had no existence. Such is the character and operation of every bank bill, and every treasury note, or public stock certificate. It is a draft from capital, drawn upon labor at sight, and paid by public credulity, faith, or what is sometimes termed credit.

Passing over a very singular dedication, “to the shade of Jefferson,” which is said to be “borne beyond the confines of flattery,” but “still sensible to the voice of truth,”—an absurdity which, if it is calculated to have any influence upon the reader, would have been more advantageously situated on the last, than the first page of the book,—the most important portion of the volume is the Preliminary Dissertation. In this, we find the principles upon which the working men are founding a political party, more elaborately stated than we have before seen them. We do not mean by this, however, to say that they are new to us,—for we should not willingly abandon our claim to membership in the party—or novel to the public. Very serious doubts may be entertained, whether the reforms necessary to make the laws of society and government coincide with

what our author considers the evident directions and intentions of Nature, can now be effected. But he has no such doubts; he seems to think, with lady Macbeth,

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fall;

and as any approximation towards the object in view, even "the commencement of the end," cannot be accomplished without benefiting the community, it is to be hoped that his exhortations will be allowed their due weight.

The prominent evils under which the country labors, were borrowed from England, or rather, were not cast out, with the rest of her trumpery, at the close of the revolution. They are, the common law of England, the funding system, and the banking system. Our author avers that there exists in this country, proceeding from these, a moral inequality, not recognized by our constitution, and opposed by all our political theories, but yet sustained by the usages of society. He says, we are bound "to bring the condition of the people, in respect to the wages of labor, and the enjoyment of competence, to a level with their abstract political rights, which rights imply, necessarily, the possession of the property they may produce, on the principles of equity, congenial to the equal rights guaranteed by the organic law." To substitute law for the distribution of labor "amounts to a virtual repeal of the declaration of Independence." He next speaks of the operations which have produced the objectionable inequality. He says—

It cannot be concealed, it would be unwise to dissemble the fact, that the most formidable obstruction to the attainment of justice, in the distribution of labor, and the consequent opinion of honor and merit, attaching to industry, instead of disgrace, is to be found in the pride and lofty bearing of the literary, erudite, intellectual, and scientific classes. The *educated* are generally the rich; and where the exception prevails, necessity, or accident, as in the case of labor, soon brings the object under the influence, and within the patronage of the affluent. No habit of mind is so decided and obstinate, as the contempt of learning for ignorance, or of genius for stolidity. In addition to this, the *prudal* forms of all colleges, and universities, place an insuperable barrier between the unlettered mechanic and the classical dignitary. In all situations, and under all circumstances, charters create a *virtual nobility*. The Doctor of Laws, the Master of Arts, and other similar unmeaning titles, betray the aristocracy of the revival of learning, under Popes, Kings, Emperors, and Princes, and express the determination of wealth, to protect its privileges by golden barriers, as well as legal restraints and intimidations. Literature and education, thus affianced to opulence, naturally feel a strong repugnance to share their intellectual dominion with the mass of society, or

to look upon ignorance with a feeling of complacency, or even of tolerance. The prejudice is by this means confirmed, that the occupations of labor, not only do not require the lights of science, and the polish of letters, but that the successful prosecution of trade, mechanics, and other modes of toil, are entirely incompatible with that celestial light, which education sheds upon the mind.

Every reader will say at once, that this is not true in New-England, whatever it may be in some other parts of the Union. In the following paragraph, also, the enthusiasm of the author has induced him to draw a picture, if it is intended as the portraiture of any thing in existence, much too highly colored for any part of the United States.

The *virtual* distinctions of rank, which too frequently extend into forms and titles, and which have for their basis injustice and extortion, which are the adjuncts of wealth, and which draw the line of exclusion where labor commences, are the cause of all that moral depravity, over which the pampered man of opulence affects to shed tears of compassion, and projects systems of amelioration. When the children of toil are as much shunned in society, as if they were leprous convicts just emerged from loathsome cells—the most powerful obstacle is erected between them and all that can make them estimable and happy. The family tie of the race is snapped asunder; and man, thus degraded and oppressed, would be less than man, if he did not feel enmity towards his oppressor, and view with resentment an order of things so contrary to the dictates of justice and humanity—so broadly in contradiction to his political rights, and so basely in violation of his equal attributes as a man. Here is the fountain, the sacred fountain of all revolutions—this is the point at which nature revolts—this is the point to which the productive classes have been depressed, and at which they now rebel—claiming their rights, and resolving to attain them, not by violence and bloodshed, but through the constitutional channels of action—the press, the ballot-boxes, and the power of legislation.

No evidence can be better than that of Mr. Simpson, in relation to the parties of this country, and his remarks upon this subject are entitled to a double weight; for, if his exposures are not occasioned by the bitterness of disappointment, they are, at least, drawn from the very fountains of knowledge.

Nothing of a public nature, at the present era, is so worthy of the attention of the people, as the fallacious structure and pernicious tendency of the parties now in vogue, whose foundations are as futile as their results are nugatory to the great body of the people; neither advancing the good of the nation, nor the prosperity of her citizens; but blindly ministering to the avarice, ambition, or pride of some temporary idol; who is worshiped one day, and immolated on the next. A party grafted purely on principle, has never yet engrossed the ardent people of this excited country. * * *

PERSONAL PARTIES are at all times, and under all circumstances, highly dangerous, and often prove fatal to the liberties of a free people. They are founded on selfishness, and terminate in usurpation and abuses. They first lead to the obscurity of principles, and gradual-

ly produce a total obliteration of all the great landmarks, which are founded on the fundamental differences of government, and engraven on the inalienable rights of man. After confounding, in this manner, all distinctions between right and wrong, justice and oppression, freedom and bondage, they soon tend to beget, in the popular mind, a total apathy or indifference to whatever relates to political affairs. What is radically erroneous or pernicious, is often glossed over as right, and adopted by affection or reverence for a name—what is nefarious in principle, and even frightful in its consequences, is often welcomed, cherished, and promoted, without reflection, or inquiry, because a voice gilded with popularity has suggested its performance. Men of conflicting views, irreconcilable principles, and incompetent minds, are huddled together in personal parties for a moment, until some shock of interest severs them wider than ever, with embittered animosity, and aggravated feelings; or, if they cohere after the first collision, it is at the increased expense of all that is worthy of esteem and admiration in the human character. Honesty is sacrificed to expediency, truth to self-interest, patriotism to ambition, and public virtue to private aggrandizement. Honor and right can never tolerate such heterogeneous associations. The most callous and adroit knaves, in such parties, smile at the hypocrisy of one another. Mutual distrust, suspicion, and contempt sit upon the face of every thinking man of the ill-assorted group. Yet nothing discomposes the complacency of these venal spirits; and acquiescence in the ruin of their country is purchased by a bribe, a commission, or a promise of patronage, hid in the mists of the indefinite future. The *mers animales* disport with their wonted glee, under the shadow of any power, however corrupt; as there are some birds that can live even upon the gum and berries of the upas tree. A wise, prudent, and virtuous people, therefore, in order to continue free, will never lose sight of PRINCIPLE.

Mr. Simpson contends that the revolution is not only not completed, but that it never will be while we are dependent upon foreign nations, in any particular. This is good sound doctrine, but it would have been more useful forty years ago. He objects particularly to the retention of the common law system, the adoption of the statute laws of Britain, as precedents in our courts, and to the same error in regard to our literature. Upon this point, he remarks:—

The same prejudice now operates against a reform, equally desirable, in our *general literature*: which is still imported exclusively from England; as if she only possessed a climate formed by nature for the happy development of intellect and taste—a climate peculiar to herself, and denied to all other nations. The prejudice against American authors and their productions is but a part of that great infirmity, which has stigmatized us by the inconsistencies and contradictions already alluded to. A partiality for our own offspring is a natural affection, and a laudable weakness; and in relation to the literature of nations, the same preferences ought to be cherished, as the means of happiness, and the safeguards of liberty. Whoever contemplates the load of trash that inundates this country from the book-shops of England, and reflects upon the fact, that when a neglected American author transports him-

self to London, his works are sought with eagerness, and devoured with avidity, will confess the truth, that it is the *place* where he writes, and not the *quality* of his writings, that stamps him with genius, or gives sterling currency to his wit. The prodigious influence of literature, upon the minds and manners of a people, makes it of incalculable importance, that it should emanate from *American minds*—minds imbued with the love of liberty, and animated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades our constitution, and is calculated to advance our glory!

If the interest of these extracts, shall be considered an equivalent for the space they occupy, and we think they are, this notice will not have exceeded a proper length. It may be proper to remark that there have grown up, in this country, two sections, or parties of working men, one of which is more commonly denominated the Free-thinkers, instead of being called, as they should be, the wrong-thinkers, or the no-thinkers. Mr. Simpson's book will not do for them; it has too much practical good sense, too much regard for society, and places too much dependence in moral restraints, and virtuous influences. With one more short extract, we take our leave of the interesting volume.

If ever a party set out upon scientific principles grounded on mathematical precision, it is surely that of the working men. They are a philosophical, political, economical party. They have gone to the fountain-head of first principles, and dragged forth justice from the waters of time. They have analysed the elements of national wealth, and individual happiness. They have detected the errors of established systems, and exposed the injustice of privileged orders, vested with exclusive rights, to accumulate wealth at the sacrifice of those who produce it.

A Critical Review of the Orthography of Dr. Webster's series of books for systematic instruction in the English language. By Lyman Cobb.

This is a very elaborate piece of literary workmanship, or critical carving, published in a pamphlet shape, for the convenience, it is presumed, of transmission by mail, but containing matter sufficient for a ponderous octavo. It is a long time since we have seen such a specimen of criticism;—not in the cut-and-slash manner of the MacGrowler school, but the careful turning-over, and turning-out, of legitimate judgement and condemnation. A pretty accurate knowledge of political movements, furnishes us no better example of what has been denominated the "searching operation." The style is uncommonly lively and piquant,

but the manner of the author is unnecessarily, if not unjustifiably, harsh ; so that, although the work is divested of the dryness of common philological writings, the pungency and frequency of the sneers subtract very considerably from the pleasure of the reader. We are unacquainted with the author's previous works, nor do we know what kind of intercourse has existed between him and the friends of Dr. Webster ; but no " impartial and intelligent reader " can peruse a page of this Review, without being convinced, in his own mind, that there was some " unwritten " prompting at the heart of the reviewer, which made him quite as uncomfortable before its emission, as the proprietors of Dr. Webster's copy rights, may have been, and reasonably too, since it appeared. With this, however, the public have nothing to do. The numerous class of literary journeymen are under obligations to Mr. Cobb. We have received much instruction from his labor. But we acknowledge it as we should the civility of a surgeon, and with the same ambiguous satisfaction with which we should compliment the dexterity of his dissections, or thank him for the information he communicated, of another kind of humanity.

It is generally admitted that the nation has some reason to be proud of Dr. Webster, and that his great labors have been not only honorable to himself, but useful to the public. It is impossible to read this pamphlet without perceiving that it is calculated to injure his feelings, to shake, if not demolish the newly-finished fabric of his reputation, and to destroy, entirely, the sale of his works. We are aware that considerations of this kind have no weight with the critic, engaged in the investigation of truth, and the exposure of errors ; they certainly do not appear to have relaxed the acerbity of the reviewer in the present case, or to have sweetened his severity. He feels that he is abundantly competent to the task he has undertaken ; if he does not strike straight forward in every instance, it is because he can make a deeper wound through the medium of a sneer ; he hunts every wandering consonant into its place ; and he hardly leaves Dr. Webster's friends the poor consolation of admitting, as they have ever cheerfully done, that his labors are not completed. He examines the innovations and improvements, comparing them with the heretofore acknowledged standards, so far as there are any such

things, and with the principles of the language ; showing the inconvenience and impropriety of adopting some of them, and making out a very strong case against others. He also points out numberless inconsistencies, and variations from Dr. Webster's own principles and practice, as laid down and recommended in his own writings, which, it appears to us, can neither be excused, nor easily palliated ; showing the impossibility of receiving either one of Dr. Webster's books as a standard for the public, when no one of them is a standard for another. Few people, probably, were aware of the extent of these errors ; and notwithstanding the ungracious manner in which Mr. Cobb has performed the labor, we suppose it is but just to be thankful for the collection and arrangement of them.

In his examination of the *Quarto Dictionary*, the reviewer dwells particularly upon the innovations of Dr. Webster. The first of these, is the omission of *k*, in the words ending with *ck* ; of about five hundred words of this class, he has terminated something like three hundred and twenty with *c* only, and the remaining one hundred and eighty, with *ck*. This innovation the reviewer follows through many derivatives of the words properly ending in *ck*, to show the difficulties which would result from its adoption. Thus, if attack, be written *attac*, a proper and necessary uniformity requires, that attacking also be written *attacing* ; and as *c*, before a vowel, is sounded like *s*, the pronunciation of the word is changed to *attasing*. The same remark applies to *frollick*, *physick*, &c. &c. Another objection is drawn from the rule of the language which requires, when a primitive, accented on the last syllable, terminates with a consonant, the repetition of the consonant when the syllable added commences with a vowel. If *k* is not a part of the primitive word attack, we have no right to insert it in the derivative attacking ; therefore, if the *c* or *k*, be unnecessary, *c* seems to be the redundant letter, and hence, according to the rule, the word will be written *attacking*.

The second innovation examined by the reviewer, is the omission of the *u*, in the termination of such words as labour, honour, &c. It is undoubtedly true, that there are numerous letters in the language, which are necessary to the pronunciation of the primitives, but unnecessary in the derivatives ; as

vigour, vigorous; explain, explanation; waste, wasting; &c. &c. Again, many words of similar pronunciation, are distinguished by the use of silent or unsounded letters, the expulsion of which, as superfluous, would cause great confusion, as rein, reign, rain, &c. And finally, if Dr. Webster's reason be sound, that there is an impropriety in writing labour with *u*, and laborious without it, the reviewer avers that the desirable uniformity is not attained in the Quarto Dictionary, where the *u* is omitted in about fifty words ending in *our*, and retained in about six hundred ending in *ous*.

A third innovation of Dr. Webster's is in the class of words ending in *re*, preceded by a consonant, as sepulchre; in these the final letters are reversed, as in sepulcher. As this class of words is now spelled, the final *e* is dropped in the derivative, as sepulchre, sepulchral, which is certainly more convenient and natural than omitting a letter in the body of the word, as will be necessary in making sepulchral from sepulcher. The reason of Dr. Webster for this alteration is, that the present mode of terminating the primitive leads to an awkward mode of spelling the derivatives, as sepulchred, massacred, instead of sepulchered, &c. Mr. Cobb objects to the insufficiency of this reason, on account of the awkward pronunciation which may result, as massacre, massacer, massacred, in which the *c* becomes *s*.

The reviewer examines, at considerable length, many other innovations of the Quarto Dictionary, as the omission of one *f*, in such words as tariff, the change of *c* to *s*, in the termination of such words as offence, the change of *ck* to *k*, in ache, and its compounds, the insertion of the double *l* in skillful, where it is not necessary, and the omission of one *l* in traveller, the omission of *b* in crumb, thumb, &c. &c. &c. in which the discrepancies, inconsistencies, and contradictions in the dictionary are shown to be almost innumerable, and are treated with great severity. He then proceeds:—

I will now attempt to show wherein Mr. Webster's "American Dictionary" is particularly objectionable as a "STANDARD OF ORTHOGRAPHY."

It is presumed that every person will readily admit, that a dictionary should, if intended to be a "standard of orthography," possess the following qualities in an eminent degree.—1. "Certain rules should be adopted and pursued through the several classes of words, and their orthography should be reduced to uniformity."—2. No innovation in orthography should be made, unless by the introduction of a "new anomaly" is entirely

formity produced.—3. The orthography of the primitive and derivative words should be uniform and consistent.—4. The same words should not be differently spelled, either in the text, or in the definitions of other words; and want of decision in this particular alone, should be a paramount objection to the adoption of any dictionary as a "STANDARD OF ORTHOGRAPHY."

I have already shown, it is believed, that in the first, second, and third particulars, above alluded to, Mr. Webster has not, except in a very few instances, produced uniformity, either in the "certain rules which he has adopted and pursued through the several classes of words," or in the "innovations" which he has made; and, that he has, in the orthography of primitive and derivative words, more contradictions than Johnson, Walker, Jones, Todd, or Jameson! yet Mr. Webster has stated that "No two English writers agree on the subject of orthography; and what is worse, no lexicographer is consistent with himself!" when he has more "inconsistencies" than all of them!!! But the fourth, and most important and prominent particular, which should be manifested on the part of the lexicographer who writes a dictionary, designed as a "standard of orthography," is decision in giving the orthography of each word; and I will now endeavour to show that Mr. Webster has exhibited a greater want of decision in this important point than any of his predecessors. First—he has, spelled many words in two different ways without having given a preference, each of which he has defined precisely or nearly alike, and these words have been spelled but one way in his former dictionaries, and in the dictionaries of Johnson, Walker, etc.: Secondly—he has in using the words thus differently spelled in his text, in defining other words, spelled them sometimes with one orthography, and sometimes with the other: Thirdly—he has frequently spelled a word two ways, and has given a preference; but he has as often, in his definitions, used the orthography which he has not preferred as that which he has preferred: Fourthly—he has, in many instances, changed the orthography of a word, and inserted the former orthography, and has referred the reader to the new spelling; but he has changed the orthography of other words without having given the former orthography, or any reference to it: Fifthly—he has many words that are spelled two different ways in his text, which he has coupled, sometimes even without reference to their alphabetical arrangements, so that the reader can see the different spelling of the same word at once, which is a great convenience; but he has other words differently spelled which are not thus coupled, which is a great inconvenience: Sixthly—he has, in his text, coupled many words which he has spelled in two different ways, with one first in its alphabetical arrangement, and in another place the other word first, agreeably to the alphabetical arrangement of that word; in this manner, alternately giving each word thus coupled, a preference by placing it first!

This is followed by a thorough examination of the whole dictionary, to show wherein it does not conform to the rules here laid down, coupled with abundant citations to prove the truth of the six charges; from which he arrives at the conclusion that the American Dictionary, is more erroneous, less uniform and consistent than any one of them [Johnson, Walker, Jameson, Todd, and others,] and if adopted as

"A STANDARD," must lay the foundation of more numerous *contradictions* and "*anomalies* than at present exist in the language."

Webster's Octavo Dictionary, Webster's Duodecimo Dictionary, Webster's American Spelling Book, Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, are reviewed and digested according to the rules laid down in the review of which we have been speaking; and Mr. Cobb, is much more uniform and consistent in his tone and style, than Dr. Webster, according to his showing, is in his rules and practice. The pamphlet concludes with ten pages of "specimens of Webster's orthography," arranged in parallel columns. We have no disposition to examine them; and we conclude, with the hope that this "Review" will be as beneficial to the vernacular, as it will be injurious to Dr. Webster and his works.

History of Scituate, Massachusetts, from its first Settlement to 1831. By Samuel Deane.

This is a closely printed octavo of four hundred pages, containing a very minute, and, as far as we can judge, an accurate account of one of the earliest settlements of New-England. There is hardly any kind of literary labor requiring more diligence, and few, indeed, more useful than the study of local antiquities. It requires a peculiar taste, and, while much of its detail is to be found in books and records of no very inviting aspect, much of it, too, is only to be acquired by following with painful footsteps the uncertain light of tradition—catching from the faltering lips and decaying memories of the aged, accounts of their ancestors, and of their own youth, often most valuable in themselves, and leading the inquirer to new sources of knowledge. He who does all this well, leaving no points unasked, and few unsettled, is certainly deserving of high praise; and we do the author of this book but bare justice, when we say, to this praise he is certainly entitled. He begins with a well digested account of the town, going on with its settlement and progress, division of its lands, roads, bridges, and ferries, mills, rivers, brooks, harbor, fisheries, navigation, ship-building, agriculture, and manufactures. Then follows a minute account of its division into parishes, and full notices of its religious societies, and an excellent digest of its ecclesiastical history. The next head is education, then an account of the af-

fairs of government as connected with those of the town, municipal regulations, charities, public grounds, bills of mortality, military affairs, conduct during the revolutionary war, and that of eighteen hundred and twelve. There is a short chapter on the Aborigines; followed by the topography of the town, its natural history, mineralogy, physical changes, manners and customs, witchcraft, lists of freemen, accounts of the United States census, ancient landmarks, and post-offices and roads. These heads form the first half of the book and we have recounted them, at the risk of being very tedious, because we could do most justice to the author by bringing at once before our readers the extensive outline which he had to fill up. The rest of the volume is taken up by what the writer calls family sketches, commencing with biographical notices of the first and second churches, and ending with an alphabetical series of notices of persons connected with the town. This last part must have required very great labor. We know not that there is any thing to object to in the general arrangement of the work, except that we think it might have been condensed into fewer heads. Ecclesiastical history, for instance, might have comprehended the details of the parishes, and of the lives of the ministers. Of the accuracy and diligence, with which the different divisions of the book have been filled up, it is difficult for a stranger to judge, but it certainly bears upon the face of it great marks of both.

We must now endeavor to collect a few items which may be useful, or interesting to the general reader. The first appropriation by the town for free schools, in the year seventeen hundred, forms a gratifying contrast with the amount at present devoted to education. "The town desired James Torrey to teach children and youth to read and write, as the law requireth, and said Torrey consented to make tryall thereof awhile, on these conditions, that he be paid 20s. in money for each and every person sent to school, the parent or master engaging to pay fifteen shillings of the said twenty, the town having agreed to pay the other five shillings for each, and that those who send any children or youth to the school, shall provide books, pen, ink and paper, suitable for their learning aforesaid." The present appropriation for schools is two thousand dollars. In sixteen hundred seventy, the town passed an order which might be enforced to advantage

in more modern times. "If any person shall speake after silence is commanded without leave from any two of the moderators he shall forfeit 6d. for each offence." In sixteen ninety-six, every householder was required to kill and bring in six black-birds yearly, between the twelfth and last day of May. In seventeen twenty-eight, the town allowed as a bounty for each full-grown wild-cat killed within the town, 30s. and for each young one, 10s. In seventeen hundred seventy-nine, the town voted to support the poor of the town in one house, under an overseer. This arrangement, so different from the common one, of letting the poor to the lowest bidder, does them great credit. In sixteen seventy, William Holmes's wife was accused for being a witch, and was discharged. Sixteen years afterwards, Mary Ingham was tried for the same crime, and acquitted. We were amused with an anecdote of Mr. Witherell, who was settled as minister of the second church in sixteen forty-five. "Mr. Bryant, having entered the church, after the services had commenced, and Mr. Witherell at the close of the prayer, thus addressed him: 'Neighbor Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by coming late, living as you do, within a mile of this place, and especially so, since here is goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season.' " About sixteen forty-seven, there is an odd story of Francis Crooker, who desired in marriage Mary Gaunt, and petitioned the Court at Plymouth, who ordered "that if the said Crooker bring in to the Governor, a certificate under the hands of Mr. Chauncy, and some other approved physitian, that that disease, with which he is sometimes troubled, be not the falling sickness, that then he, the said Crooker, shall, in convenient time, have in marriage the said Mary Gaunt." This comes as near Johnson's notion of marriages being decreed by the Lord Chancellor, as any thing we have met with. In looking over the Family Sketches, we could not but notice, how many of our most distinguished families have originated in the town of Scituate. We are but too sensible that we have done our author but imperfect justice, in this slight notice of a book, which must have cost him so much time and labor. He is not, however, without his reward, for to his many just claims to the confidence and affection of his people, must be added as not the least, that in this

book he has rescued from oblivion, much that is interesting to their families, and to themselves.

Poem, delivered before the Society of United Brothers, at Brown University, on the day preceding Commencement, September 6, 1831; with other poems. By N. P. Willis.

These poems, like most of the late productions of their author, cannot be read without exciting feelings of admiration for the genius displayed in them, and contempt for the prettinesses and affectations, both of thought and expression, by which this genius is degraded, and its charm well nigh lost. We think, however, that in the principal poem of this book, we see some proofs of a wish to return to the original simplicity and beauty, which first caused the author to be noticed. It is written without any very definite plan, at least, as far as we can find; the first part of it consisting of a general dissertation on the vanity of earthly things, rather in the style of Byron's or Pollock's worst lines—and the last is an attempt to instruct the "Society of United Brothers" by the author's own lessons of sad experience. There are many obscure conceits, where the author makes vain efforts to catch, or to express an idea, mixed with not a few beautiful descriptions. The following one of the infancy of the human mind, ere yet the things of earth have breathed their taint upon its purity struck us as very fine:—

"Its infancy is full of hope and joy;
Knowledge is sweet, and Nature is a nurse
Gentle and holy; and the light and air,
And all things common, warm it like the sun,
And ripen the eternal seed within.
And so its youth glides on; and still it seems
A heavenward spirit, straying often times,
But never widely; and, if Death might come
And ravish it from earth as it is now,
We could almost believe that it would mount,
Spotless and radiant, from the very grave."

After this fine passage comes one endeavoring to express the effects of manhood on the human mind, part of which we defy any one to understand—but the author soon recovers his genius, and speaks nobly of the motion of the soul, when ambition first calls on her and she expands her wings in answer.

"It follows not with Fortune. It is seen,
Rarely or never, in the rich man's hall.
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all."

And ever, as he shuts his wildered eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth ! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching
where

To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curled .
Half into scorn—till the bright fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless, man."

O, *si sic omnia* ! We must pass over a few pages, and come to the rich fruits of Mr. Willis's long and mature experience. We hope with him that he has not suffered nor may teach in vain. He has learned that all knowledge is not nourishment, and he describes well the necessity of preserving our spirits pure, if we would preserve their power; a necessity, we fear, much oftener felt, than practised on. He has also unlearned contempt. These are the two great results of his life so far. We congratulate him, and hope the principles, he teaches to others, may at length exert some influence over himself. The latter part of his poem is no way equal to the first. Like all other egotism, it is weakness.

The other poems in this book, we do not think very much of, except, indeed, the two scripture pieces : The Leper, and the Healing of the Daughter of Jairus. These have both appeared before, though not altogether in their present shape. His beautiful lines on the "Picture of a Child tired of play" close the volume. We must not forget to rate the author on his careless versification, and occasional use of words that are not English. His longest poem is written in blank verse, as, indeed, are most of the others in this volume. We give the following as a few instances of his carelessness. Let him remember that an idea worth expressing at all, is worth expressing well, and that beautiful thoughts, like all other beauties, do themselves great injustice, by appearing ill dressed.

"Learns strangely to detect the articulate air."

"We have made idols of these perishing things."

"Fire and wind and water do its will."

"Earth has no secret from its delicate eye."

"Curled with the iciness of a constant scorn."

"And in the yearning tenderness of a child."

So much for versification ; for the following words, there is no authority : "emperry," "unrest," "freshlier," "misprison," "glinting." There are

a few passages very like nonsense, and a few others so dark, that we will not attempt to judge of them. What is meant by

"The sky to-night
Is of a clearer blackness than is wont" ?

Or by

"We drink anew, and dream like Lucifer
To mount upon our daring draught to
heaven ?"

Or by

"He was born
Taller than he might walk beneath the stars" ?

These may be called trifles, but, in truth, they are mistakes of which a man like our author should be ashamed, and we mention them because others, who have not his genius, may copy his faults. On the whole, we leave him as we began, with no feeling of unkindness, with respect too for his genius, and with our best advice, which, humble as it is, we hope he will not wholly despise, that he would at length remember that nothing worth doing in literature or science was ever done without great study, and that putting far away from him his idols of vanity and woman, he would humble and chasten his spirit, until he may be worthy to walk with the "undying ones" of olden time. This we exhort him to do, because of this we think him capable.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1832.

This is the third volume of this useful "Annual," or "Souvenir ;" and, like its predecessors, but unlike other memorials or remembrancers, it is unequalled in the amount, variety, and value of its contents, by any publication of this country. The first, which is the Astronomical department, is under the direction of Mr. R. T. Paine, of Boston. The second department contains brief notices of the executive, legislative and judicial government of the United States, the intercourse with foreign nations, the disbursements, bank, mint, commerce, census, literary, medical, theological and legal seminaries, religious denominations, &c. &c. ; to these are added, special notices of each state, with all the political and statistical information concerning it, which can possibly be interesting or useful to the foreign or the American reader. There are also notices of independent states upon this continent, the different countries of Europe, a chronicle of important events which have occurred within the year, and a list of the members of Congress.

It will be seen that this table of contents includes almost every thing necessary to compose an "Encyclopedia Condensata." The department of Mr. Paine must attract particular attention, and the novice may well look with incredulity at the confident manner in which his scientific knowledge allows him to predict the course of every planet in its travels, to state the position of celestial bodies at any certain, or uncertain moment, and to follow the moon into her most secret boudoir behind the densest cloud. Profound astronomical knowledge alone, if it were possible so to possess it, would be an unfortunate gift to the mass of mankind, for it would subtract from their pleasures that of wonder; while admiration of the divine arrangement can become its substitute only among well-instructed and intelligent people. But as the evil has not befallen this generation, an argument against its prevalence is unnecessary.

Among the interesting celestial phenomena of the next year, will be the transit of Mercury, on the 5th of May, which, from the great precision with which the contact can be observed, and from its being visible throughout Europe, as well as in many parts of this continent, is of some importance in ascertaining longitudes. The eclipse of the sun, on the 27th of July, will be the second of a series of five large eclipses, to be visible within seven years; this is also important for the same purpose of determining longitude. The eclipse will be more considerable in the southern, than in the northern part of the Union. Encke's Comet will revisit the earth in the course of the year, and will be visible in South America, on the sixth of May, but not in the United States. Bida's Comet will be visible in this country for a considerable time. It will be nearest the earth, although at the distance of about fifty-one millions of miles, on the twenty-third of October, and will be brightest on the thirteenth of November, when it will pass the meridian about half-past four in the morning, and rise a little before ten in the evening.

An Essay on Demonology, Ghosts and Apparitions, and Popular Superstitions in General, with numerous appropriate Anecdotes. Also, an account of the Witchcraft Delusion at Salem, in 1692. By James Thacher, M. D.

This book upon supernatural appearances, is by Doctor Thacher, the author of a *Military Journal*, kept during the

Revolutionary War, a *Medical Biography*, and a *Treatise on Bees*, and other valuable works. It treats upon Ghosts, Witches, Omens, and various cases in which the imagination deludes the senses. It is a very interesting work for those whose taste is for anecdotes of this kind. The author, however, takes the reader behind the scenes, and shows him how slight a cause may raise a ghost to a guilty conscience, or make an omen to the superstitious. If, at this day of the world, there are any of this kind of superstitious temperament, let them read Doctor Thacher's essay, and they will find an easy way of accounting for what disturbs them. Philosophers, of late, are somewhat scrupulous on the nature of evidence, and are little inclined to believe what they cannot account for.

An Address delivered on the Dedication of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn, September 24, 1831, by Joseph Story. To which is added an Appendix, containing a Historical Notice and Description of the Place, with a list of the present Subscribers, and a Map of the Grounds.

We have a double purpose in view in devoting a page or two of this Magazine to the pamphlet before us. We wish to direct public attention to the project that is now in progress, of making a rural cemetery in the vicinity of Boston, with a hope that the favor with which it has been partially considered may become more extensive; and we wish to gratify those of our readers, who may not have it in their power to purchase the Address of Judge Story, with one or two extracts from one of the most beautiful and pathetically simple productions that we have ever read.

It is unnecessary to offer any historical detail of the proceedings which led to the purchase of Mount Auburn; it will be sufficient to abridge from the appendix to Judge Story's Address, a description of its site, and the manner in which it is proposed to appropriate it.

The tract of land which has received the name of Mount Auburn, is situated on the southerly side of the main road leading from Cambridge to Watertown, and is partly within the limits of each of those towns. Its distance from Boston is about four miles. The place was formerly known by the name of Stone's Woods, the title to most of the land having remained in the family of Stone, from an early period after the settlement of the country. Within a few years, the hill and part of the woodland were offered for sale, and were purchased by George W. Brimmer, Esq. whose object was to prevent the destruction of the trees, and to preserve so beautiful a spot for some public or appropriate use. The purchase

which has now been made by the Horticultural Society, includes between seventy and eighty acres, extending from the road, nearly to the banks of Charles river. A portion of the land situated next to the road, and now under cultivation, is intended to constitute the Experimental Garden of the Horticultural Society. A long water-course extending between this tract and the interior woodland, forms a natural boundary, separating the two sections. The inner portion, which is set apart for the purposes of a Cemetery, is covered, throughout most of its extent, with a vigorous growth of forest trees, many of them of large size, and comprising an unusual variety of kinds. This tract is beautifully undulating in its surface, containing a number of bold eminences, steep acclivities, and deep shadowy valleys. A remarkable natural ridge with a level surface runs through the ground from south-east to north-west and has for many years been known as a secluded and favorite walk. The principal eminence, called Mount Auburn, in the plan, is one hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles river, and commands from its summit one of the finest prospects which can be obtained in the environs of Boston. It is proposed to erect on the summit of Mount Auburn, a Tower, after some classic model, of sufficient height to rise above the tops of the surrounding trees. This will serve the double purpose of a landmark to identify the spot from a distance, and of an observatory commanding an uninterrupted view of the country around it. From the foot of this monument will be seen in detail the features of the landscape, as they are successively presented through the different vistas which have been opened among the trees; while from its summit, a magnificent and unbroken panorama, embracing one of the most delightful tracts in New-England, will be spread out beneath the eye. Not only the contiguous country, but the harbor and the bay of Boston, with their ships and islands, and, in a clear atmosphere, the distant mountains of Wachusett, and probably, even of Monadnock, will be comprehended within the range of vision.

The grounds of the Cemetery have been laid out with intersecting avenues, so as to render every part of the wood accessible. These avenues are curved and variously winding in their course, so as to be adapted to the natural inequalities of the surface. By this arrangement, the greatest economy of the land is produced, combining at the same time the picturesque effect of landscape gardening. Over the more level portions, the avenues are made twenty feet wide, and are suitable for carriage roads. The more broken and precipitous parts are approached by footpaths, which are six feet in width. These passage-ways are to be smoothly gravelled, and planted on both sides with flowers and ornamental shrubs. Lots of ground, containing each three hundred square feet, are set off, as family burial places, at suitable distances on the sides of the avenues and paths. The perpetual right of inclosing and of using these lots, as places of sepulture, is conveyed to the purchasers of them, by the Horticultural Society. It is confidently expected that many of the proprietors will, without delay, proceed to erect upon their lots such monuments and appropriate structures, as will give to the place a part of the solemnity and beauty, which it is destined ultimately to acquire.

It has been voted to procure, or construct, a receiving tomb in Boston, and another at Mount Auburn, at which, if desired, funerals may terminate, and in which the remains of the deceased may be deposited, until such time as the friends shall choose to direct their re-

moval to the Cemetery; this period, however, not to exceed six months.

The principal entrance to Mount Auburn, will be through a lofty Egyptian gateway, which it is proposed to erect on the main road, at the commencement of the Central Avenue. Another entrance or gateway is provided on the cross road at the eastern foot of the hill. Whenever the funds of the corporation shall justify the expense, it is proposed that a small Grecian or Gothic Temple shall be erected on a conspicuous eastern eminence, which in reference to this allotment has received the prospective name of Temple Hill.

As the designation and conveyance of the lots requires that they should be described with reference to places bearing fixed appellations, it has been found necessary to give names to the avenues, foot-paths, hills, &c. The names which have been adopted, were suggested chiefly by natural objects and obvious associations.

The public religious consecration of this ground took place on the 24th of September. A temporary amphitheatre was fitted up with seats, in one of the deep valleys, (which has since been named Consecration Dell,) having a platform for the speakers at the bottom. An audience of nearly two thousand persons were seated among the trees. The services consisted of solemn instrumental music—an introductory Prayer by the Rev. Professor Ware—an original Hymn by the Rev. John Pierpont, sung by nearly the whole audience—an Address by the Hon. Judge Story—and a concluding Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont. An unclouded sun, and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night, combined to make the day one of the most beautiful ever experienced at that delightful season of the year. The perfect silence of the multitude enabled the several speakers to be heard with perfect distinctness at the remotest part of the amphitheatre. The effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which united in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom and sides of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart, and pervaded the whole scene, we cannot attempt to describe. It is believed that in the course of a few years, when the hand of Taste shall have passed over the luxuriance of Nature, we may challenge the rivalry of the world to produce another such abiding place for the spirit of beauty. Mount Auburn has been but little known to the citizens of Boston; but it has now become holy ground,—a village of the quick and the silent, where Nature throws an air of cheerfulness over the labors of Death,—and will soon be a place of more general resort, both for ourselves and for strangers,

than any other spot in the vicinity. To what better place can we go with the musing of Sadness, or for the indulgence of Grief; where to cool the burning brow of Ambition, or relieve the swelling heart of Disappointment? We can find no better spot, for the rambles of curiosity, health or pleasure; none sweeter, for the whispers of affection among the living; none lovelier, for the last rest of our kindred.

If there be any wisdom to be gathered among the tombs—any useful though hard lessons to be learned there, is it profitable to place cemeteries where they will seldom be entered by either the thoughtless, the reflecting, the gay or the grave? Who would richly endow a school—and place it where a pupil would seldom come? A tomb is, it has been said, a monument on the limits of both worlds; it is a tower on the narrow isthmus that separates life from death, and time from eternity; and, standing upon it, we look back with double regret on the misprized and misspent past, and renew our failing resolutions for the dark and boundless future. "Shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it;" it is but natural to strive after more perfection and to feel the better hopes of hereafter, when surrounded by the graves of good men who have gone before.

"Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless pillar with the broken base."

Mount Auburn, too, will have its own persuasive eloquence; and indeed has already found a tongue well able to express it, and we can give no higher praise to Judge Story's address than to extract the closing part.

A rural Cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages, which can be proposed to gratify human feelings, or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations, which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave.

And what spot can be more appropriate than this, for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur—the forest-crowned height; the abrupt acclivity; the sheltered valley; the deep glen; the grassy glade; and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech, that "wreathes its old fantastic roots so high," the rustling pine, and the drooping willow;—the tree, that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us, that "the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue." Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild-flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of

a wilderness, broken only by the breeze as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler pouring forth his matin or his evening song.

Ascend but a few steps, and what a change of scenery to surprise and delight us. We seem, as it were in an instant, to pass from the confines of death, to the bright and balmy regions of life. Below us flows the winding Charles with its rippling current, like the stream of time hastening to the ocean of eternity. In the distance, the City,—at once the object of our admiration and our love,—rears its proud eminences, its glittering spires, its lofty towers, its graceful mansions, its curling smoke, its crowded haunts of business and pleasure, which speak to the eye, and yet leave a noiseless loneliness on the ear. Again we turn, and the walls of our venerable University rise before us, with many a recollection of happy days passed there in the interchange of study and friendship, and many a grateful thought of the affluence of its learning, which has adorned and nourished the literature of our country. Again we turn, and the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley, and the distant hills, are before us through opening vistas; and we breathe amidst the fresh and varied labors of man.

There is, therefore, within our reach, every variety of natural and artificial scenery, which is fitted to awaken emotions of the highest and most affecting character. We stand, as it were, upon the borders of two worlds; and as the mood of our minds may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in the dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations.

Who is there, that in the contemplation of such a scene, is not ready to exclaim with the enthusiasm of the Poet,

"Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring
wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly
on my grave?"

And we are met here to consecrate this spot, by these solemn ceremonies, to such a purpose. The Legislature of this Commonwealth, with a parental foresight has clothed the Horticultural Society with authority (if I may use its own language) to make a perpetual dedication of it, as a Rural Cemetery or Burying-Ground, and to plant and embellish it with shrubbery, and flowers, and trees, and walks, and other rural ornaments. And I stand here by the order and in behalf of this Society, to declare that, by these services, it is to be deemed henceforth and forever so dedicated. Mount Auburn, in the noblest sense, belongs no longer to the living, but to the dead. It is a sacred, it is an eternal trust. It is consecrated ground. May it remain forever inviolate!

What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene. How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises before us with all its persuasive realities. Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise, will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in

his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes, or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!

And if this were all, and indeed, and funeral would be our thoughts; gloomy, indeed, would be these shades, and desolate these prospects.

But—thanks be to God—the evils, which he permits, have their attendant mercies, and are blessings in disguise. The bruised reed will not be laid utterly prostrate. The wounded heart will not always bleed. The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers, and the shrubs, that fringe the lowly grave, or the sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness; and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquilizing glow. Spring will invite thither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage; and Autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees “what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,” will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

But that, which will be ever present, pervading these shades, like the noon-day sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings, not of time but of eternity—“That this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.” That this is but the threshold and starting point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop, nay the whole creation an evanescent quantity.

Let us banish, then, the thought, that this is to be the abode of gloom, which will haunt the imagination by its terrors, or chill the heart by its solitude. Let us cultivate feelings and sentiments more worthy of ourselves and more worthy of Christianity. Here let us erect the memorials of our love, and our gratitude, and our glory. Here let the brave repose, who have died in the cause of their country. Here let the statesman rest, who has achieved the victories of peace, not less renowned than war. Here let genius find a home, that has sung immortal strains, or has

instructed with still diviner eloquence. Here let learning and science, the votaries of inventive art, and the teacher of the philosophy of nature come. Here let youth and beauty, blighted by premature decay, drop, like tender blossoms, into the virgin earth; and here let age retire, ripened for the harvest. Above all, here let the benefactors of mankind, the good, the merciful, the meek, the pure in heart, be congregated; for to them belongs an undying praise. And let us take comfort, nay, let us rejoice, that in future ages, long after we are gathered to the generations of other days, thousands of kindling hearts will here repeat the sublime declaration, “Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”

The Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science, exhibiting the present state and progress of Knowledge in Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Comparative Anatomy, Chemistry, Meteorology, Physical and Natural Agents, and the Antiquities and Languages of the Indians of this Continent. By G. W. Featherstonhaugh.

We have slightly examined five numbers of this work. The title, as above recited, is so full as to need nothing in addition descriptive of the editor's plan. It appears to us that he will lose nothing of his scientific and literary reputation by the execution of this periodical, which, as far as practicable in the limits of an octavo pamphlet, fulfils the promise of the prospectus. An exceedingly well written paper, entitled “an Epitome of the Progress of Natural Science,” has been continued through several numbers, which we presume to have come from the pen of the editor himself. Among other essays which we have noted as peculiarly entitled to the reader's notice, are “The Absence of Deserts in the United States;” “The Acclimating Principle of Plants;” “Antiquities and Languages of the Mexican Indians;” and the “Notices of Big Bone Lick.” When such works as this periodical find support, and are extensively circulated, it may be inferred that the spirit of inquiry is abroad, and the number of scientific students increasing.

MISCELLANIES.

UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES. We learn, from the American Almanac, that there are fifty-nine Colleges and Universities, now in operation in the United States, which are divided among the states in the following manner, viz: Bowdoin and Waterville colleges in Maine, having twelve instructors, 450 alumni, 182 students, 9800 volumes in the college library, and 4900 volumes in the libraries belonging to the students. Dartmouth, is the only college in New-Hampshire, and has 9 instructors, 2250 alumni, 153 students, 6000 volumes in the college library, and 8000 in those of the students. The University of Vermont and Middlebury College have 9 instructors, 691 alumni, 135 students, 2846 volumes in the college libraries, and 2822 in those of the students. Harvard University, and Williams and Amherst Colleges, have 41 instructors, 6550 alumni, 540 students, 39,930 volumes in the libraries of the colleges, and 11,415 in the students' libraries. Brown University, the only one in Rhode Island, has 6 instructors, 1182 alumni, 95 students, 6100 volumes in the library, 6000 in those of the students. Yale and Washington Colleges, in Connecticut, have 24 instructors, 4453 alumni, 416 students, 13,500 volumes in their libraries, and 10,200 volumes in the students' libraries. Columbia, Union, Hamilton and Geneva Colleges, in New-York, have 29 instructors, 2457 alumni, 437 students, 16,550 volumes in the college libraries, and 18,350 volumes in those of the students. Rutgers and Princeton Colleges in New-Jersey, have 15 instructors, 1930 alumni, 175 students, 8000 volumes in Princeton library, and 4000 volumes belonging to the students at the same institution. The Philadelphia and Western Universities, and Dickinson, Jefferson, Washington, Alleghany and Madison Colleges, Pennsylvania, have 36 instructors, 538 alumni, 442 students, 11,300 volumes in the college libraries, and 7375 in those of the students. Mount St. Mary's, St. Mary's, and St. John's Colleges and the University at Baltimore, in Maryland, have 59 instructors, 648 alumni, 353 students, and there are 19,100 volumes in the different college libraries. Columbia College at Washington city, has 4 instructors, 50 students, and 4000 volumes in the library; Georgetown College, also in the District, has 19 instructors, 140 students, and 7000 volumes. The Uni-

versity at Charlottesville, and William-and-Mary, Hampden-Sydney, and Washington Colleges in Virginia, have 22 instructors, 918 alumni, 267 students, 12,300 volumes in the college libraries, and 1500 in those of the students. The University of North-Carolina, at Chapel-Hill has 9 instructors, 434 alumni, 69 students, 1800 volumes in the library, and 3000 in those of the students. Charleston and Columbia Colleges in South-Carolina, have 16 instructors, 517 alumni, 172 students, 1000 volumes in the college libraries, and 1000 in those of the students. The University of Georgia, at Athens, has 7 instructors, 256 alumni, 95 students, 2000 volumes in the college library, and 250 in those of the students. The Alabama University at Tuscaloosa has 6 instructors, 65 students and 1000 volumes in the library. Jefferson College at Washington, Mississippi, has 10 instructors, and 160 students. The Colleges at Greenville, Nashville, and Knoxville, Tennessee, have 6 instructors, 93 alumni, 148 students, 6340 volumes in the college libraries, and 950 in those of the students. In Kentucky, Transylvania University, and Georgetown, St. Joseph's, Cumberland, Augusta, and Centre Colleges, contain 35 instructors, 69 alumni, 496 students, 7408 volumes in the college libraries, and 3758 in those of the students. Kenyon, Franklin, and Western Reserve Colleges, and Miami University, and the University of Ohio, contain 26 instructors, 111 alumni, 284 students, 2000 volumes in the college libraries, and 2300 in those of the students. Indiana College at Bloomington, has 3 instructors, 4 alumni, 51 students, 182 volumes in the college library, and 50 in those of the students. Illinois College, at Jacksonville, has 3 instructors, 35 students, and 6000 volumes in the library. St. Louis College, at St. Louis in Missouri, has 6 instructors, 125 students, and 1200 volumes in the library. Total, fifty-eight colleges, 23,533 alumni, 5073 students, 189,750 volumes in the college libraries, and 88,170 in those of the students. It is probable there are many errors in this calculation; the number of the alumni, especially, must be far too small.

The oldest literary institution in the country is Harvard University, which was founded in 1638; the library here contains 35,000 volumes, or as many as any four others. Yale College was the second in the country, and was found-

ed in 1700; this has, at present, more students than any other college, having 346 under-graduates.

There are twenty-seven Theological Schools, six of which are in New-England. The oldest of these is the School at Andover, which was founded in 1805. In these institutions 1756 students have been educated, there are now 707 scholars, and the different libraries contain 48,784 volumes.

There are seventeen Medical Schools, containing 1848 students. Eight of these schools are in New-England.

There are also three Law Schools in New-England, and six in other parts of the United States.

ANCIENT REMAINS. In digging a cellar in Green township, Clark county, Ohio, seven copper wedges, weighing from two to seven pounds each, were discovered, three feet below the surface of the earth. Several of them bore evident marks of having been used in splitting or opening some substance. As the use of copper wedges, for this purpose, is entirely unknown, at this day, iron being more durable, the conclusion of the discoverer is, that they must have been deposited by the race of beings who are supposed to have inhabited this continent prior to the Indian; the latter not understanding the art of working ore after the manner in which the wedges are formed. Whoever placed them where they were found chose a spot which could be recognized without difficulty; they lay within a short distance of a large spring very generally known by the name of the "Big Spring."

THE OCCULTATION OF ALDEBARAN of the 23d October, was observed, in Philadelphia, by Messrs. R. T. Paine, of Boston, and S. C. Walker. The place of observation was at the bottom of Chestnut-street.

Latitude $39^{\circ} 56' 58''$

Longitude in time $5h. 00' 42'' 8 \text{ sec.}$

Mean time of emersion at the place of observation— $7h 57' 55'' 8 \text{ sec.}$

The immersion was invisible from the smallness of the moon's altitude.

The occultation of Aldebaran on the 23d of October, was observed at Dorchester.

Longitude N. $42^{\circ} 19' 20''$

Longitude in time, $4h 44' 17''$

Mean time of immersion at the place of observation— $7h 28' 58'' 2 \text{ sec.}$

" " emersion " $8 16 34$

At the immersion, the star appeared to linger two or three seconds on the moon's enlightened limb.

BOOT MAKING. Mr. Jonas Aby, of

Frederick county, Va. has invented a machine for cutting out boots, so constructed that from one to twenty pairs may be cut at one stroke of the knife; and any person unacquainted with the business, can cut out a pair of boots as correctly as the most experienced workman.

IRON MANUFACTURES. Mr. Dunlop, of Chambersburgh, in the N. Y. National Convention, in the course of some remarks stated, among other things, that one establishment in Connecticut makes 100,000 axes a year; that another factory, with which he was acquainted, in Pennsylvania, uses annually 1000 tons of steel; that he made at his own establishment in Pittsburgh, thirty to forty thousand dollars worth of hatchets a year; that he had sent into market, this year, 2000 dozen of hatchets: that he had done this in the face of British competition, and without the aid of a specific duty, (inasmuch as the Secretary of the Treasury had decided that a hatchet was not an axe,) and that he had put down the British article. He also stated that the Rolling Mills of Pittsburgh alone had the capacity to roll iron enough to supply all Great-Britain and the United States. About half a million tons were rolled in Great Britain, a year; the Pittsburgh mills could roll 1,000,000 tons.

ANTHRACITE COAL. A statistical table was presented to the Tariff Convention, held lately in New-York, showing the quantity of Anthracite Coal brought to tide water from the Lehigh, Schuylkill and Lackawana mines. From this table it appears that in the year 1820, there were received at Philadelphia, and at Roundout on the North river, 315 tons, while in 1830, the quantity had increased to 174,925 tons. The consumption of Philadelphia alone has exceeded 50,000 tons per annum, for the two last years. No statement can be given for the present year, in consequence of the table being made up only to the 22d of October; but it is believed that the quantity consumed and shipped coastwise, has increased more than 33 per cent. There have been expended in making the canals and rail-roads leading to the coal-mines on the Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Lackawana, more than seven millions of dollars, besides the large amounts expended in other improvements necessary to accommodate the great number of persons engaged in the business, and large expenditures are still making to render the access to the mines more complete, so as to reduce the cost, and

increase the means of obtaining a supply of this fuel, to any extent that may be required. From the years 1820 to 1827, the price of coal varied from \$7 to \$10 per ton; it has been reduced the present year to \$4 50 a \$5 per ton, by the cargo at Philadelphia, and \$5 00 at Roundout. It is stated that more than one-half of the whole quantity of Anthracite Coal, mined and brought to market, has been consumed by steam engines and in manufactories; its substitution for other fuel very materially lessens the risk and cost of insurance against fire.

FOREIGN MISSIONS. A company of Missionaries, recently embarked from New-Bedford, for the Sandwich Islands, consisting of nineteen persons; eight of them are ordained Missionaries, one is a physician, one a printer, and nine are females. The Boston Recorder says, this is the largest company of Missionaries which has ever gone from this country. The first Missionaries embarked for the Sandwich Islands in the autumn of 1819; they were followed by a reinforcement in 1822, by a second in 1827, and by a third in 1830. Should the present company arrive in safety, there will be fifty-seven persons on the Islands from this country, besides eight or ten natives, who have been educated in this country, and sent back, and who are now engaged in teaching their countrymen. Two printing presses have been sent out, which have been employed in printing elementary books for the schools, and portions of the Scriptures. The whole of the New, and a considerable part of the Old Testament, have been translated. There are nine hundred schools on the several Islands, taught by native teachers, and embracing about 50,000 readers; these schools have cost the Board nothing but the books, the expense of which is estimated at about thirty cents for each scholar. The natives, however, exchange their own labor, provisions, and articles of necessity, for the books which they receive, thus diminishing the expense of the establishment to the Parent Society. The Missionaries receive no salary, nor have they any private property or trade. The natives have built convenient houses for worship in numerous villages. Letters from Mr. Brewer, at Smyrna, and Mr. Temple, at Malta, state, that two schools were established at Haivali about a year since, at which there have been about one hundred and sixty female scholars. The latter says, "We had exulted in the freedom of Greece, but Turkey en-

joys greater freedom than she. It is too obviously the policy of the present Greek government to oppose indirectly all our efforts for the amelioration of this country."

THE CHEROKEES. The Governor of Georgia, in a recent message to the legislature, says—"of the white men who have been residing among the Cherokees, two hundred and three have taken the oath to support the Constitution and laws of the State, and received licenses to continue their residence. A most obstinate and perverse opposition has been made to the authority of the state, by certain persons representing themselves to be religious Missionaries, and particularly those who have acted under the direction of the Board of Foreign Missions in Boston. Although some sectarian zeal was for the moment excited through various misrepresentations of the conduct of the government towards these men, it soon passed away, when it was discovered that they had been as actively opposed to the policy of the general government, as to the enforcement of the laws of Georgia; that they had been treated with great forbearance; and that they were the mere instruments in the hands of others, of promoting and extending party strife. It is an honorable distinction that belongs to our country, that its citizens are neither proscribed for their religious opinions, nor protected by them from punishment for crime. Twelve persons have been convicted for illegal residence, and sentenced to confinement in the Penitentiary. They have all been pardoned upon the condition that they would not again offend against the laws, except two of the agents of the Boston Board, who refused to be the subjects of executive clemency, upon such terms."

SMALL POX AMONG THE INDIANS. A letter from Major Dougherty, agent of the Pawnees, states, that the small pox has been committing dreadful ravages among the Pawnee Indians. Nearly the whole of one tribe (the Pawnee Republic,) of about 3500 souls, have been swept off—the number dying daily being so great that they had not been able to bury them. The cause of the disease being so fatal amongst them, is, that they immediately plunge into the water as soon as the fever makes its appearance—thus driving the disease inwardly. Scarcely an instance is known of recovery, when they are attacked with this terrible malady.

CEMETERIES. Two cemeteries for the dead have been erected in the sub-

urbs of New-York, one of which contains two hundred and eighty-eight marble vaults, all of which have been disposed of. The other cemetery is not quite finished, but is much larger. The whole is surrounded by a solid stone wall, sunk ten feet below the surface of the earth, and rising twelve feet above it. The vaults range from east to west, are eight feet by eleven, about eight feet high, and built entirely of marble.

STEAMBOATS IN THE WEST. It appears from published documents on the

subject, that, from 1811, when the first Western steamboat was launched, to the spring of 1831, there had been employed on those waters 402 steamboats, of which 220 were in use last year, and 182 not in existence. Of these, 66 were worn out, 37 snagged, 16 burnt, 3 run down by other boats, 4 or 5 stove by ice, sand bars, rocks, &c. and 30 destroyed by causes not exactly known. No less than 60 boats, within the writer's knowledge, have been building or contracted for within the present year.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Mercer, Mo. Capt. BENJAMIN BAXTER, aged 74, a revolutionary soldier and pensioner.

In China, Me. Mr. CHARLES JACKSON, aged 91, one of the oldest settlers on the Kennebec; he fought thirty-three battles in the old French war. Also, Mrs. ELIZABETH, his widow, aged 90. They lived together seventy years.

In Gilford, N. H. Capt. SAMUEL F. GILMAN, aged 81. Mr. JOSEPH RAND, in the 98th year of his age; he was a soldier in the French war under Gen. Wolfe.

In Walpole, N. H. Capt. JOSEPH FAY, aged 69, a soldier of the revolution.

In Montpelier, Hon. CALVIN COLLINS of Middlesex, aged 62. He was a number of years Judge of Probate in Washington county, and had represented the town of Berlin in the General Assembly.

In Boston, Hon. JONATHAN MASON, aged 76. He graduated, at an early age, at Princeton College, with distinguished honor, and immediately commenced the study of law in the office of the late John Adams. He was admitted to the bar in 1777. He was soon called into public life, and represented at an important period the town of Boston in the Legislature of the Commonwealth. He was selected by the municipal authorities, while the revolutionary war was raging, to deliver the Oration commemorative of the fatal events of the evening of the 5th March, 1770. His patrimonial fortune exempted him from the laborious practice of the law, but frequent calls into the service of the public gave full occupation to a mind of more than ordinary industry and vigor. On the 14th of November, 1800, he was chosen by the General Court one of the Senators to represent the state of Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States, and while performing the duties of that arduous office in several sessions of great political excitement and party zeal, he took a prominent part in the discussions and especially in the celebrated debate upon the repeal of the Judiciary Act of the 13th February, 1801. About this period also, he embarked with three other patriotic citizens in the noble enterprise of purchasing, leveling and settling a rude and mountainous part of the town of Boston, where now the fine streets and elegant edifices of Mount Vernon decorate the city. His capital and activity were afterwards devoted to the project of adding to the town the domain

of South-Boston, already so flourishing, and destined by nature and art, at no distant day, to become one of the most beautiful as well as busy sections of the city. Having for some years prior to 1819, retired from public life, but always expressing, in political circles, with many freedom and characteristic energy, his opinions upon the interesting topics which from time to time agitated and divided the public mind, in that year, by "the shifting breeze of fame," Mr. Mason was wafted into the current of popularity, and without any desire on his part, was elected by the inhabitants of Suffolk district, to represent them in the Sixteenth Congress, which was the last office he sustained.

In private life, the lustre of Mr. Mason's personal character cast a brilliance upon his intercourse with mankind in every period of his age; ardent in attachments, and constant in friendship, he was remarkable for the buoyancy of his spirits and his social affections, which qualified him to enjoy, and led him extensively to reciprocate the hospitalities of society; and his gentlemanly deportment, the urbanity and polish of his manners, his untiring gaiety, his playful wit, his knowledge of the world, and the intellectual impulse and vivacity of his conversation, made him a delightful addition to every company. He had seldom been sick, and he was convinced from the commencement of his recent illness, that he should not recover, nor did he seem to wish it.

In Boston, Mr. EDWARD DRAPER, printer, aged 82. Mr. D. was, at the time of his decease, probably, the oldest printer in New-England. During the period of the revolution he published (in connexion with the late Mr. Folson) "The Independent Ledger," a weekly newspaper—the columns of which were often enriched by the writings of the late Rev. Dr. Cooper, and other eminent patriots of that day. Through a long life he sustained the character of an honest upright man.

In Lenox, Ms. WM. WALKER, aged 80. He was an officer in the American troops at Cambridge, in 1775, and from that period for more than half a century, he was a public man. Of the convention that formed the constitution of Massachusetts he was a member. For a long time he held the office of Judge of the County Court, and still longer that of Judge of Probate. He took a deep interest in the religious and char-

stable institutions of the last twenty-five years; and of the Berkshire Bible Society he was President from its organization. He was extensively known in the Commonwealth, and as extensively respected. Of the town of Lenox he was a father, and the inhabitants looked up to him with filial affection. He was also a companionable man. Persons of all ages, the young as well as the old, sought his society, and few enjoyed it without sensible benefit. From his general intelligence they obtained valuable information; from his practical wisdom, they derived useful lessons, applicable to the various concerns of life; and by his bright example, they were stimulated to improvement. If locks whitened by the snows of 80 winters—if great personal dignity, connected with distinguished excellence of character—if the practice of the social virtues, together with a long life of public service—if exemplary morals and genuine piety, give one the title of venerable, he was eminently deserving of that character.

In Salem, **Mr. WILLIAM OLIVER**, a revolutionary soldier and pensioner, aged 75. Mr. Oliver, though poor, has furnished an example worthy the imitation of all. His greatest pleasure was to relieve the distressed, sympathize with the afflicted, nurse and watch with the sick. He discharged all the duties of husband, parent, and neighbor, as becomes what he was, an honest man. A medalion, presented by the great Washington, which was all, save his good name and good example, he bequeathed to his family, bears the following inscription:

"William Oliver served under Washington, and was at the capturing of two British Armies, in Oct. 1777, and 1781.

"BADGE OF MERIT."

In Gloucester, **Ms. RICHARD HERRICK**, aged 87, a revolutionary pensioner.

At Newburyport, on the 7th November, **Capt. WILLIAM NOYES**, aged 83. He belonged to a race, which, with the exception of a solitary individual or two, is now totally extinct,—that of the ante-revolutionary soldiers. In the war of the American colonies with the French he bore arms among the Massachusetts troops, and served under General Amherst at the capture of Louisbourg in 1758, from which campaign he returned with the loss of a hand occasioned by the bursting of his musket. His subsequent life affords a singular example of what may be effected by courage and perseverance in opposition to the most powerful obstacles, and in the midst of the most perilous conjunctures. With no resource but his left arm and a resolute heart he commenced the hazardous life of a seaman, and for a long series of years encountered the dangers and vicissitudes of that career through storm, shipwreck and capture in all their various forms. An honorable independence crowned his labors, and a long and green old age enabled him to reap the full fruits of an industrious life. No character could be more truly honorable. Strict integrity, candor and generous warmth of heart, with the exercise of every civil and domestic virtue, adorned his name and won him the esteem of all. The life of such a man could not be otherwise than happy, and like the great Franklin, he presented the pleasing spectacle of calm content and cheerfulness carried to the farthest verge of life. His last years continued to flow on with the smooth tranquility of a summer stream, and his death was a slumber and not a struggle. **Capt. Noyes** was a native of Newburyport and a descendant of one of its first settlers. That town continued to be his home from the beginning to the close of his long career.

In Ludlow, **Ms. Capt. ABNER PUTNAM**, aged 67. In Worthington, **Ms. DAVID WOOD**, aged 79, an invalid pensioner, having been wounded in the battle of White Plains.

In Mendon, **Ms. Hon. SEYMOUR HASTINGS**, aged 70; for several years a Representative in Congress from that district, and afterwards successively Senator in the Legislature, and Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions of that County.

In Chester Village, **Ms. Mr. ITHAMAR GRANGER**, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 74.

In Newton, **Ms. Rev. WILLIAM GREENOUGH**, aged 75.

In New-Bedford, **Ms. Mr. BENJAMIN LINDSAY**, the original proprietor and publisher of the New-Bedford Mercury, in the 54th year of his age.

In Easton, **Ms. Deacon SAMUEL POOL**, aged 94 years. In 1758, while in his twenty-first year, he was a private soldier in the French war, and assisted in the capture of Fort Frontenac, which surrendered to the English troops on the 27th of August, (O. S.) of that year. He engaged also in the revolutionary struggle, and held a commission of Lieutenant in one of the companies from the Old Colony. He died of old age, leaving a widow aged 92, with whom he had lived seventy-six years.

In Goshen, **Ct. Capt. CHARLES HOPKINS**, an officer of the revolution, aged 78.

In Canaan, **Ct. NATHANIEL STEVENS**, Esq. aged 78; he belonged to the Commissary Department during the war of our revolution.

In New-York, **Col. JAMES A. DUNLAP**, U. S. District Attorney for the Middle District of Florida.

In Rhinebeck, Dutchess county, New-York, **Col. HENRY BREEMAN LIVINGSTON**, in the 81st year of his age. Col. Livingston was with General Montgomery in the brave but unfortunate attack upon Brandywine, while leading his troops to the assault, and distinguished himself in the campaign of Rhode Island. He commanded the fourth New-York regiment, and throughout the war evinced himself a brave man and an able commander.

At Cortlandt, Westchester County, N. Y. **Gen. PHILIP VAN CORTLANDT**, aged 82 years. He served through the revolutionary war, as a Colonel in the New-York line, and was engaged in the battles at Saratoga and Beman's Heights. In 1788 he was a member of the State Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, and was a member of Congress from 1793 to 1809; since which time he had been engaged in agriculture.

In Huntingdon, Pa. **Mrs. NAOMI TODD**, aged 76. It is remarked that she has instructed more than three thousand children of Cumberland county in the rudiments of the English language.

In Philadelphia, Pa. **SARAH**, widow of Commodore John Barry, aged 77.

The late **ZACCHAEUS COLLINS**, one of the Vice Presidents of the American Philosophical Society, was born in Philadelphia, August 26, 1764. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and married January 30, 1794. He died in Philadelphia, June 13, 1831. Mr. Collins's devotion to the general advancement of science, and especially to those important branches, botany and mineralogy, was a leading cause of the diffusion of that love of natural science, which distinguishes his native city. He had, for this reason, always possessed the sincere and respectful attachment of all those who have cultivated natural history. But as a citizen, his claims to the public affection and confidence rested upon a broader basis: for he took an interest in every thing that affected the welfare of our species, and was an active and a generous philanthropist. As an evidence of the universal estimation in which he was held, and of the honorable tenor of his life, we notice the following, from among the various benevolent and learned societies of which he was a member, and the period when he became their asso-

ciate. Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, October, 1792. Society for the institution and support of First Day or Sunday Schools, March, 1795. A life contributor to the Pennsylvania Hospital, March, 1795. A life contributor to the Philadelphia Dispensary, December, 1802. American Philosophical Society, July, 1804. Humane Society of Philadelphia, July, 1805. Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, May, 1805. Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, May, 1809. Academy of Natural Sciences, (Vice President at his death) March, 1815. Honorary Member of the Lyceum of Natural History, New-York, July, 1817. Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, June, 1829. Chosen President of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, November, 1828.

In Anne Arundel county, Md. Capt. CHARLES CROXALL, aged 67; a veteran officer in the days of our country's struggle, and a worthy citizen.

In Washington City, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs. SMITH, relict of Major Nathaniel Smith, who died in the service of his country in the war of the Revolution, during part of which he commanded for a time what is now Fort McHenry, and was then Whetstone Point. Mrs.

S. was the last survivor of those ladies of Baltimore, who patriotically devoted themselves to making up clothing for the suffering troops under the Marquis Lafayette, when they were encamped at Baltimore, on their way to Virginia, and almost destitute of clothing.

At Susquehanna, St. Mary's county, Maryland, Capt. MICHAEL B. CARROLL, aged about 63 years, late of the United States navy. The deceased entered the naval service early in life, and when, in consequence of the great depredations committed by the Barbary Powers upon the commerce of our country, it became necessary to send a fleet into the Mediterranean, Captain Carroll, then a Midshipman, was ordered to that station, where he aided under DECATUR, in the arduous enterprise to destroy the frigate Philadelphia, at Tripoli. Having retired from the service to domestic life, he was universally esteemed by all who knew him, as a kind and generous friend and neighbor, a warm and affectionate husband and father.

In Alexandria, D. C. AMBROSE VASSE, a native of Languedoc, in France, in the 85th year of his age. He came into this country near the close of the revolutionary war, and was a merchant of some note in the city of Philadelphia upwards of twenty years.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

By Richardson, Lord & Holbrook; A System of Universal Geography, popular and Scientific, comprising a physical, political and statistical account of the world, embracing numerous sketches from recent travels, and illustrated with four hundred engravings. By S. G. Goodrich.—Peter Parley's History of Ancient Rome, for schools; illustrated with a map and many engravings.—A work on Astronomy for Schools, by John Vose.—Lectures to Female Teachers, by Samuel R. Hall.—An octavo Treatise on Rhetoric, calculated for the higher Schools and Colleges, by an author well known and well qualified for the task.—A book of new and easy Anthems, calculated for the use of common singing choirs, by Lowell Mason; also several works in the different departments of Education.

By Peabody & Co. New-York; Finn's Comic Sketch Book, for 1833: to be published in the style of Johnston's celebrated Scraps, consisting of four large sheets, exclusive of a humorous cover, all designed and drawn by Henry J. Finn. Price not to exceed \$1.—Also, parts 4 and 5, of Views in New-York and its environs, on the plan of the Views in London and Paris, with letter-press descriptions, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq. Price 37 1-2 cents each number.

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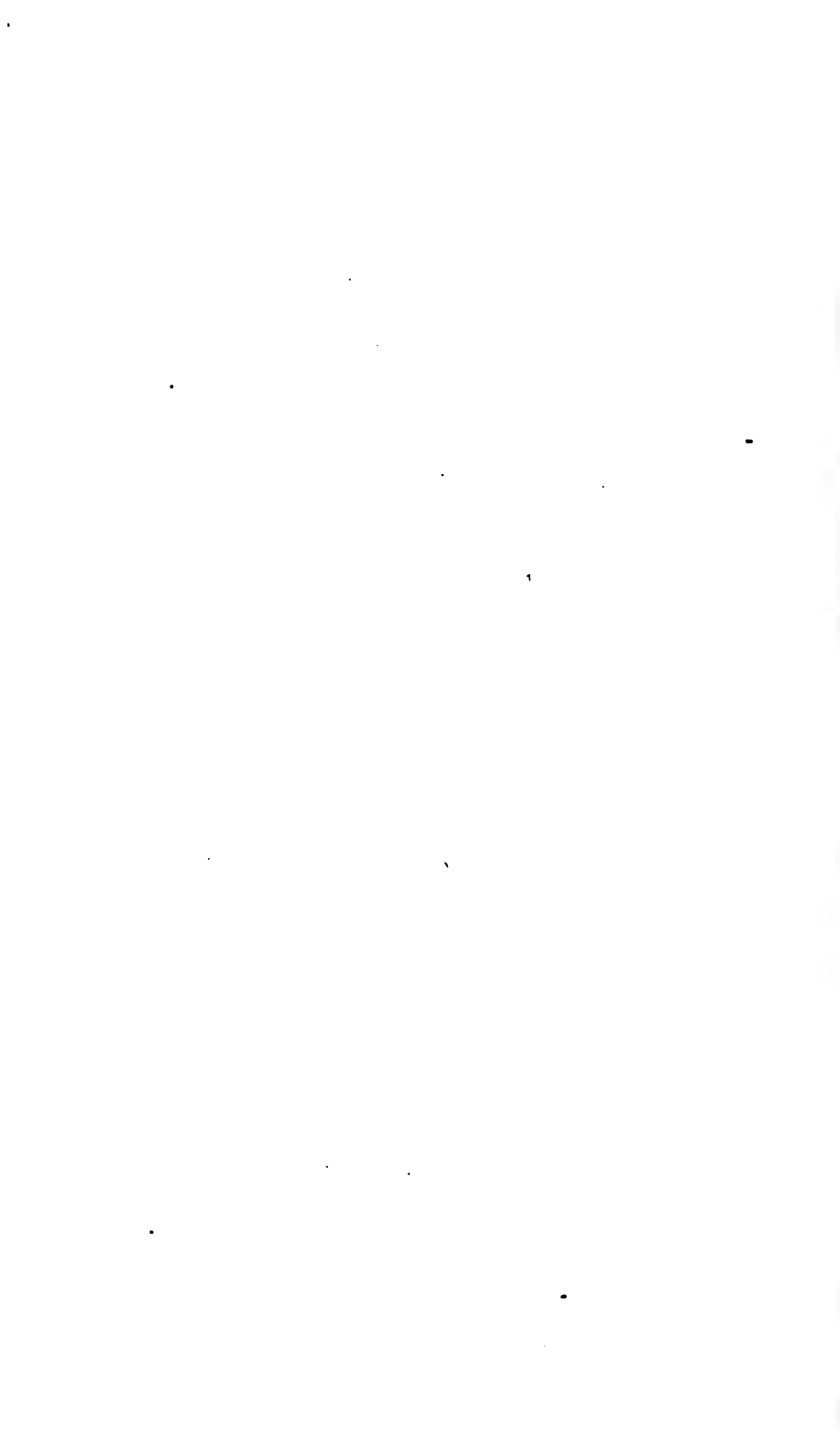
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By J. & J. Harper, New-York; Jacqueline of Holland, a historical tale, by T. C. Grattan, 3 vols.—Dramatic Works of John Ford, 2 vols.—Caleb Williams, a novel by William Godwin, being Nos. 11 and 12 of their Library of Select Novels.

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